

MODERN SCREEN

JANUARY

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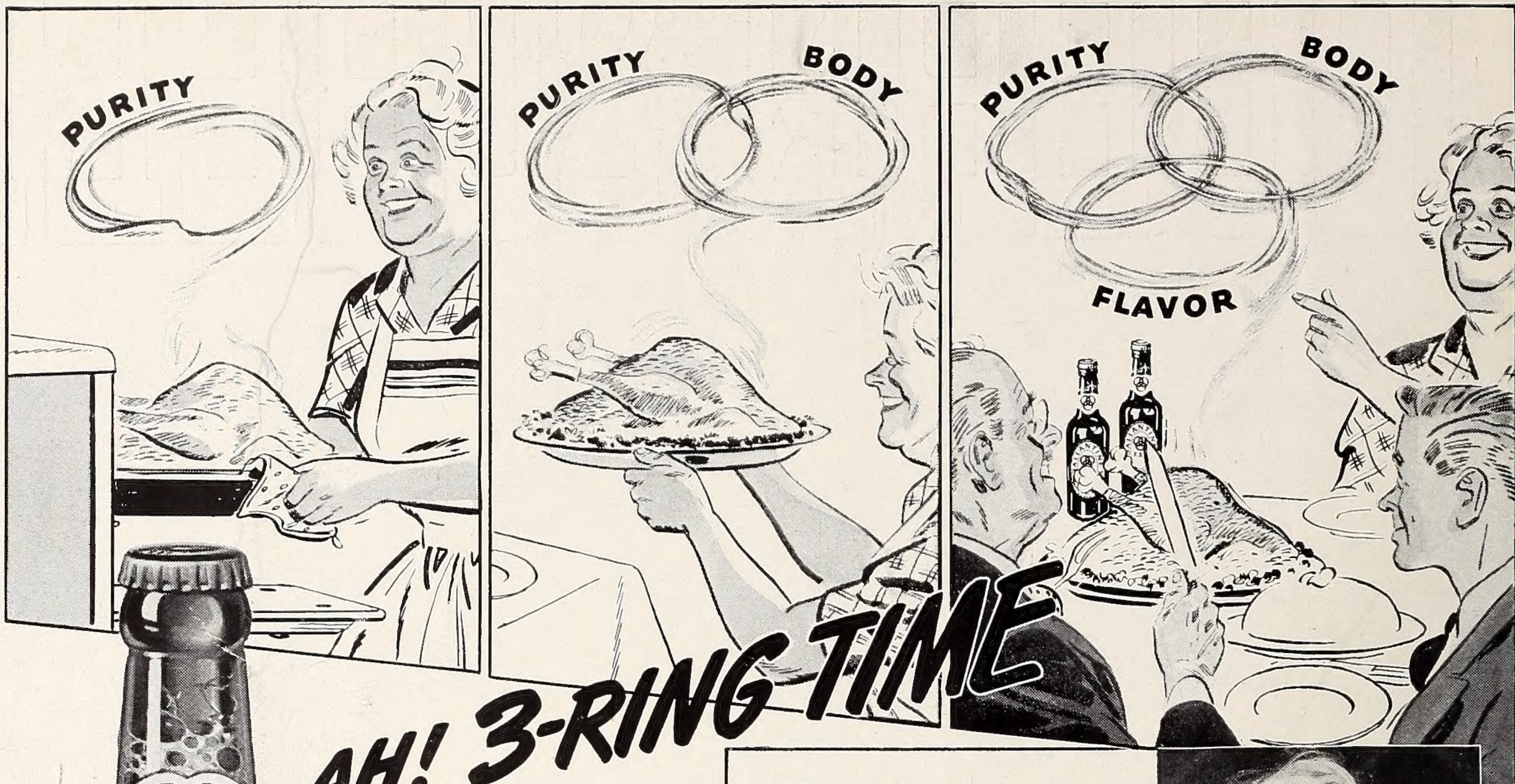
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BY JANE WYMAN
STORY BY WYMAN
ILLUSTRATION BY REAGAN

"MY SOLDIER" BY JANE WYMAN

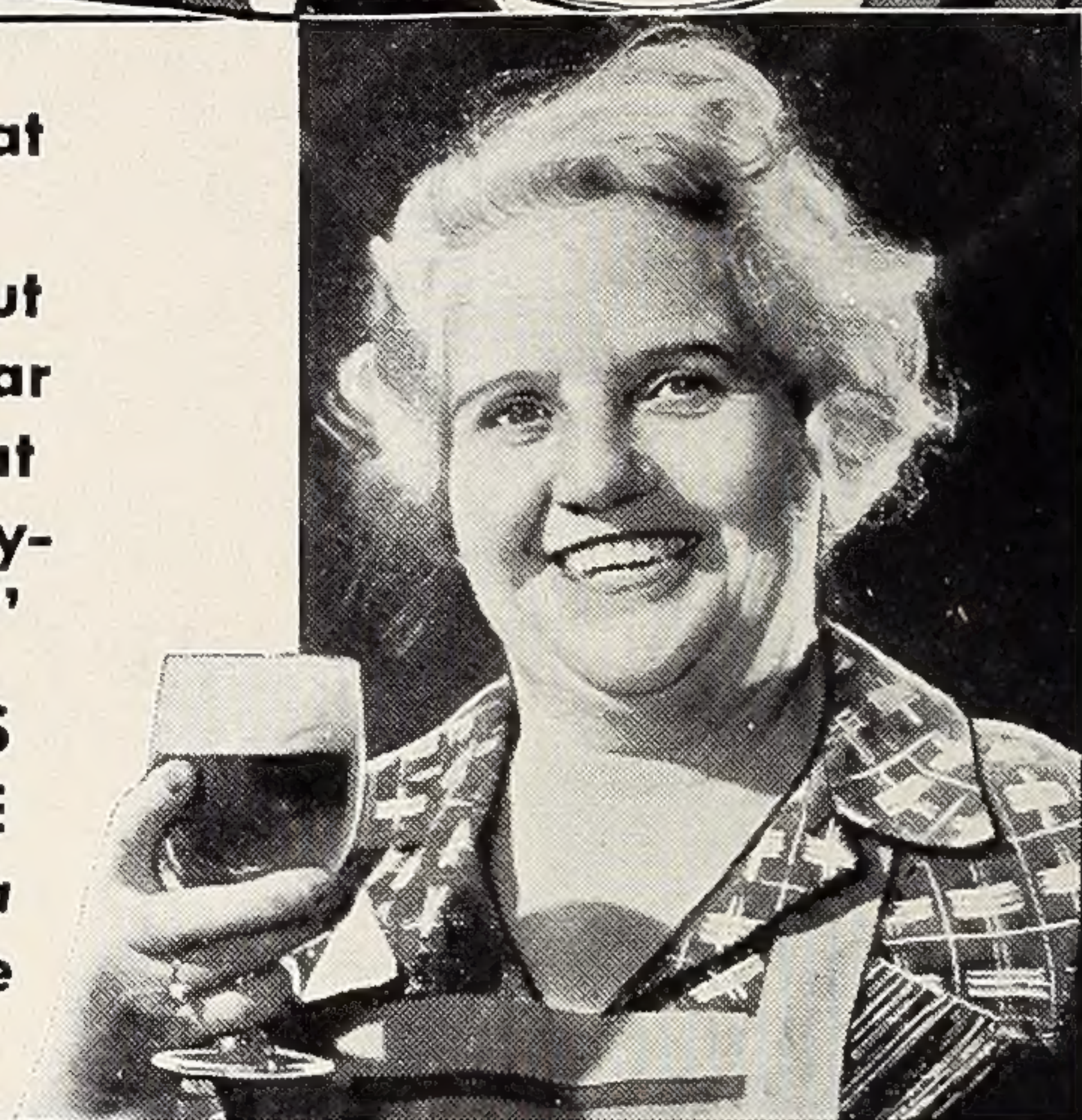


AH! 3-RING TIME



"The bird may be at the head of our marketing list—but Ballantine is not far behind. It's a great favorite with everyone at our house."

Mrs. FRANCIS
J. SEIDLE
Philadelphia
Housewife



For a festive dinner that will go down in family history, serve Ballantine with the main course . . . PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR are the finest accompaniment fine food ever had.

"Special" day—any day—you'll find 3-Ring Time's the pleasantest of all! Look for the 3 Rings . . . call for Ballantine Ale . . . or Ballantine Beer. On draught . . . in bottles.

BALLANTINE

IT'S A FIGHT TO THE FINISH—
KEEP BUYING THOSE
WAR BONDS!

ALE



BEER

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

a radiant smile turns heads, wins hearts!

Let your smile open doors to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HEADS UP, plain girl, and smile! Beauty isn't the only talisman to success. You can take the spotlight—you can win phone calls and dates—romance can be yours if *your smile is right!*

So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Not a timid smile, self-conscious and shy—but a big heart-warming smile that brightens your face like sunshine.

If you want a winning smile like that—sparkling teeth you're proud to show—

remember this important fact: *your gums should retain their healthy firmness.*

"Pink Tooth Brush"— a Warning Signal

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away!*

He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender and spongy, robbed of natural exercise, by our modern, creamy foods. And if, like thousands of other modern dentists, he suggests the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste

and massage—be guided by his advice!

For Ipana not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help the health of your gums. Just massage a little Ipana on your gums each time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

Start today the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage. With Ipana Tooth Paste and massage, help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, *your smile more sparkling.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We wish you a Merry Christmas and
A Happy 1943.

And add a particular wish to all those
in the armed forces.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films are flown
to our warriors in Iceland, Ireland,
Great Britain, Australia, Hawaii and
New Caledonia.

At the moment, as Santa shouts "On,
Donder and Blitzen", there are two films
of opposite type tucked in his bag.
There's the melodious music box of hits
"For Me And My Gal".



Judy Garland, the all-talent girl, (the
boys with Judy are George Murphy and
Gene Kelly) fulfills every promise of her
precocious entertaining art.

The other film is "Random Harvest"
starring
Ronald
Colman
and
Greer
Garson.



Two pictures in production at MGM
dealing with the one burning topic of
today are recommended especially.

One is the talked-about "Journey for
Margaret". The other is the will-be-
talked-about "Cargo Of Innocents".

Both are from novels and both were
condensed for the Reader's Digest.

"Journey For Margaret" is a William
L. White story of a refugee child who
found a refuge at last.

It presents little "Margaret" O'Brien in
one of the greatest of all performances.
Robert Young and Laraine Day admir-
ably foster the child.

Three strong men star in "Cargo Of
Innocents".

They are Robert
Taylor, Charles
Laughton and Brian
Donlevy. But more
about this anon.

It is a lionhearted
picture.

Naturally. —Leo



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It's a dramatic BOMBSHELL



when a world-famous correspondent



meets MARGARET during a blitz!

Here it is. And eagerly awaited is William L. White's story that thrilled millions in Reader's Digest and as a best selling novel! It has become one of the most soul-stirring pictures of our time. Brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer this strange and beautiful story of a valiant little orphan of the blitz and her flight to freedom will open your eyes and your heart.



**GREAT
BOOK!
GREAT
PICTURE!**



with
ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINÉ DAY
FAY BANTER
NIGEL BRUCE
WILLIAM SEVERN
and presenting
"MARGARET" O'BRIEN

Screen Play by David Hertz and William Ludwig · Based Upon the Book by William L. White

Directed by
MAJOR W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by B. P. FINEMAN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Smithy (Ronald Colman) emerges from World War I with a case of amnesia and is put into a sanitarium. In an attempt to find himself, he escapes and is discovered roving the streets by Paula (Greer Garson).

MOVIE REVIEWS



She offers to help him and hides him in her room, promising she won't let him go back to the asylum. They take a house in the country where he learns to work and falls in love with Paula. They are happily wed.

RANDOM HARVEST

Suppose you were reborn today. Not as a baby, but as you stand. Life comes to you suddenly, not in the aseptic safety of a hospital, but as you walk down some strange street. You look at the passing people and know no one. You stare into a window and do not even recognize your own reflected face. Slowly fear filters through your blood stream, because it dawns on you that of all these people who talk to each other, smile at each other, you are alone. You ask yourself: "Who am I? Who are my friends? Who loves me?" The answer whispers: "No one." What would you do? Which way would you turn? Who would help you? That is amnesia, loss of memory, and that is the terrifying problem James Hilton dramatizes here.

He takes us back to 1918—Armistice Day. The English factory town of Melbridge is shouting, laughing, singing, because *that* war is over and the world is safe again. But through the rejoicing crowd stalks the shadow of a man. He has a name, John Smith, but it means nothing. Who he is, what he is, where he came from—all that vanished with his memory in the smoke and flame of an exploding shell somewhere in France.

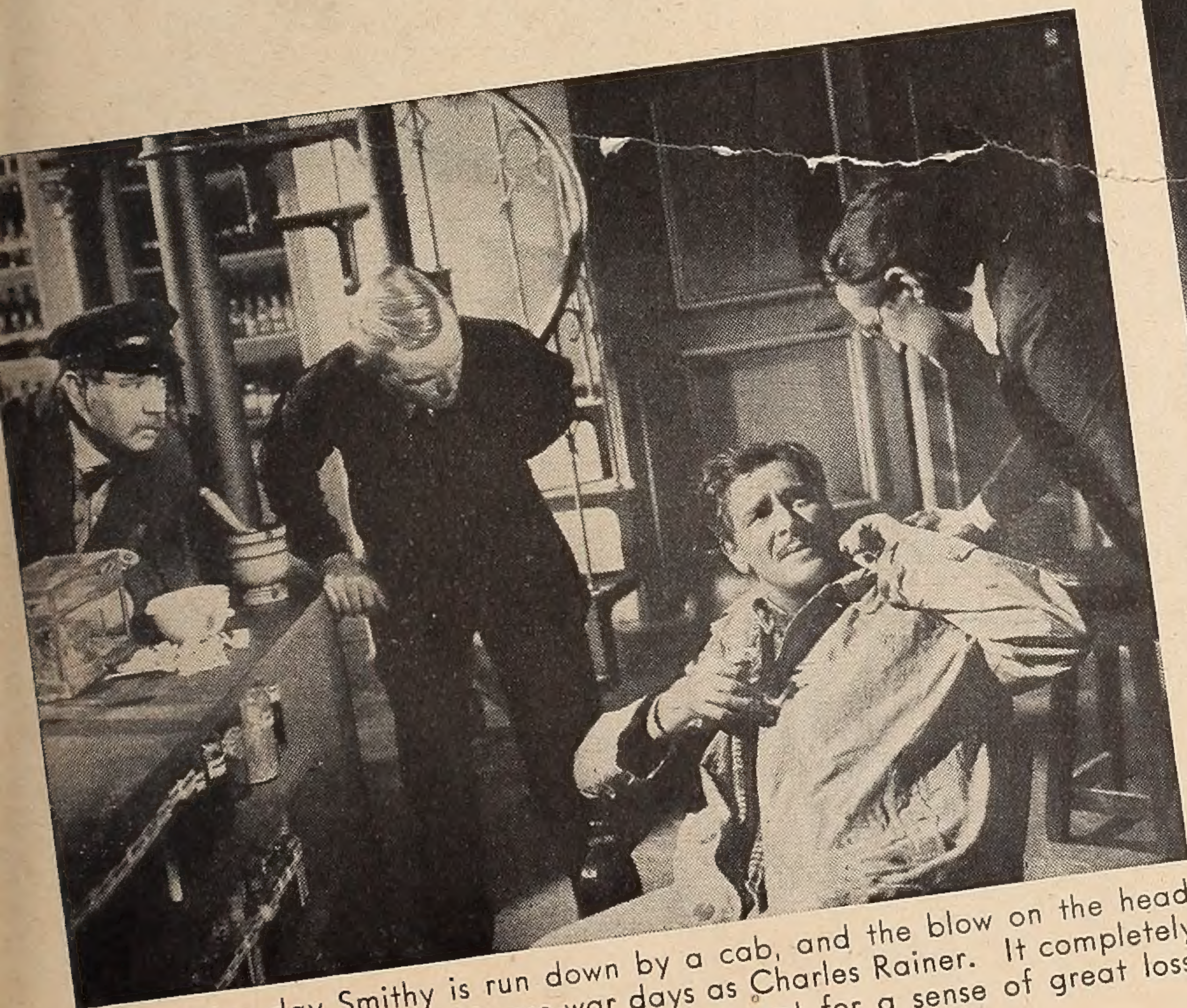
This Mr. No One, this John Smith (Ronald Colman) has escaped the grim asylum on the hill in a frantic urge to find himself before the last tatters of his mind shred away. Guards are in pursuit, ready to rush him back to iron bars and oblivion, when Paula (Greer Garson) sees him fumbling through the streets and takes him to her room. The manager of her troupe of traveling players tells her John Smith is dangerous, tries to call the asylum,

but even when Smith strikes the manager down, Paula cannot send him back. She sees him only as a man lost and helpless and terror-ridden, so she flees with him to a white cottage in the country where they can hide in peace.

There, sitting in the sun, Paula's Smithy slowly learns to speak again, learns to face the world, to work and at last to love. They are (*Continued on following page*)



Although he treats her as a stranger, she stays by hoping he'll eventually remember. Not until he gets another shock does he come to, and they regain their great happiness.



One rainy day Smithy is run down by a cab, and the blow on the head brings back memory of his pre-war days as Charles Rainer. It completely erases his identity as Smithy, however, except for a sense of great loss.



As Charles Rainer he returns to his family estate and former love Kitty (Susan Peters) and becomes a business man. Paula, whom he fails to recognize, is his secretary.

Announcing an exciting new



MODERN SCREEN CONTEST!

I. J. FOX
FUR COAT!

You can win an
or any one of
hundreds of other thrilling prizes!

Announcing the FIRST of a whole series of exciting MODERN CONTESTS to appear every two months in MODERN SCREEN magazine. Each contest will be based on a different, new and popular picture. FIRST PRIZE in the February Contest will be a lovely FUR COAT from the Fifth Avenue Shop of I. J. Fox, America's largest furrier. See the February issue of MODERN SCREEN to find out how you can win this fur coat, or one of the other grand prizes!

FEBRUARY
ISSUE

ON SALE

DECEMBER 29, 1942

married, and when Paula's baby is born, Smithy goes off to Liverpool in a blissful daze to take a job that will make their life secure. Crossing a side street in the rain, he is struck by a taxi, and when he regains consciousness, John Smith is gone—and in his shoes stands Charles Ranier of Canfield Hall, the man who vanished in the shellhole.

Charles Ranier has no memory of John Smith, no memory of Paula and their child—only a haunting sense that some cherished thing is lost to him, that he has left something precious in the void. He goes back to his estates and to his family, and to a lovely minx named Kitty (Susan Peters), leaving Paula to wither and grow ill and lose her baby, never knowing what has happened to him or where he is.

The years pass, and Charles Ranier is head of a great business, a successful man. Yet still he has a baffling sense of loss, and to dispel it he is going to marry Kitty. He calls his secretary to complete the arrangements. He does not notice that she grows faint. Why should he? He does not know that she is Paula, waiting and working against the day when he will remember that she is his wife.

The Asylum doctor (Philip Dorn) has warned Paula that she must let Paul find his own way back to her, so she has her marriage annulled to set him free. But at the last moment Kitty senses that Charles Ranier does not, cannot love her truly, that he is searching always for something beyond her, and she gives him up to the ghost that haunts him. Charles turns to Paula and marries her, not for love but because she is necessary to his political career.

For a while Paula fights through the torture of this marriage that is no marriage, enduring the touch of his hand day by day, the words spoken, the eyes meeting without recognition, but finally she can stand no more. Hope shattered, despairing of ever recovering her beloved Smithy, she runs away to Melbridge and the memory of her short happiness. Back to Melbridge, too, goes Charles Ranier—and there, shattered by the shock of losing her, his feet fall unconsciously into the footprints left by John Smith and lead him back through the murky fog of lost memories to the white cottage where love blossoms like the cherry tree beside the crooked path.

Today, when human emotions are wracked and torn by a life grown terrible and complicated, amnesia is a commonplace headline in our daily papers. And as Greer Garson and Ronald Colman, assisted by a top-drawer M-G-M cast, play out this story of love found, love lost, and finally love regained, you will find yourself wondering about that man who passed you on the street, the man whose eyes seemed blank, the man whose mouth seemed set in blank and meaningless pain.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Greer Garson's two poodles, Gogo and Cliquot, joined the U. S. Army, helping to fill Southern California's quota of 15,000 dogs . . . Ronald Colman was assigned the dressing room next to his old pal, William Powell. Prominently displayed on the dressing table was a picture of the two, garbed in tights, taken when they worked in "Romola" years ago. It's there strictly for laughs, but both men confess they thought they were pretty hot stuff then . . . Period costumes are usually stylized, but Greer's clothes were copied directly from sketches of 1918 models . . . Colman spent a couple

of weeks before starting, reading books on amnesia gathered by the research department . . . Susan Peters, who gets her big break in this one, is the same little Susan Carnahan who used to be engaged to Phil Terry . . . Director Mervyn LeRoy tears the completed pages out of his script after each day's work, rips the covers to pieces when the film is finished . . . This year was Colman's 20th as a star . . . Most enthusiastically played scene was the recreation of Armistice 1918 in a little English village. The principals and 200 extras hoped it was a good omen of things to come . . . Una O'Connor received word from London that fire had destroyed her home, containing her most precious possession, her press clippings since 1911—a complete record of the famous Abbey Players group . . . One of the secrets of Mr. Colman's success is the close attention he pays to the daily rushes the first few days of production. He studies them carefully to see if he's using any "tricks"—gestures, grimaces. If he is, he makes sure he doesn't do them again . . . Discovery: Garson has LEGS!

THE DESERT SONG

Old wine, old silver, old houses and old songs take on an added something with the years. The same holds true for some old stories, and one of them is



this swashbuckling romance of French Morocco. Since the day it first hung out the SRO sign on Broadway, "The Desert Song" has been a sure-fire hit, and the Brothers Warner are too wise to tamper with a natural. They've brought the story up to date, but the familiar songs still ring out, and the same galloping adventure stirs the plot. It's old wine in a new bottle, and it has that rare vintage bouquet.

Johnny Walsh (Lynne Overman), an American correspondent, sat disgustedly in a dingy night club in Taknez, Morocco. The Riffs, fierce native tribesmen, were rebelling against being sent out as slaves into the oven-hot desert to build a railroad from the Mediterranean to Dakar. They were led by a swooping mysterious horseman called El Khobar. But the censor would not let Johnny send his story, so he sat and groused to the cafe's American pianist, Paul Hudson (Dennis Morgan), while they waited to hear the new singer.

When Margot (Irene Manning) came on stage she was something to see. Colonel Fontaine (Bruce Cabot), loose-fin-
(Continued on page 11)

Love
comes
to
JACK BENNY
and
ANN SHERIDAN!
IN WARNER BROS' RIOT

"Geo. Washington Slept Here"

with
CHARLES COBURN PERCY KILBRIDE • HATTIE McDANIEL
WILLIAM TRACY • Directed by WM. KEIGHLEY
Screen Play by Everett Freeman • From the Stage Play by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman • Produced by Sam Harris

★ Watch and Wait for the Howling Date! ★

It's a
BIG PICTURE

**THE FIRST
YANKS TO
BLAST THE
JAPS!**

The most thrill-
ing drama of
this war! The
mightiest air
epic ever filmed!

The hit that's
the talk of a
proud nation

FLYING TIGERS

Starring

John WAYNE

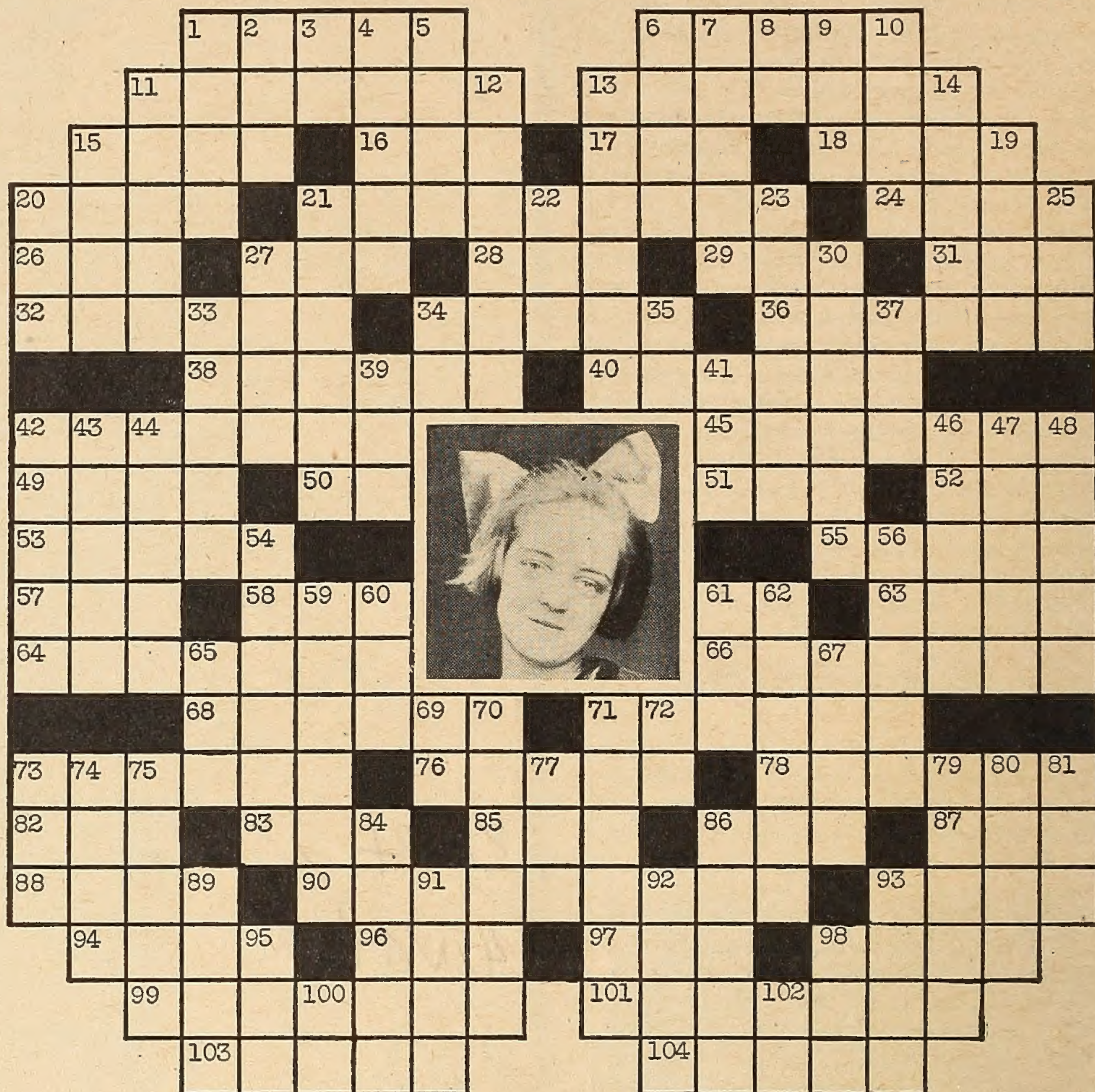
John CARROLL • Anna LEE

**with PAUL KELLY • GORDON JONES
MAE CLARKE • BILL SHIRLEY**

**Keep 'em flying!
Keep 'em buying
War Bonds and Stamps!**

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 81

ACROSS

- 1 & 6. Screen's great-
est actress
11. With 1 across in
"Now, Voyager"
13. What Kay Al-
dridge is "queen"
of
15. A film's principal
player
16. Exist
17. Home of motion
pictures: abbr.
18. "---- Girl?"
20. Married to Desi
Arnaz
21. Films' "first
nights"
24. Birds' craws
26. G --- Tierney
27. "The Hound of
the --- kervilles"
28. Fem. star of
"Wings for the
Eagle"
29. Scold
31. Mr. Carrillo
32. Our star's hubby
in "In This Our
Life"
34. Inside
36. Star of "The
Major and the
Minor"
38. Followed
40. "Lady" to the
"Cisco Kid"
42. Asserts
45. Eternal
49. "---- Agent"
50. Carmen Miran-
da's homeland:
abbr.
51. Self
52. Eve in "Some-
where I'll Find
You"
53. Alert
55. Hero of "It Hap-
pened in Flat-
bush"
57. Popular young ac-
tor
58. Compass point
61. Olivia --- Havil-
land
63. Belonging to that
lady
64. Ransoms
66. Vast continuous
area
68. Choicest parts
71. Actor in "Pride
of the Yankees"
73. Comic in "A-
Haunting We
Will Go"
76. New find in
"Moontide"
78. Popular actor in
"Desperate Jour-
ney"
82. Our star's hubby:
--- hur Farns-
worth
83. Comedian in
"Panama Hattie"
85. Rim
86. "The --- Against
Mrs. Hadley"
87. Inlet
88. "Our Gang's" dog
90. Magnesium-alum-
inum silicates
93. Neat
94. Half: prefix
96. --- Tin Tin
97. Not
98. M-G-M starlet
Patricia ----
99. Puzzles
101. Femme of "The
Forest Rangers"
103. Tibetan monks
104. Character actor:
----- Overman

DOWN

1. Star of "Doctors
Don't Tell"
2. Conclusion
3. Gail Pa --- ick
4. Rips
5. Where Geraldine
Fitzgerald hails
from
6. Precious
7. Veteran leading
man
8. Six
9. Stepfather of "A
Yank At Eton"
10. With Zasu in
"Niagara Falls"
11. Miss Parrish
12. Insist upon
13. What films are di-
vided into
14. Surmount by
climbing
15. Heroine of "Sabo-
tage"
19. Large pitcher
20. Cot
21. Theater compli-
mentary tickets
22. "Holiday ---"
23. Lamour's famed
costume
25. Distress call
27. Singer in 22
Down
30. The Wreck in
"My Sister Ei-
leen"
33. Requires
34. That is: abbr.
35. Concerning
37. "My --- Sal"
39. "The Land of
Liberty"
41. Born
42. Shady nook
43. Villain in "The
Maltese Falcon"
44. The screen's big-
gest actor
46. She's in "My Fa-
vorite Spy"
47. Singes
48. Meaning
54. Dancing star
56. Beauty in "The
Black Swan"
59. Looks happy
60. Superlative end-
ing
61. Dolores --- Rio
62. Movie bit players
65. Always: poet.
67. Peep
69. For example:
abbr.
70. Drawing-rooms
71. Brushing lightly
72. "Of Hum ---
Bondage"
73. Fold over
74. God of war
75. Speak
77. Storage container
79. Laborious student
80. Assistant
81. Negative reply
84. Girl in "Our
Gang"
86. She's in "The
Saint" series
89. Great silent era
character star
91. Tarts
92. Implement
93. Allowance for
weight
95. Joan's sister in
"The Hard Way"
98. Opposite "Pana-
ma Hattie"
101. Decimeter: abbr.
102. Olympe Bra --- a

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 9)

gered commander of the French garrison, leaned forward in his chair. Caid Yousseff (Victor Francen) a rich oily Arab, puffed faster on his narghile, so the smoke bubbled through the water. Paul's fingers perked up and danced over the piano keyboard.

But the revolting Riffs complicated romance. Caid Yousseff's job was to enslave enough natives to keep the railroad building steady on to Dakar—for what? The Colonel accepted money from the Caid for sending French soldiers out to capture El Khobar if they could, to stop his raids on the railroad, to end his freeing El Caid's shackled Riff slaves. Paul played his piano and made wry American wisecracks, until the night Margo was kidnapped and rushed into the sandy hills to El Khobar's tent.

There she discovered that the man who rode the night disguised as El Khobar was Paul Hudson. Margo was shocked. Why should Paul incite the natives to bloodshed? But he explained to her that back of the new railroad, back of El Caid, back of Colonel Fontaine stood the clutching minions of Hitler—then Margo understood. Paul's wisecracks might confuse her, but she knew danger when she saw it approach.

Then it became an exciting turmoil of desert ambush at twilight, shadowy pursuit through alleyways and across rooftops, and treachery and sharp sudden death. Johnny Walsh learned that a foreign correspondent's life was more dangerous than he ever hoped, and with his heroic aid, Margot and Paul freed a people and saved the honor of Fontaine and France.

With Morgan and Manning to sing the rousing songs against an exotic background of far places and strange faces, this old warhorse once again comes prancing home a winner.—War.

P. S.

The four-week location jaunt to New Mexico's desert lands was the last of its kind for the duration . . . 300 cast and crew members were transported in a 14 car train, four cars of which were stuffed with baggage and props . . . Technicolor experts went happily mad getting the lighting correct on the beautiful red sand and red rock formation near Chinlee—the only desert area of its kind in America . . . Selections for chorus girls were made with two qualifications in mind—some had to have super-oomph figures, others won jobs if they had complexions of deep beige . . . The entire Romberg score is in the film, including one song originally written for the operetta but never used until now, "Long Live the Night" . . . Five cameras, set up in a line, filmed the desert raid scenes, so that the dramatic clashes would be celluloid-ed in unbroken footage . . . Director Robert Florey is the man responsible for the modernized script . . . Gene Lockhart's role, Pere Fanfan, is based on the personality of a Moroccan cafe owner Florey once knew . . . After the preview, even studio people were asking the name of the lovely who performed the Oriental dance in the cafe scene. She's 19-year-old Sylvia Opert, from Johannesburg, South Africa . . . Faye Emerson, 100% American gal, got the part of exotic Hajy, played in the silent version by that other A. G. with the siren look, Myrna Loy . . . Dennis

New Loveliness Beckons! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. C. H. Bleich of New York, says: "My skin looks so much nicer. From the start I felt the Camay Mild-Soap Diet was the beauty care for me!"

Try this exciting beauty idea—it's based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!

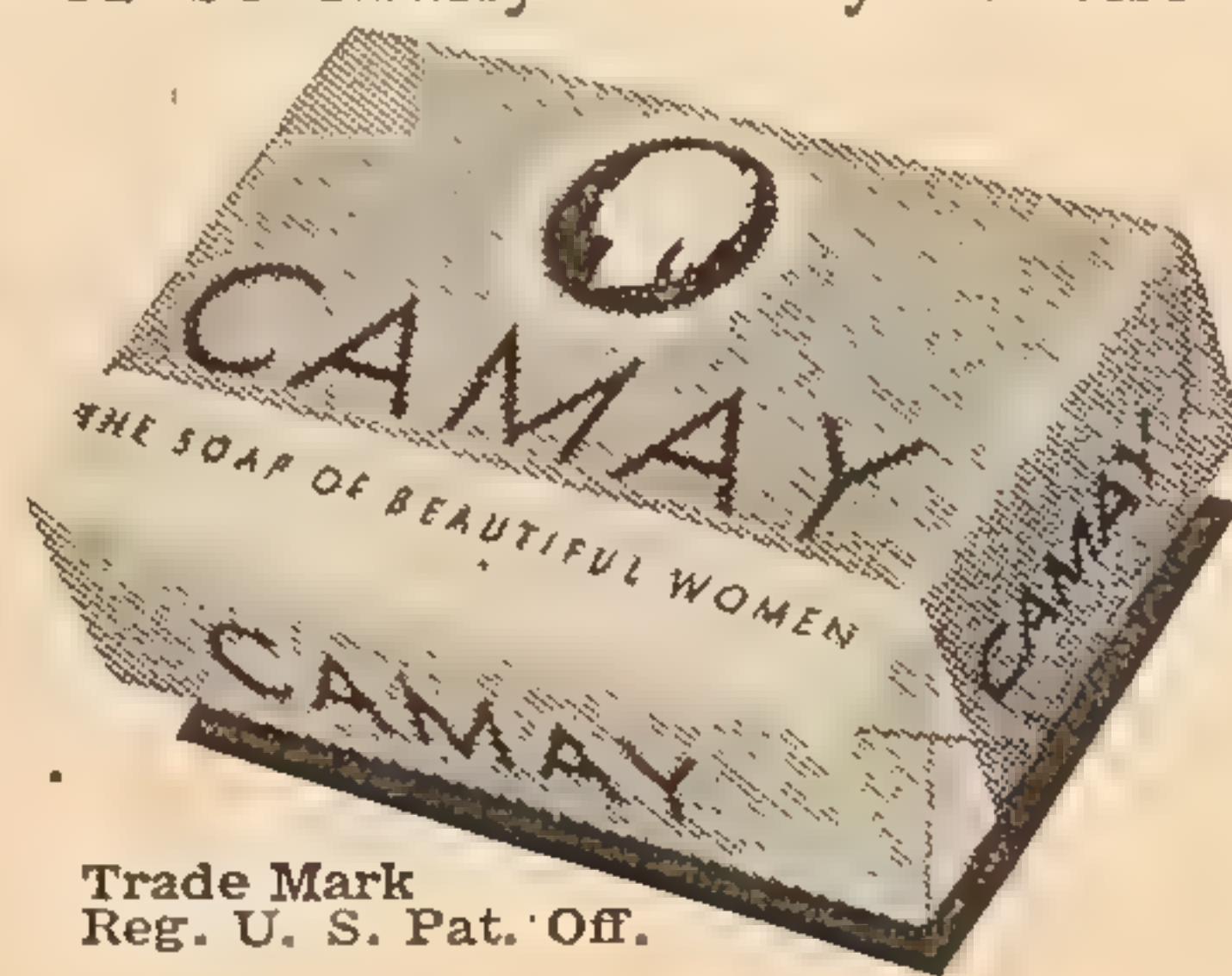
A SKIN that's fresher—lovelier—the kind that men can't resist—isn't that worth a little time and care? Then follow the thrilling beauty routine of so many charming brides. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Let it help you bring out all of the hidden loveliness of your complexion.

For, like many another unsuspecting woman, you may be cleansing your skin

improperly . . . or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

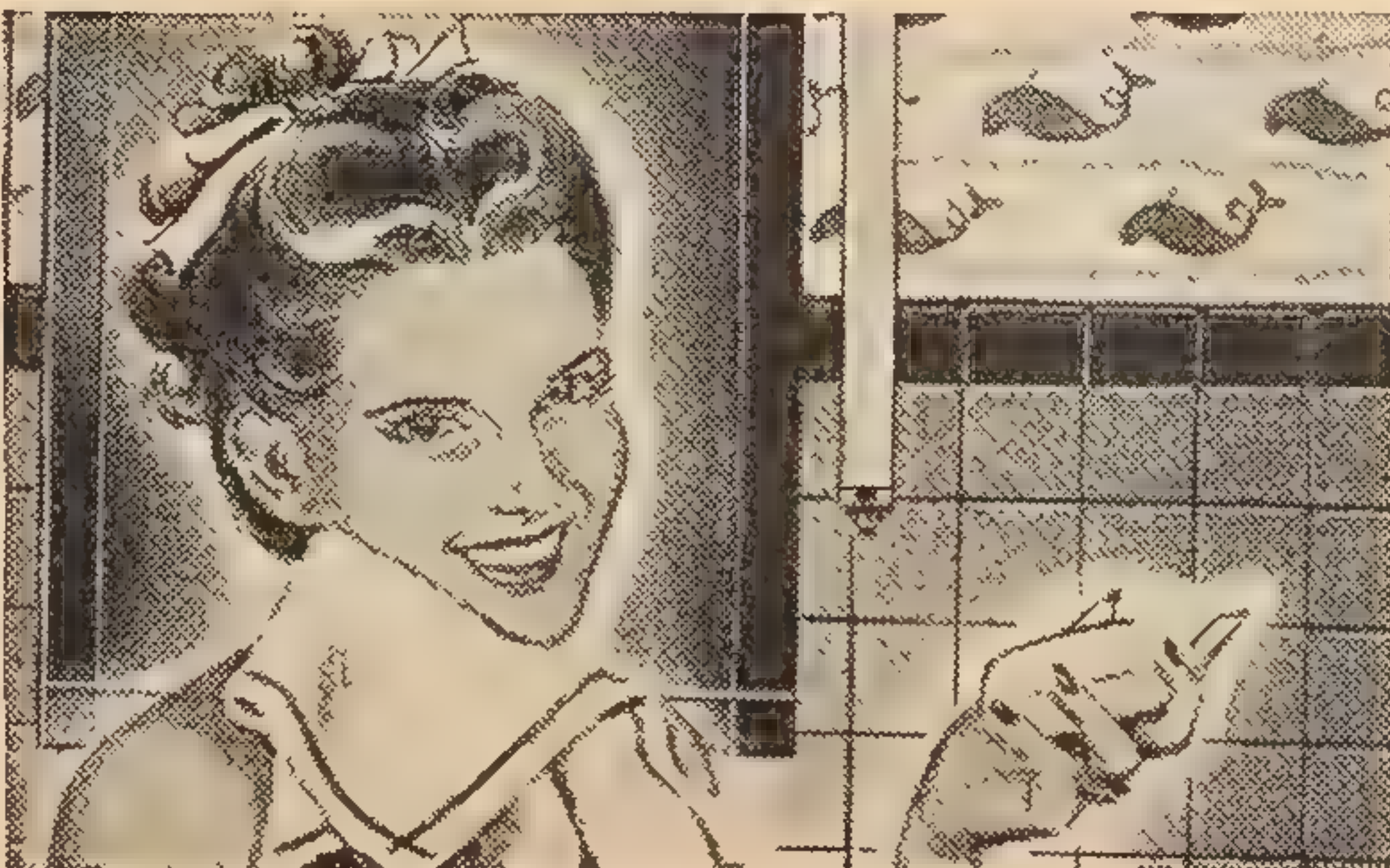
Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not just mild—it's *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps.

That's why we urge you to change today to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. For at least 30 days, give your complexion the benefit of Camay's *milder* beauty care. Your skin will feel thrillingly fresh, at once. And in a few short weeks, you may see a lovelier *YOU* reflected in your mirror.

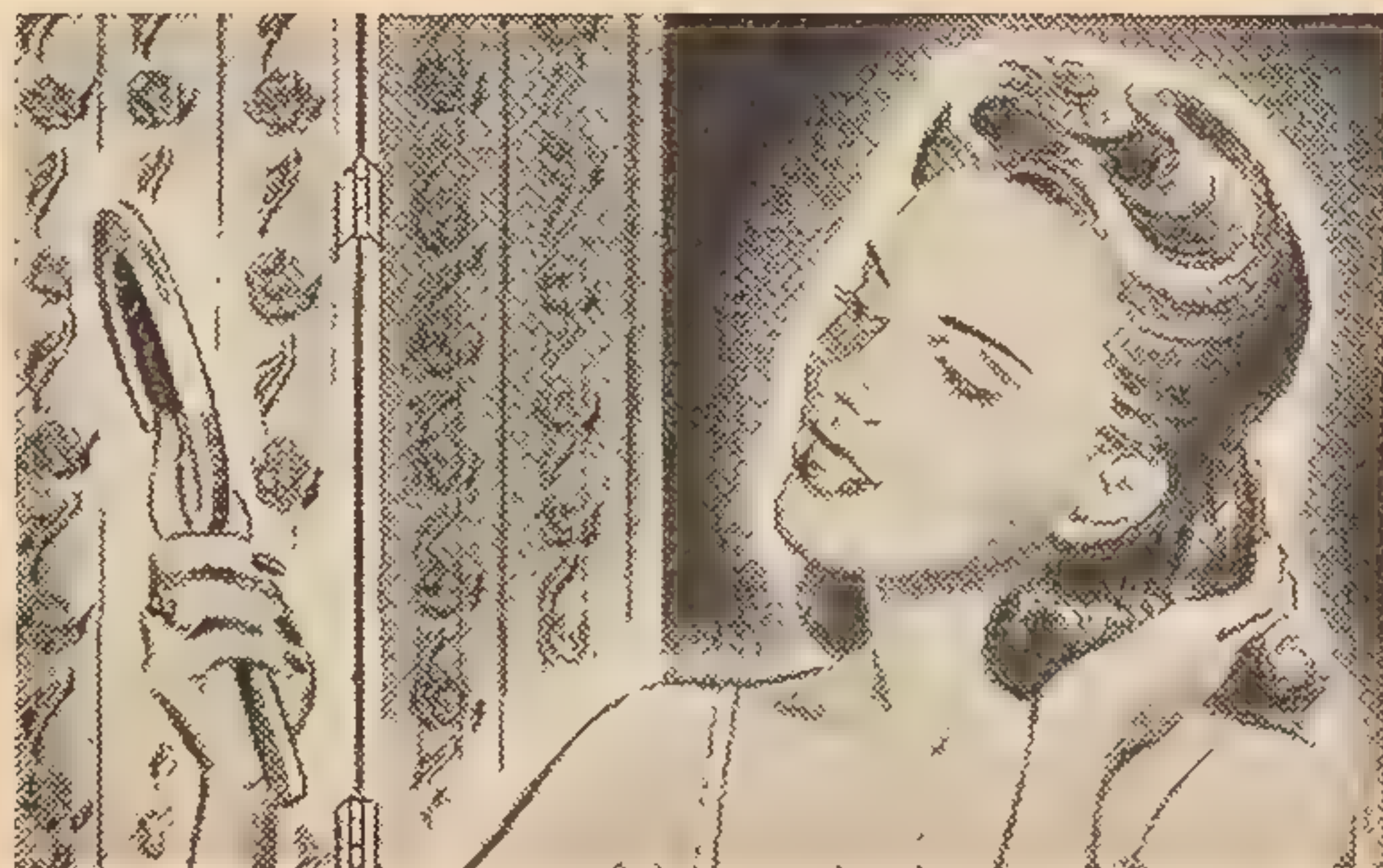


Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Next morning, one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Be faithful. For it's *regular* cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's mildness.

Morgan was one of the first singers tested, five years ago, for the part of Paul Hudson and/or El Khobar. Stanley Morner then, he felt sure he'd get it finally. Warner Bros. bought the property, looked over their list of contractees, and made Dennis's hunch come true . . . Irene Manning, the same Hope Manning who sang all over the country as John Charles Thomas's leading lady, knew her part just as well as Morgan, having made her professional debut in the "Margo" role.

SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE

For years now ancient characters have been weeping into their motheaten beards because dear old vaudeville was dead. Now they can dry up. Vaudeville was never dead; it was pulling a Rip Van Winkle. Vaudeville woke up with "Hellzapoppin," and when Olsen and Johnson struck gold, everyone from George Jessel to Ed Wynn began prospecting like mad, digging up old variety acts and turning them in at the box office for bundles of Mr. Big's crisp lettuce. And if you think the picture people would overlook such a bonanza, just take a look at the vaudeville show RKO has strung together here.



The string is a cockeyed fable which has Johnny Grey (Victor Mature) as a jeep buckaroo in an army camp. He learns in dizzy succession that (a) he and his buddies have been given seven days' leave before going overseas (b) that he has inherited \$100,000 and (c) that to collect his 100 G's he has to marry an unknown Miss Ritz named Terry Havelock-Allen (Lucille Ball) before his leave is up.

All women go down in flames after one look at the gorgeous hunk of Mature man with the mazda eyes (in this film, at least), and you can lay a safe 10 to 1 that Terry will be no exception. But while you watch the brash Lothario go through his incendiary act, you'll get an eyeful of other expensive talent.

Les Brown and His Orchestra come on early and warm things up with a little hot brass. Later, Freddy Martin and His Orchestra take over, more on the suave sophisticated side, with Ginny Simms to light a torch song that will singe your eyelashes and leave you wondering how any one man could make a girl suffer so.

Along the way, you'll see "The Court of Missing Heirs" right in the radio studio, you'll learn what The Great Gildersleeve looks like, and you can watch Victor and Lucille play "Truth or Consequences" with Ralph Edwards and a custard pie.

There are visits to see night-club floor shows, vocal impersonations of Ronald Colman, Lionel Barrymore and Charles Laughton, while the adagio team of Lynn, Royce & Vanya does a knock-about take-off of white tie ballroom dancing. A sultry Puerto Rican gal

called Mapy Cortez shakes things something scandalous, and a pint-sized dish-faced darling named Marcy McGuire plays Terry's kid sister for solid. You might like to make a note of her: Marcy McGuire.

Add in a generous mixture of songs that are already dancing the airwaves, a few bits of broad slapstick—and what have you got? You've got goulash. You've got something for everyone. You've got vaudeville. With Lucille Ball and Victor Mature to fill the headline spot, what more can you ask?

Vic's in the Coast Guard (?) now, and if you want a preview of him in uniform, here's your chance. Lucille confines herself to sundry evening gowns and a bathing suit, but she won't sprain anyone's eyes either.—RKO.

P. S.

Vic Mature took one day's leave and threw the entire studio into an uproar by enlisting in the Coast Guard . . . At home in Mexico, Mapy Cortez acts AND produces movies . . . Mapy was most impressed by the huge palm trees on Beverly Drive, near her hotel. Vital statistic: She pronounces her name 'moppy' . . . Vic and Lucille Ball feuded loudly during production . . . Before Lucille began work in the picture, Vic feuded loudly with Director Tim Whelan . . . One day the set would be closed to the press, the next day reporters were welcomed with open arms and fed ice cream bars, depending on who was winning, Mature or Whelan . . . Peter Lind Hayes wore an army uniform all through the picture, then switched to a real one as Private Hayes of the Santa Ana base of the Army Air Force . . . Kute Kid Marcy McGuire has beautiful red hair, matching freckles, has ticked off 16 years by the calendar. Used to entertain in Chicago night clubs, radio . . . Freddie Martin and his band were hired to dish up sweet melodies; Les Brown and his outfit broke down the hot numbers. Music from the picture is already climbing on the Hit Parade, was written by Jimmy McHugh and Frank Loesser . . . Singer Buddy Clark is best known to radio fans, but has worked in every entertainment medium. Eloped during production with one of the most beautiful brunette advertising models in the country . . . All calls to the set for Vic from a "Miss Williams" were really phone messages from love-light Rita Hayworth . . . Radio fans get their first movie glimpse of Ralph Edwards, m.c. of "Truth or Consequences" program.

PALM BEACH STORY

Remember the screwball comedies? Well, here's a screwball comedy with all the screws loose. Any resemblance between "Palm Beach Story" and Real Life is strictly coincidental. It makes about as much sense as double-talk, but it's twice as funny. Hold onto your seats: Gerry Jeffers (Claudette Colbert) loved her husband Tom (Joel McCrea) very much, and she was anxious to help along his career. Tom had designed a new airport—something to hang over a city like mosquito netting—and he needed \$99,000 to build a model.

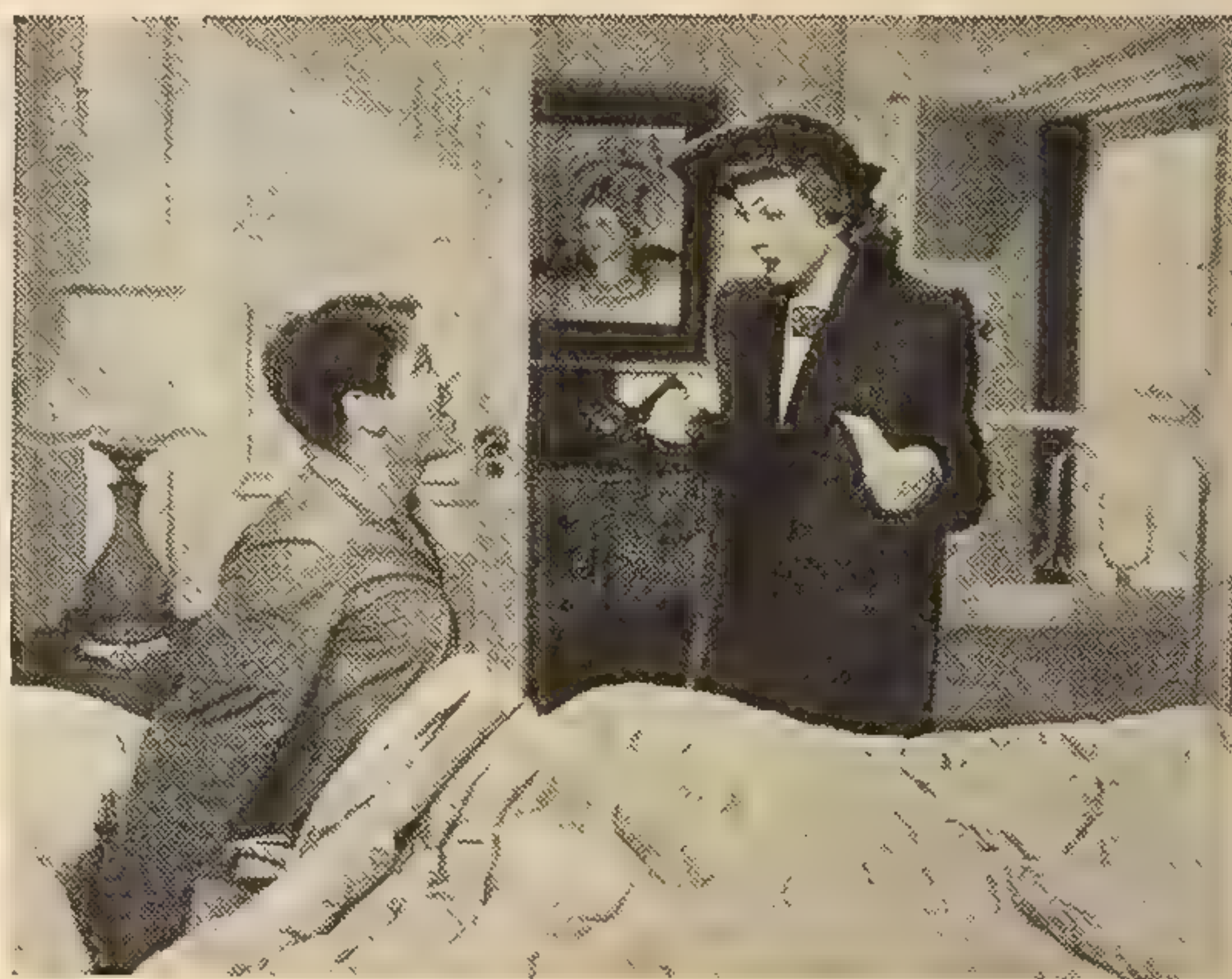
Gerry wanted to promote the money for him. She told Tom the world was full of people who had \$99,000 just lying around. She told him that if he would let her make the right sort of eyes at the right sort of man, she'd get his airport built in jigtime. But Tom thought that wasn't right. He had an idea that money was something you worked for.

So there was Gerry in her duplex Park Avenue penthouse, pining about the unpaid rent, when in walked the Wienie King. Who was the Wienie King? He was a little guy with a roll of bills to choke a rhinoceros. Gerry practiced her theory on him, just for fun, and the Wienie (Hot Dog) King walked out less seven hundred dollars. So she paid the rent, had her hair done and waited happily for Tom to come home. He would be delighted.

Tom got suspicious.

Gerry was heartbroken, as what girl would not be. How did Tom expect to get ahead if he refused to let her help? Strange men didn't rush up and force money on him, did they? There was only one thing to do: She would go to Palm Beach, get a divorce and promote Tom's \$99,000 on her own. After all, he was the man she loved.

Tom tried to stop her. He reminded her that the King's seven hundred had been spent. He reminded her that the railroads did not let people ride for free. He quarreled with Gerry. He even went so far as to call a cop, and as a result Gerry arrived at the station with only the clothes she stood in and no money at all.



Fortunately a band of jolly hunters was going South about that time. Before they knew it, they adopted her as mascot and smuggled her aboard their private car. They gave her a stateroom and some pajamas, and everything was fine until the mountain dew began to flow. Shotguns started going off, and Gerry found it hard to sleep, so she retreated to a vacant upper berth in another car.

John D. Hackensacker, III, had the lower, and that was fortunate, too, because when Gerry woke up next morning she learned that the Ale & Quail Club had been left on a switch to shoot it out. Now all she had to her name was some strange gentleman's pajamas. She went to work on John D. Three, who had more millions than Morgenthau, and he offered to buy her a few things when they got to Jacksonville.

The more money he spent on Gerry, the better he liked it—and the better he liked her. By the time they reached Palm Beach on his yacht, John D. was all set to build Tom's airport, buy Gerry her divorce and marry her. Her system was a success.

But John D. had to have a sister (Mary Astor), and Tom had to turn up. The sister had been married often enough to know what she liked, and after one look at Tom she announced that he was IT. Things were getting pretty complicated, and Gerry wasn't sure she liked it. But one night the zipper on her evening gown stuck when she was undressing, and she had to call husband Tom in to cope with it. When he got through coping, all was well, very well.

(Continued on page 14)

Keep your smile bright... but

DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT



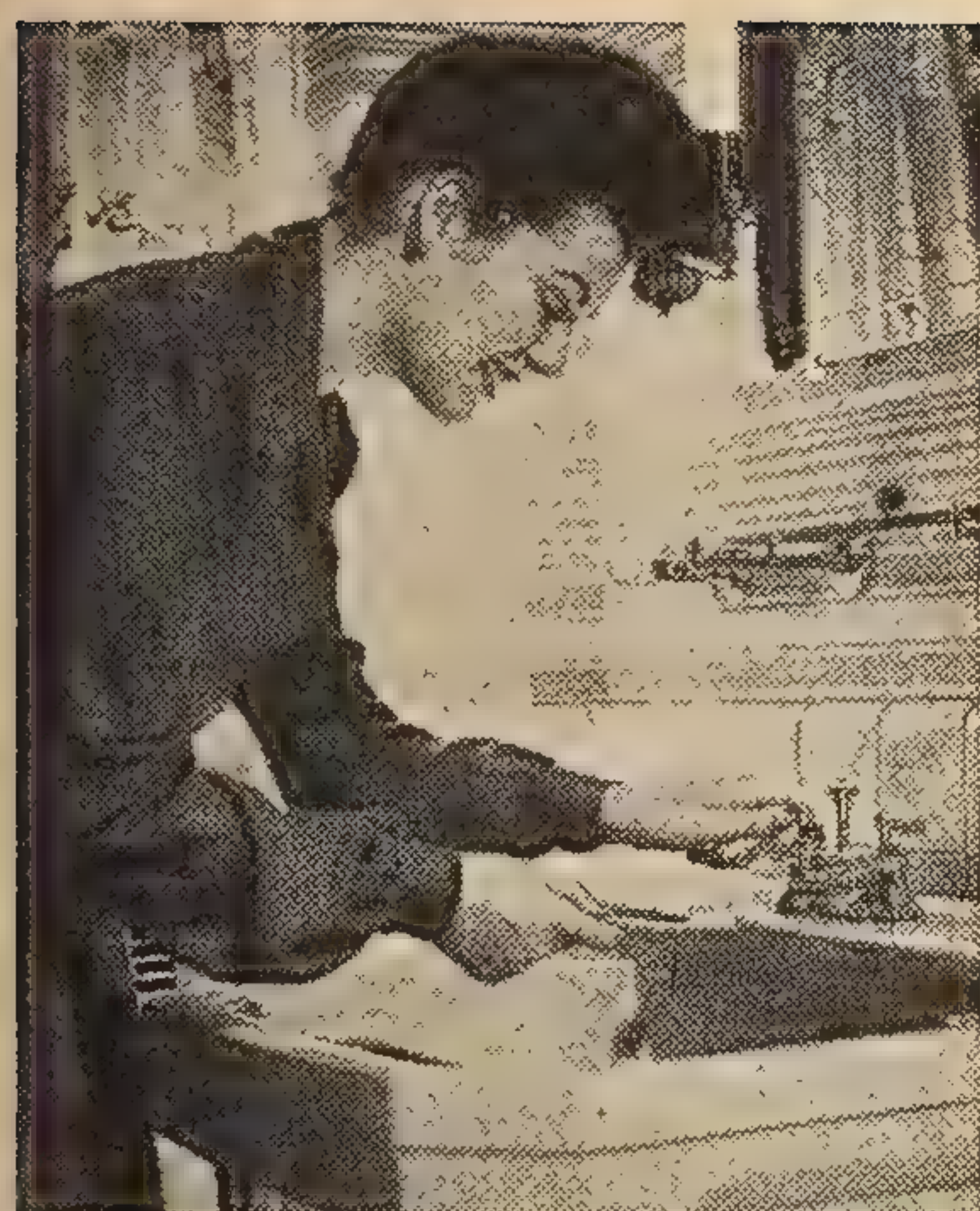
An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice... they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

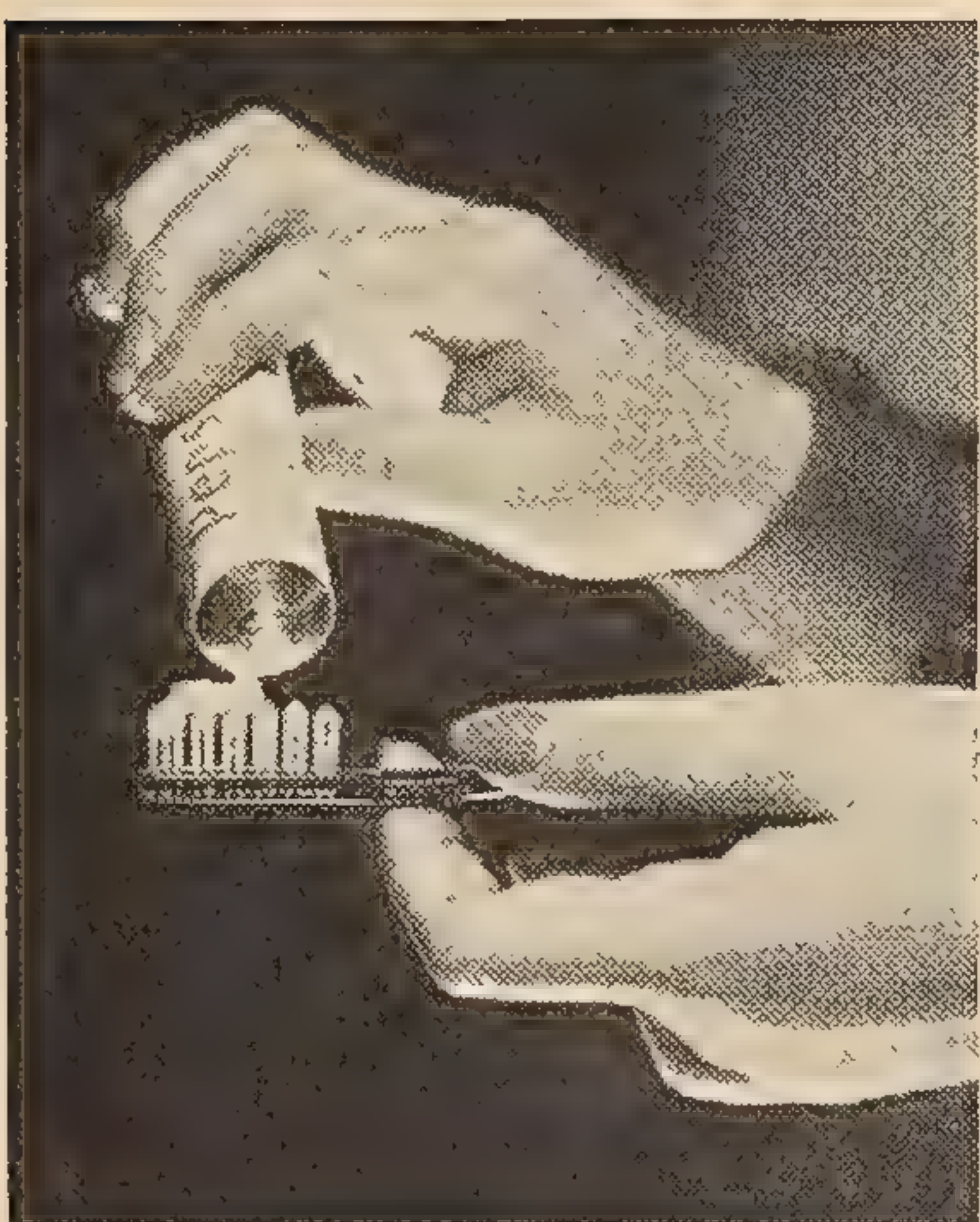
But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so... we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly.

If you help save enough for others... there will be enough for you.



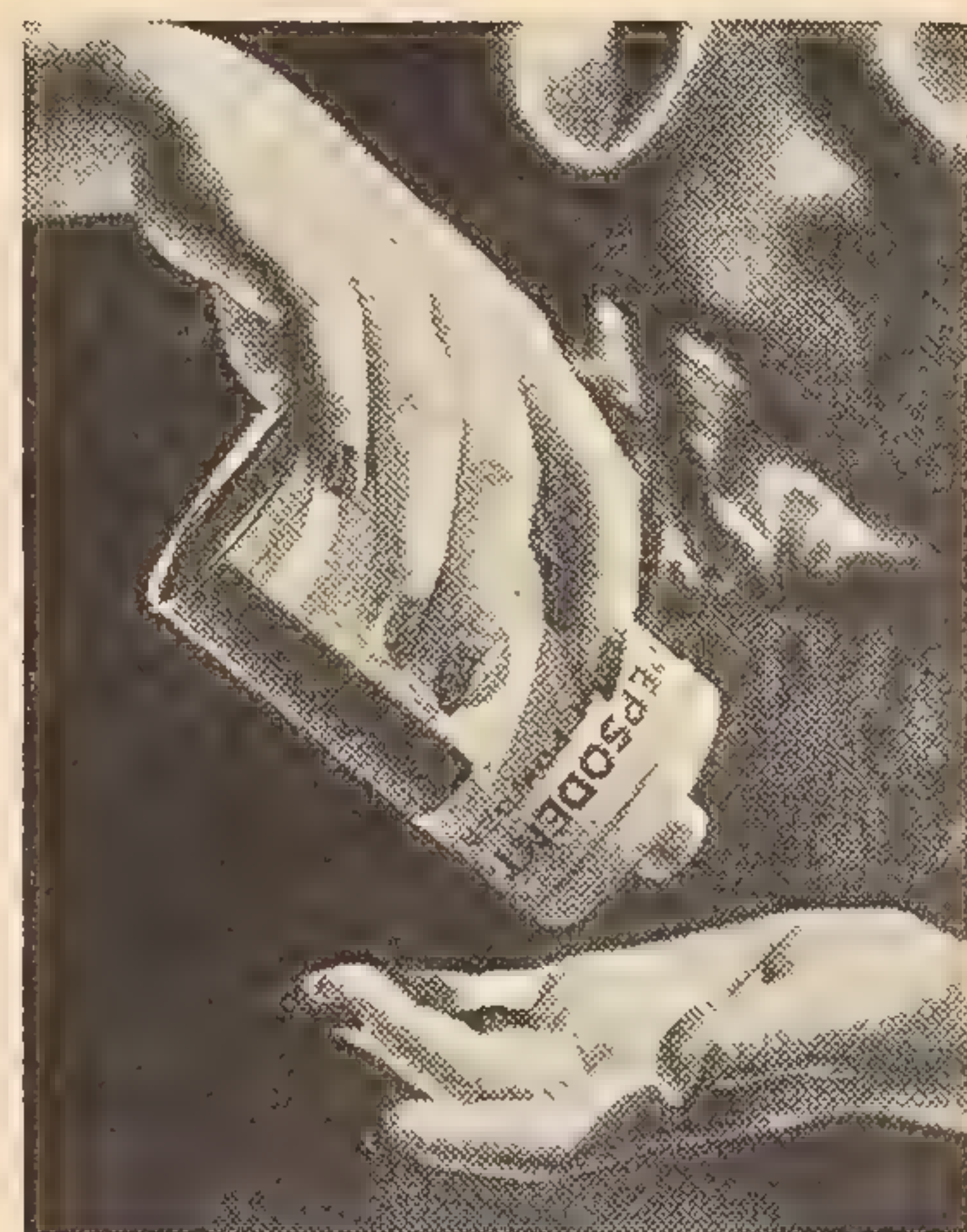
DON'T LET Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.



DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.



DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.



DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.



DON'T RUB — Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Always measure out powder for small children.



DON'T USE a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.



DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

REMEMBER...

only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So... keep your teeth bright... but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others... and there will be enough for you.

So it doesn't make sense—so what? It's all mad and merry and delightful, with Sig Arno, Franklin Pangborn and Robert (Weinie King) Dudley to help kick the gags around. And Rudy Vallee plays John D. Three so you'll want to drive right in and have him change your oil.—Par.

P. S.

For the first time in her career, Mary Astor's auburn locks succumbed to a dousing of peroxide for her role of a wise-cracking muchly-married siren . . . Rudy Vallee emerges from this as a full fledged comedian . . . Preston Sturges is wild about choo-choo trains. This is the third straight Sturges opus with a train scene in it . . . Sig Arno was handed the strangest "talking" role in Hollywood history. Obligated to jabber in double-talk, he had only five intelligible words to speak, "grittinks," "yitz," "nitz," "hello" and "ha" . . . At one point in the picture Claudette Colbert steps on Rudy Vallee's face smashing his glasses. Every time they rehearsed the scene Vallee quivered in his boots until prop man Oscar Lau figured out a way to prevent his face from being cut—by breaking the lenses, then filing off the sharp edges and pasting them back together again. For sound effects of the glasses crunching, bits of electric light globes were ground up in an ice-crusher close to the microphone . . . The morning suit Joel McCrea wears is really a hand-me-down. The striped pants and frock coat were made for Stirling Hayden in "Virginia" and the vest for Gary Cooper in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." . . . Vallee demonstrated the quick-change technique he learned in vaudeville by changing from a yachting outfit to full dress suit in five minutes flat . . . According to Sturges, the female of the species is handier with the chit-chat than the male. Just to prove his point he stuck in a quarreling scene between Joel McCrea and Claudette where Colbert spouts 367 words to Joel's 40 . . . Claudette and Rudy turned up their respective noses and shouted "never!" when faced with the unhappy prospect of swallowing prairie oysters (raw eggs smothered in tomato sauce) for a certain scene. Prop men saved the day by substituting palatable (?) "doubles"—stewed apricots surrounded by rootbeer!

THEY GOT ME COVERED

Where there's Hope there's life. Ask the boys in the service. After flying to Alaska to entertain the troops who are entertaining the Japs in the Aleutians, Bob Hope is off on a tour of the Camps, sprinkling gags like a multiple barrel pom-pom gun and making two laughs grow where only sore feet grew before. He is probably the War Department's favorite actor. The Treasury Department's vote would go to Dorothy Lamour;



she's sold so many bonds they're thinking of putting out a series with her picture on them. Before and since Pearl Harbor, Bob and Dottie have been so busy no one would blame you for wondering when they found time to make this picture for Samuel Goldwyn. Any way you look at it, it was time well spent.

Rumor has it that Washington is a madhouse these days. Some people blame the war. Some blame Congress. But after you've seen this merry-go-round of lunacy you'll know the answer. Bob Hope got loose on Capitol Hill and left the town slap-happy.

This time he starts out as a newspaperman in Moscow. (It seems we're celebrating Foreign Correspondent Month.) While Bob broods over the Kremlin the story of the century breaks: GERMANY INVADES RUSSIA! Does he cover it? Does he make like William Shirer? Now you know Bob—of course he does. Two days late.

His employer invites him back to New York, and not to fire him. The head of Central News Service wants to kill him with bare hands, but Bob escapes to Washington and Miss Lamour. He turns up in her office of Central News with a wily Rumanian gent who has a story of Axis spies and sabotage to tell which will get Bob his job back. All the man wants is \$5000, and Bob quick-lips Dottie into making out a check on Central News. She didn't know . . .

But three malodorous guys—Fauschein (Otto Preminger), Baldanacco (Eduardo Ciannelli) and Nichimuro (Philip Ahn)—take a pot shot at the Rumanian. He escapes in Dottie's clothes, and the Dirty Three grab Bob by mistake and take him for a ride. When they learn who he is they throw him out. The Rumanian sends word for Dottie to meet him at the Lincoln Memorial, and he'll dictate the story to her. She's supposed to carry a red purse and green umbrella with her.

Bob and Dottie telephone her roommate, Sally, to meet them with the identifying articles and Dottie's notebook. Then they jump in a taxi and rush off to the rendezvous. The Rumanian never shows up. It seems Bob told the taxi man to drive him to the Washington Monument instead of the Lincoln Memorial.

When they get home, Sally is gone—with the Rumanian. When they get Sally back, her book of shorthand notes is gone. Then Sally is gone again, because neither German, Jap nor Italian agent can read her notes. Then Bob is gone, captured by a little man (Donald Meek) who is still fighting the Civil War. Then he wakes up in Niagara Falls, where he wanted to spend his honeymoon with Dottie, only he's married to a lush number named Gloria (Marion Martin). He tries to convince Dottie that he was drugged, but she'll have none of him—till she learns Gloria is a blonde. It seems Bob has sworn off blondes. Dottie rushes to the rescue, backed by the FBI in full force. And it's just about time, too.

Our valiant Robert tracks the three Axis apes to a beauty parlor and gets himself a mudpack, a permanent wave and trapped. Dottie arrives in the nick of time with an army of girl friends, and Edgar Hoover's boys follow along to mop up—so Bob is a hero again. In his own eyes, at least. Dottie loved him even when he was a heel.

So will everyone. The Hope Formula for laughs is like the Hope Diamond. There's only one, but boy, is it a honey! —RKO.

P. S.

Sam Goldwyn quickly bought the title "They Got Me Covered" when he heard that over 3,000,000 copies have been sold in the last two years, not including the reprint of the book that appeared in MODERN SCREEN . . . Washington secretary Mary Byrne, who won her job in the picture through a contest, went back to the capital after the film was finished, to resume her old job, and also to marry FBI agent Francis Edward Smith . . . The script reached a new high in number of spies—44 in all . . . The day Bob finished the picture, he rushed down town, had his passport okayed, fingerprints taken, baggage and body weighed and took off by plane for his Aleutian Island trip . . . Philip Ahn plays a Jap spy, but is really a loyal Korean. He makes weekly short wave broadcasts to his native land with messages of encouragement and cheer . . . Otto Preminger, bald-headed meanie of "The Pied Piper," plays a heavy with a full head of hair this time . . . Lenore Aubert was living in Vienna when it was invaded. She moved to Paris but had to make another hasty exit—this time to Lisbon. Discovered in an Ibsen play at the local Bliss Hayden theater, she was put under long term contract by Goldwyn . . . No Hope picture is complete without a feminine masquerade. Bob borrows Dottie Lamour's clothes in this one . . . Also Veronica Lake's hair-do . . . Goldwyn's ingenious production manager got around the new \$5,000 ceiling on sets by taking the troupe to the old Los Angeles Gas Works, now not being used but once valued at \$750,000.

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET

If war was hell when General Sherman fought his muzzle-loading battles in the Civil War, today it is a super-hell. Sherman's armies had no flame throwers, no submarines, no airplanes. War today is a sudden unexpected searing hell, not only for the soldier but for the civilian, and most of us accept this and can summon courage to face it. We know what we are fighting for—and the chances we must take.

But the children. They did not make the war; they cannot fight it; and how can they know why it is being fought?

Here in America our children are safe from bombs, thank God, for a little while at least, but what about the children of England upon whom hell burst and still bursts like a ghastly insane nightmare? Their homes, their parents, their little worlds are blasted into oblivion—and what have they left? What do they think? What do they feel? What will become of them—now, and when war is done? Here is the dramatic, real-life story of what becomes of two of them.

(Continued on page 16)



Barbara Stanwyck CO-STARRING IN "FLESH AND FANTASY"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



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- 2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
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You'll like the superfine texture of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder, too, because it creates such a soft, satin-smooth make-up, and its unusual clinging quality will keep your make-up looking fresh and lovely for hours...\$1.00.



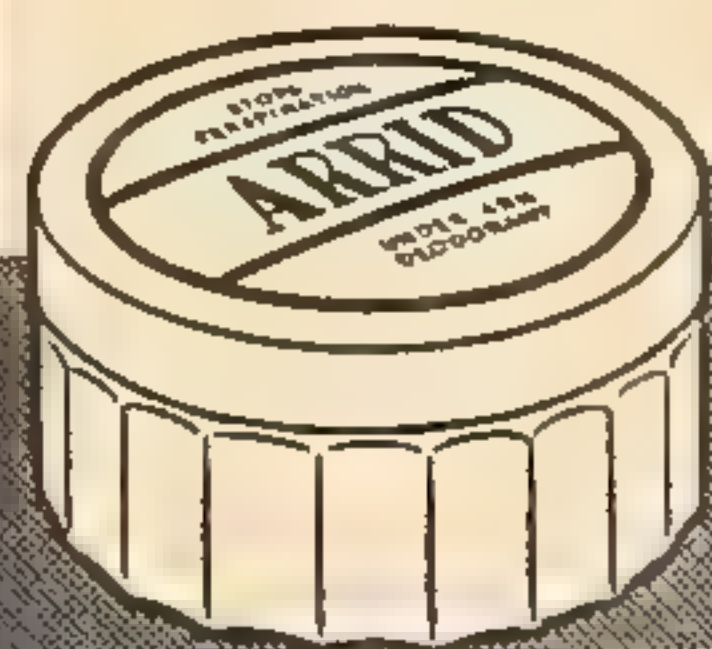
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...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK**



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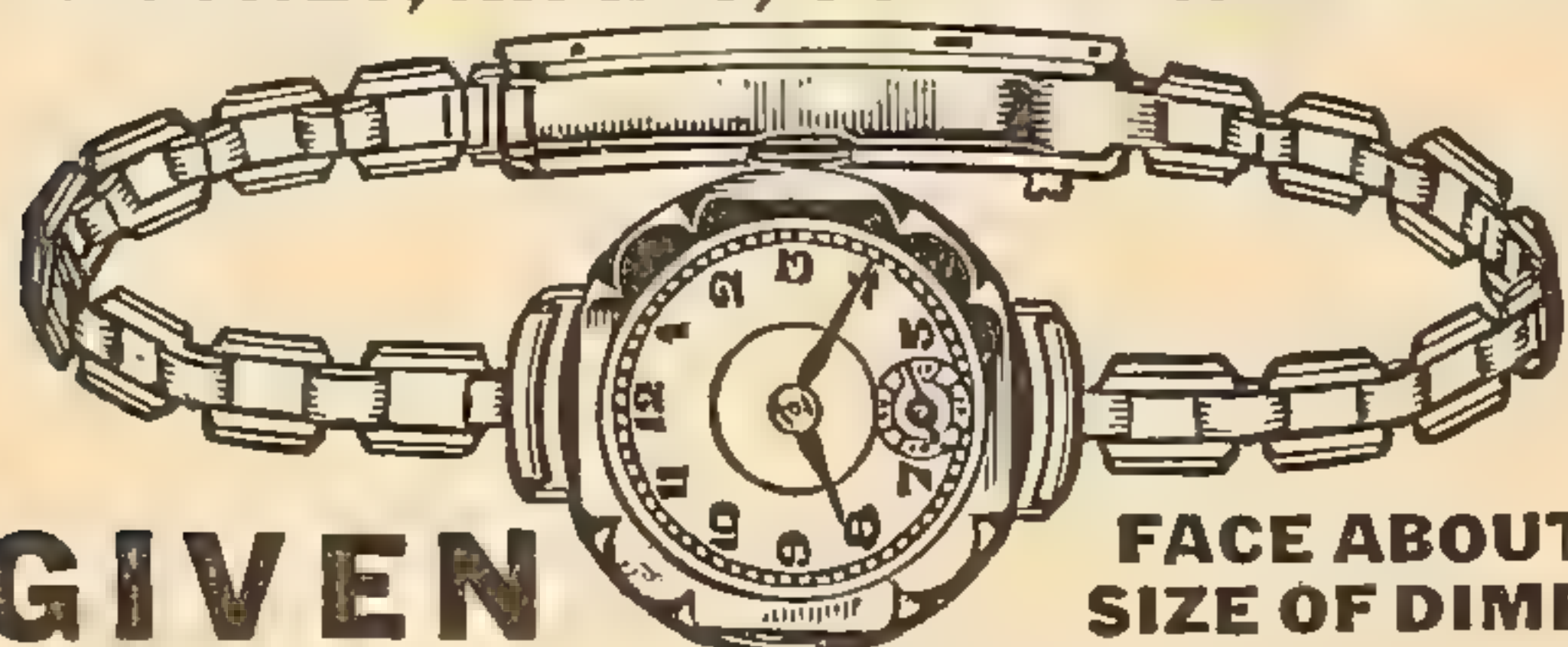
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STANDARD ART STUDIOS

100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1333-A CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

An American newspaperman, John Davis, and his wife, Nora, escaped the tottering wreckage of France on a channel boat filled with hopeless refugees. John (Robert Young) settled in London, because it was his business to report the war, but Nora (Laraine Day) was a mother-to-be, and John tried to persuade her to come home to America. She refused. If London was safe for him, it was safe enough for her.

But when France finally collapsed and fell, and the British scorned Hitler's ultimatum to surrender, then Herr Goering sent his bombers over England. Sirens moaned the alarm, ack-ack burst angrily, the earth trembled—and John Davis left Nora in their hotel suite and went out to walk the crooked streets of London to get his story of destruction and death.

As he turned a corner there came a shrieking whistle—a deafening roar—and a house crumpled before his eyes. John rushed forward to help firemen and wardens dig into the smoking rubble. One living thing survived: A small boy, clinging in paralytic terror to the only familiar thing death had left him, a toy lamb.

His name was Peter, and John tried to comfort him. Then he took the trembling child to a Home set up for such lost little ones and started back to try to put this hell on paper. But another bomb had shattered the hotel. When at last he found Nora, she had lost her expected baby, and a surgeon said she could never hope to have another. She was inconsolable.

Now Nora left for America, borne down by weakness and discouragement, and in his ensuing loneliness John turned for distraction to the boy. At the Home, Peter introduced him to Margaret, another sad-eyed lost child, and slowly these two dazed timid children entangled themselves in his affections, became part of his life. When his newspaper called him home, he wired Nora that he was bringing Margaret and Peter with him.

Out of a blacked-out London onto a blacked-out ship he brought them, telling them always of a place where the lights still shone, of America where there was no need for protective darkness. Nora hurried down on the cutter to meet their boat, and the four of them stood high in the bow as it steamed up the harbor. It was Christmas Eve, and New York loomed ahead like a thousand trees trimmed with lights. Peter and Margaret were enthralled—here at last was safety and peace—but as they watched, the city blinked into darkness. War had reached out its black hand to America.

Margaret's terror returned, but Nora spoke softly to her, told her not to fear. "The lights will go on again," she said. "And when they do—no one will ever put them out again."

The cast includes Fay Bainter and Nigel Bruce, but the children are played by William Severn and Margaret O'Brien, and it is their picture. It is all children's picture—everywhere. If you know children, if you cherish them, it is your picture, too.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Tip to all theater owners: When you exhibit this one, be sure to have an extra large supply of war bonds in the lobby. Publicity woman Katherine Albert saw the picture at the studio, and the minute she got her tears dried, she rushed to her bank and upped her quota. She says everyone else will have the same reaction . . . Cute little Margaret O'Brien used to be Maxine, but changed her name

to that of the heroine. A former "Cover Girl" (she modeled in New York), her only screen experience was a tiny bit in "Babes on Broadway." Director Woody Van Dyke could get her to turn on the tears with no trouble at all, but getting her to turn them off was something else again . . . Bob Young gets a chance at another sympathetic part, but says little Maxine (pardon, Margaret) runs away with the picture . . . Story is based on the real-life experiences of William L. White, famous newspaper correspondent, and author of "They Were Expendable" . . . The boy who plays Peter is another of those ubiquitous Severn children, who've replaced the Watson family as the largest home group in pictures . . . Laraine Day was a happy gal every time the shooting schedule was delayed a few days. It meant she could travel to Arizona to visit her hubby Ray Hendricks, stationed there as an aviation instructor . . . Bob Young motorcycled to work every day, was late only once. A traffic tie-up revealed that an expectant mother rushing to the hospital was being delayed, so Bob put his cap on frontwards, made himself look as much like a policeman as possible and convoyed the momma all the way into town. The baby was later christened "Bob Young" in his honor.



THE BLACK SWAN

Today, death stalks the smiling isles of the Caribbees, where U-boats lift their ugly steel snouts questing for prey. Two centuries ago it belched in flame and thunder from the gun ports of swift, deadly pirate craft . . . it swept in, bare-foot and wolf-savage, to sack sleeping towns . . .

Captain Jamie Waring (Ty Power) was no better than the cutlass-scarred sea rogues he led to plunder and loot. No better, perhaps, until the lovely Lady Margaret Denby (Maureen O'Hara), daughter of Jamaica's haughty governor, laid a disdainful spell over his arrogant kerchiefed head. She had reason to hate him. Trapped in a pirate raid on the unsuspecting town of Geudala, she had struggled in the embrace of his strong arms. He had tried to kiss her—and she'd bitten him. "I'll never kiss you again," he had snapped, his face fierce and swarthy, "until you ask me—and call me 'Jamie-boy' three times."

She hated, too, the swaggering giant who lorded it in her father's chair. Sir Henry Morgan (Laird Cregar), shipped off to be hung in London, had come back in triumph, his piratical sins wiped out by a knighthood, the appointment as governor of rich Jamaica in his huge right fist. He was a man reformed. But she didn't believe that. Neither did the arrogant lords of Jamaica. Not even

when he sent his trusted Jamie Waring and a few other hard-bitten Morgan men to find and hang his own former lieutenant in crime, hulking, startlingly red-bearded Captain Leech (George Sanders).

It was a black day when Captain Jamie strode back again, scowling and empty-handed, into the council chamber of Jamaica. He'd found no trace of Captain Leech or the Black Swan, flaunting the Jolly Roger at its masthead. But another British ship had been boarded and sunk, and the councillors were seething. Loudest of all in his threats to impeach Sir Henry was Ingram (Edward Ashley). To him, Jamie learned with fury, Lady Margaret had plighted her troth that very day—to Ingram, who secretly gave information to Captain Leech about incoming ships in return for a captain's share of the loot.

It was a mistake, perhaps, for Jamie to seize Lady Margaret and carry her aboard his ship that night. But who could know that Captain Leech and his pirate fleet had been warned of his coming? In the most desperate spot of his life, Jamie talked Leech into joining forces for a raid against rich Maracaibo—Maracaibo, where British ships lay in wait, guns ready. He couldn't know, of course, that someone else waited there, too—a furious Henry Morgan, stoned out of Jamaica by the councillors when they found that Lady Margaret had been kidnapped . . .

We're not going to tell you any more. It wouldn't be fair. Just don't make too much noise biting your nails. Pirates in lovely, luscious Technicolor is something we've been dreaming about for years. Well here it is, friends, and it's wonderful.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Those bedroom love-scenes Maureen O'Hara did with Ty Power were torture for her. Head to toe, she was sunburned. Even the pressure of the sheets was too much. A genu-wine actress, she'll look ecstatic when you see her on the screen . . . Everyone wore beards, but George Sanders out-foxed them all. Insisted his chin-warmer be bright red. The picture's in Technicolor, he figured, and he could steal scenes without even trying . . . Illness broke up the picture's shooting schedule. Ty, Maureen, Sanders—all were out at different times with bad cases of flu . . . Power has a strange feeling about daggers, since the time one nearly contacted his neck early in his career. Overcame it long enough to film the tricky blade scenes . . . On her days off, Maureen acted in some home movies, directed by her husband. Title: "How to Train a Dog." Maureen played second fiddle to the family canine . . . The films turned out so well, the studio looked at hubby Will Price with new interest and signed him to a directorial contract . . . One strikingly beautiful parrot was needed for some of the scenes, and after looking at hundreds of birds, the director chose a gorgeous Macaw. After three days of working, the bird was fired, because it was too smart. Imitating the director's voice perfectly, it would scream, "Cut! We'll print that!" right smack in the middle of a long, tense scene . . . Ty Power thought this film was going to be the last for the duration, and went around saying good-bys. After he'd made sure he hadn't overlooked anyone in his final farewells, news came from the front office that he was to make "Crash Dive" before he was inducted into the Marine Corps.

"To be his Guiding Star try my*W.B.N.C."

Paulette Goddard, Starring in "Star Spangled Rhythm", a Paramount Picture



Says Paulette Goddard:

"He's fighting for you—so it's up to you to look the part! W.B.N.C. are your call letters for..."

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.

"See how this 3-minute care with Woodbury Cold Cream helps keep your skin smooth and alluring." Cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Tissue off soil. Then swirl on a light film for overnight. Woodbury contains four luscious ingredients for softening, smoothing the skin. A fifth exclusive ingredient is constantly working to purify this cream right in the jar. Try the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars, tonight. Soon your mirror will whisper, "He's coming back--to find you even lovelier than before."

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars



Beauty isn't Rationed. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, \$1.25, 75¢; also 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes.

Seas Ablaze

...with black villainy, with fiery romance, with breathless deeds of daring... in the roaring era of Love, Gold and Adventure!

"Sixteen men on a
dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

Tyrone *Maureen*
POWER • O'HARA
in Rafael Sabatini's
**THE
BLACK SWAN**
in Technicolor

with
LAIRD CREGAR • THOMAS MITCHELL
GEORGE SANDERS • ANTHONY QUINN
GEORGE ZUCCO

Directed by **HENRY KING** • Produced by **ROBERT BASSLER**
Screen Play by Ben Hecht and Seton I. Miller • Adapted
by Seton I. Miller, from the Novel by Rafael Sabatini

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

MODERN SCREEN



Gene Tierney sleeps in a bed eight feet wide and seven feet long. Unusual? Not for 20th-Fox's "China Girl"—she also owns a pet hawk and a king snake! Now that Oleg's in the Coast Guard, his green-eyed wife'll probably turn the house into a menagerie, or else fill it so with antiques she'll break her toes walking around. Because she walks in her bare feet. And just one word of warning—she murders people who call her "dearie"!



H

aul Henreid and his wife lived in Vienna until Hitler started his death march through Europe. Then, their beloved Austria Nazi-crushed, they came here. "Because we wanted desperately to find a country with a future—" Behind this calm-eyed six-and-a-half-foot giant, lie the confiscated estates of his family; his father's title. Ahead—a simple American life, and good parts like the one in W. B.'s "Casablanca" and peace of mind.



M

aria Montez, as slinky a siren as ever slunk into H'wood, is a woman's woman! Easy to see the siren side—clad in the hugest wardrobe of smoothie hats and gowns in town. Ladies like her 'cause she's just plain good egg. Doesn't smoke, drink or flirt with their spouses. Just dances their legs off till they're glad to sit home with Mom. They enjoy her "Rear the car" for "Back up the car," and her yen for publicity . . . which ought to go sky-high after Univ.'s "Arabian Nights."



Frank Powolny

Johnny Payne's 20th-Fox "Hello, Frisco, Hello," may mean "So long, H'wood, So long—" It's him for the zooming planes and exciting skies of the Air Corps. *But*, don't ask who's got his heart for the duration. Because one minute, Johnny's supposed to be dating Jane Russell nightly, and whoops, the very next, he's reported hoping for a reconciliation with Anne Shirley. Only thing that boy admits about his love life is he's crazy for his mother!

Have you heard  that priceless story

about the Girl who  left her Husband,

went to Florida in a private train with Ten



Mad Millionaires, nabbed the

richest Young Guy  in America, and then ...

but that's

**"THE
PALM**

**BEACH
STORY"**

The deft, dizzy,
different hit written
and directed by
PRESTON
(Never a dull moment)
STURGES

A Paramount Picture starring

CLAUDETTE

JOEL

COLBERT • MCCREA

with

MARY ASTOR • RUDY VALLEE

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Newly-wed Mr. and Mrs. Reagan tested the wishing chair of "Wee Kirk of The Heather" (Forest Lawn). Jane's declared, army wife or not, she'll stay on in their house, no apartments, thanks!



Ronnie Reagan and Janie back in his civilian days, when they were co-starring on the Warner lot. Jane started fad of using lipstick impressions instead of XXX's for kisses at the end of letters to service men!

"MY SOLDIER"



Poor Lieut. R. ordered an expensive gift for J., only to be told by the shop-keeper that his charge-account had been closed when he entered the service! His pockets revealed a mere \$2.24. "Charge it to my wife," said he. "She's still in pictures!" Above with Eddie Cantor at a premiere.

"EVERY GAL NEEDS A GUY LIKE RONNIE," SHE TOLD IDA ZEITLIN, "BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE—AND I'VE GOT HIM."

It's nine months now since Ronald Reagan said, "So long, Button-nose" to his wife and baby, and went off to join his regiment. Button-nose the First—Jane Wyman to you—has adjusted herself to the new way of life. She's run into lots of girls who've lost their guys to the army, and they all react the same way. You go through agonies beforehand. You go through the wrenching agony of good-by. You go back alone to your house with the same enthusiasm you'd take into a morgue. After that, nothing else is quite so bad.

Keeping busy helps. Jane had no trouble that way. There was the house and the baby and war work and all the little things Ronnie used to take care of, not to

mention her job. Going back to the studio was almost as tough as going back to the house. She'd catch herself looking for him as she turned a corner of the lot, listening for his, "Hi, kid," or his idiotic, "Mrs. Reagan, I presume?"

Little by little the new pattern of living overlaid the old. Ronnie wasn't around, and that was that. When she felt that awful sense of desolation coming on, instead of wallowing in it, she'd go find herself something to do, on the principle that what you can't make better, you don't have to make worse. She had his letters to wait for, an occasional phone call, maybe a furlough later or a *(Continued on following page)*

by Jane Wyman



chance to visit him. If you can't get the whole loaf, it's wonderful how sweet one slice can taste.

The first time she went up to see him, she got butterfly stomach and lay sleepless in the berth all night. She didn't really expect him at the station, but there he was, grinning his widest and looking sensational in his cavalry boots and breeches.

"Colonel, sir," he'd said to the colonel, "my wife's coming up, and I wonder, could it be arranged to have someone meet her?"

"It might be arranged to have Lieutenant Reagan meet her. But get back here in a hurry," the colonel had growled, just like in the movies.

Next time she took Maureen, at sixteen months a truly clever child who held out her arms and shrilled "da-da!" the moment she saw him. Boy, was that a thrill!

Jane worked that time. At Ronnie's request, she went out to one of the staging areas to sing for the boys about to be sent overseas. "Tangerine" she sang, and "He's 1-A in the Army" and "Not Mine" and "I Said No." And would have sung all night, had army regulations per-

mitted. Jane's line is to keep the softer emotions under strict control. But her eyes blurred as she said: "You wanted to turn yourself inside out for them."

She opened the stamp-and-bond selling booth outside the theatre that was showing "King's Row" and her own picture, "My Favorite Spy." Phil Harris was on the stage. By arrangement, she broke into his show, explained why she was there and suggested that if the folks wanted to say hello as they left, she'd be glad to take care of their spare cash.

One citizen almost knocked her for a loop. "He looked," says Jane with her unique descriptive powers, "like a business man who walks from one place to another and eats lunch." He asked her for a fifteen thousand dollar bond.

She blinked, came to and said brightly: "If you can find the fifteen thousand, I guess we can find the bond."

Later she learned that he was a big-time gambler. She thinks it should be recorded for the book. "If he'd been a doctor," says Jane, staunchly defending the moneybags, "you'd say so, and people would feel good about doctors. Why shouldn't gamblers get credit?"



In Warner Brothers' "Princess O'Rourke," Janie plays the part of a Red Cross Nurse. Hence above costume, while she samples some of Service Boy James Hubbard's lemonade, between scenes.



An actress's life is full of aching arms. Mrs. Reagan gallantly stood and dished out hundreds of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" Victory Sundaes, free to buyers of War Stamps. 'Twas at the Treasury Dep't.'s L. A. Victory House.



Johnny Payne and Janie Bond-toured together; took towns by storm. Above, they speechified at Burlington, North Carolina. Kids mobbed around Jane; talked with her; begged stubs of her cigarettes!

Not long after an order came through from Washington, transferring Ronnie from cavalry to air force. It meant being stationed nearer home. Before gas rationing, Jane could hop into her car after work on Saturday and stay with him till Sunday night. He could get home for an occasional evening or week-end. That was the nice part.

But Ronnie had been a cavalryman for years. He's mad about horses. It broke him up to have to put his boots and riding breeches into mothballs. The days were gone when Jane, in cultivated British accents, could pipe: "You do look so dashing in those boots, old boy."

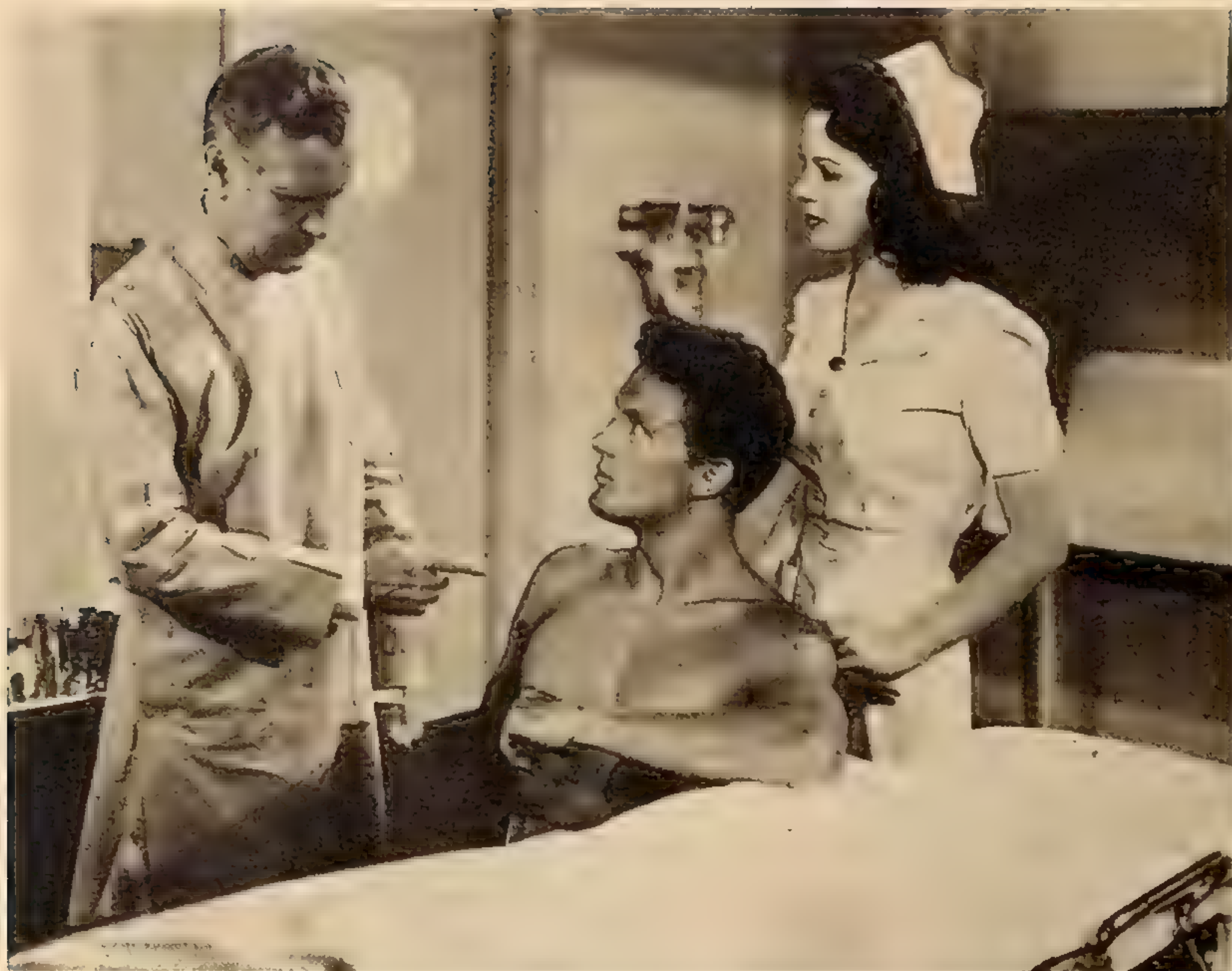
And he'd pick it up modestly: "Pretty good, pretty good. Look like a soldier, hey?"

Every time he comes home, he opens the closet door to peek longingly at his boots. He still sighs: "If I could only fight this war from the seat of a horse." Horse or no, however, his heart's completely with the army. His movie career is something that happened in another life, laid away like the boots and breeches in mothballs. He acts, says Jane, as if the responsibility

for this whole war rested on his shoulders. He works with a quiet faith and intensity, feeling that every ounce of effort he gives to the job brings the end a little nearer.

Meantime Jane ran herself ragged. Tonight there'd be a board meeting of the Screen Actors Guild—tomorrow of the Victory Committee—a shortwave broadcast for the boys overseas—the studio wanted her for wardrobe tests—she had to study her script, spend enough time with the baby to satisfy them both, manage the house with little or no help.

Jane's a fussy housekeeper. She can't stand dust. An ashtray moved two inches from where it belongs niggles her. Velma, who'd been with her since before Maureen was born, understood her ways. She thought Velma was a fixture, but Velma walked out. A cook and maid replaced her. "All they had to do to get a room dirty," says Jane, "was walk through it." The next one left because there was too much to do. So she got a couple who stayed a week and quit, so help her, because there wasn't enough to do. She'd come home at night and clean house (*Continued on page 59*)



Ralph Morgan, Bob and Anne Gwynne illustrate the virtues of the healthy life in "Keeping Fit," first of a series of 4 such one-reel films produced at Universal, in cahoots with the coordinator of government films.



The guy's favorite grandma's Mrs. Chas. Modini Wood, whom old-timers will remember as an operatic star. When Bobby's mail was misdirected to an 8-year-old Bob Stack, the rascal asked if *our* Bobby had *his* mail!



Bobby's a sailor with more gals than there are ports! Before he joined Navy Air Corps, he was making memories with Mary Beth Hughes, Connie Russell, Gail Amber, Hal Roach's daughter, Margaret, above.

YANK in the U. S. N.

By DEVON FARNSWORTH

Glistening career, an adoring mom, girls galore —he had them all. But Ensign Stack ate his heart out till he won a pair of Navy wings!

This is a story of Young America, 1942 model.

This is a yarn about a lad who had everything: a charming and devoted mother, a glistening career strictly downbeat and right in the groove, a date with a thousand-percent honey whenever he felt like treading the town, a home built by more than movie millions.

But Bob Stack wasn't happy. He hadn't been happy

since he turned on the radio one Sunday morning in December and heard the voice of an excited announcer saying, "We interrupt this program to bring you a news flash: The Japanese have just bombed Pearl Harbor!"

Bob, white to the lips, left his room in search of his mother. "Did you have your radio on?" he demanded. When she shook her head in wonder, he told her the news. "I've got to get into it, Mom," he said.

Betzi Stack compressed her lips slightly, but she nodded. She was only one mother among hundreds of thousands that Sunday morning who were hearing the selfsame words from furious young lips.

But most of the boys had no (Continued on page 81)



Debuted in ensign's uniform with Anne Shirley at Mocambo, just before he left for Pensacola, Fla., where he's studying aerial gunnery.

Party of the month

Whoops-a-daisy! When Abbott and Costello throw a roller skating party, you're in for some thrills and spills!



Party celebrated Abbott and Costello's new Camel program over NBC. Steve Crane tried to teach Lana some new skating tricks which landed her flat on the rink!



Alan Gordon and Linda solemnly swore to diet, but the temptation was too great, and they gorged along with Lana and Steve. Bud and Lou paid for the rental of Sid Grauman's Roller Bowl and turned proceeds over to Army, Navy and Red Cross nurses!



In addition to the skating party with contests and prizes, Bud and Lou entertained Army and Navy nurses with a topnotch variety stage show and carnival replete with yummy food. Jane Russell and Johnny Payne had more fun at the counter than on the rink!



When Alan hit the floor, it took the combined efforts of Marie MacDonald and Linda to put him on his feet! Bud and Lou thought nurses deserved great credit, so made them their guests. The girls expected to go abroad for foreign service soon.



Costello was going great guns when one of his skates came off, and he and Abbott went ker-plunk. Lou snared all the prizes, just like he did as a kid of 17, at Coney Island!

The stars make up their

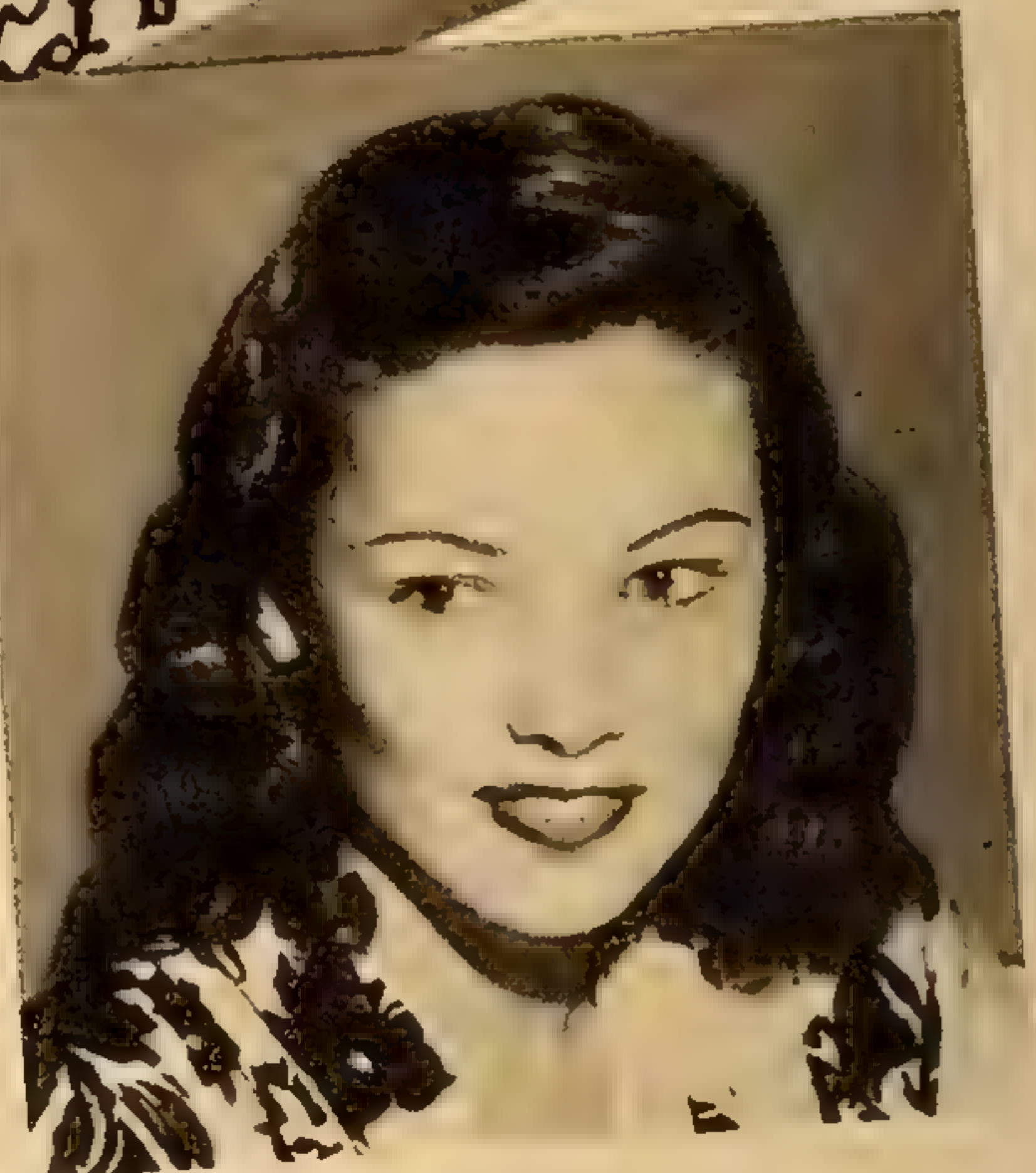
By Rosemary Layng

GENE TIERNEY

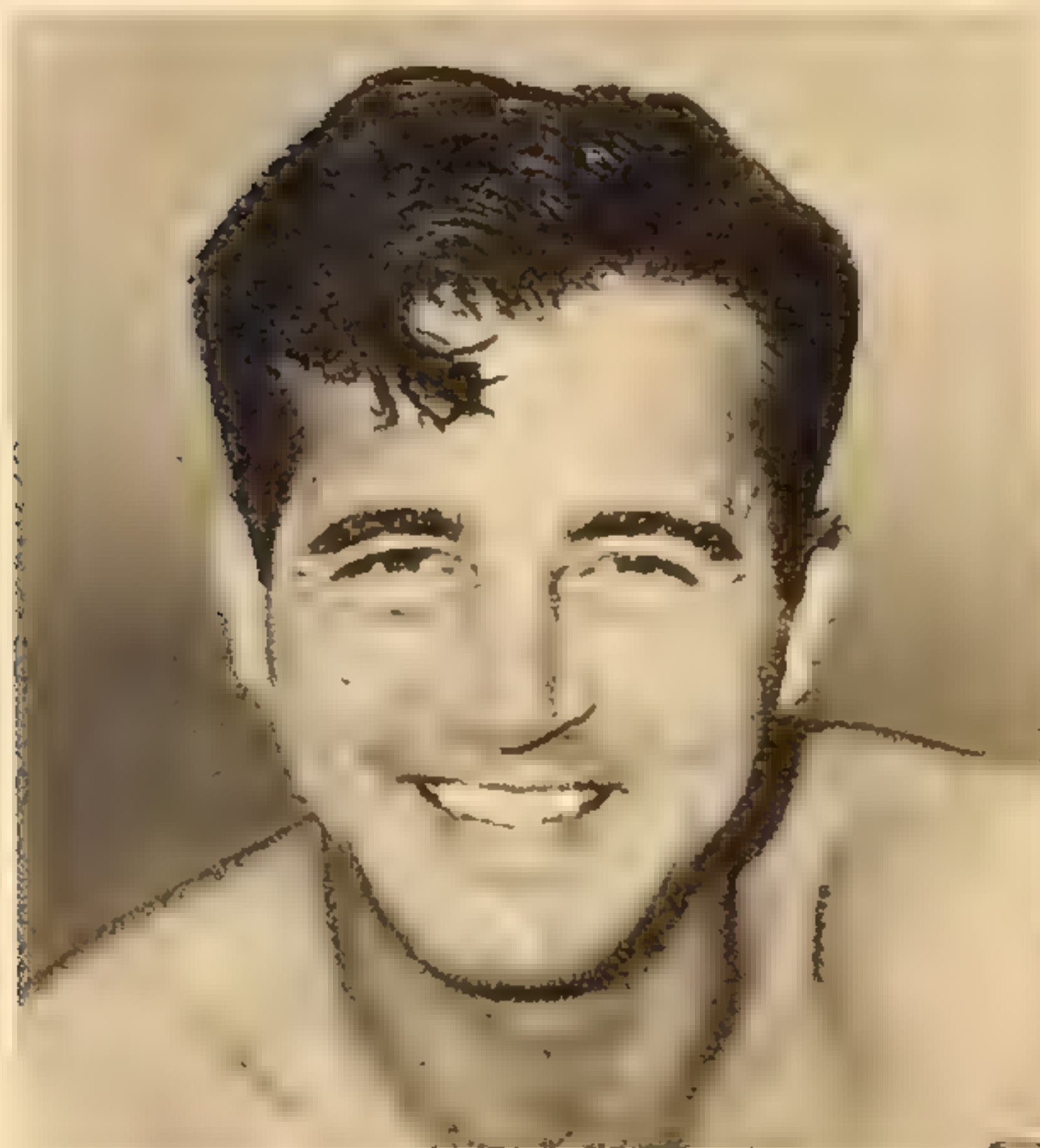
Presents of Xmas '42
 - get rust proof water proof chronometer watch
 box of Dunhills (the long ones)
 small wallet to fit in sailor suit pockets -
 pipe cleaners
 shaving kit
 + a few gags from the 5¢ 10¢ store - like last year's
Pat - Set of Shakespeare Bumba lessons pocket book
Mother - lingerie monogrammed stationary alligator bag + shoes
 bottle of perfume, preferably Chanel No. 5

GENE TIERNEY

+ make her a member of "Book of the month"
Bootsie - embroidered hankerchiefs + bottle of perfume
Gigi - a silver identification bracelet
Madeline - hosiery + hand bag
hat - wool socks + ties
Cobina - bottle of "John Fredrick Cologne"
Wannan - a dozen stockings + hand bag



GENE TIERNEY



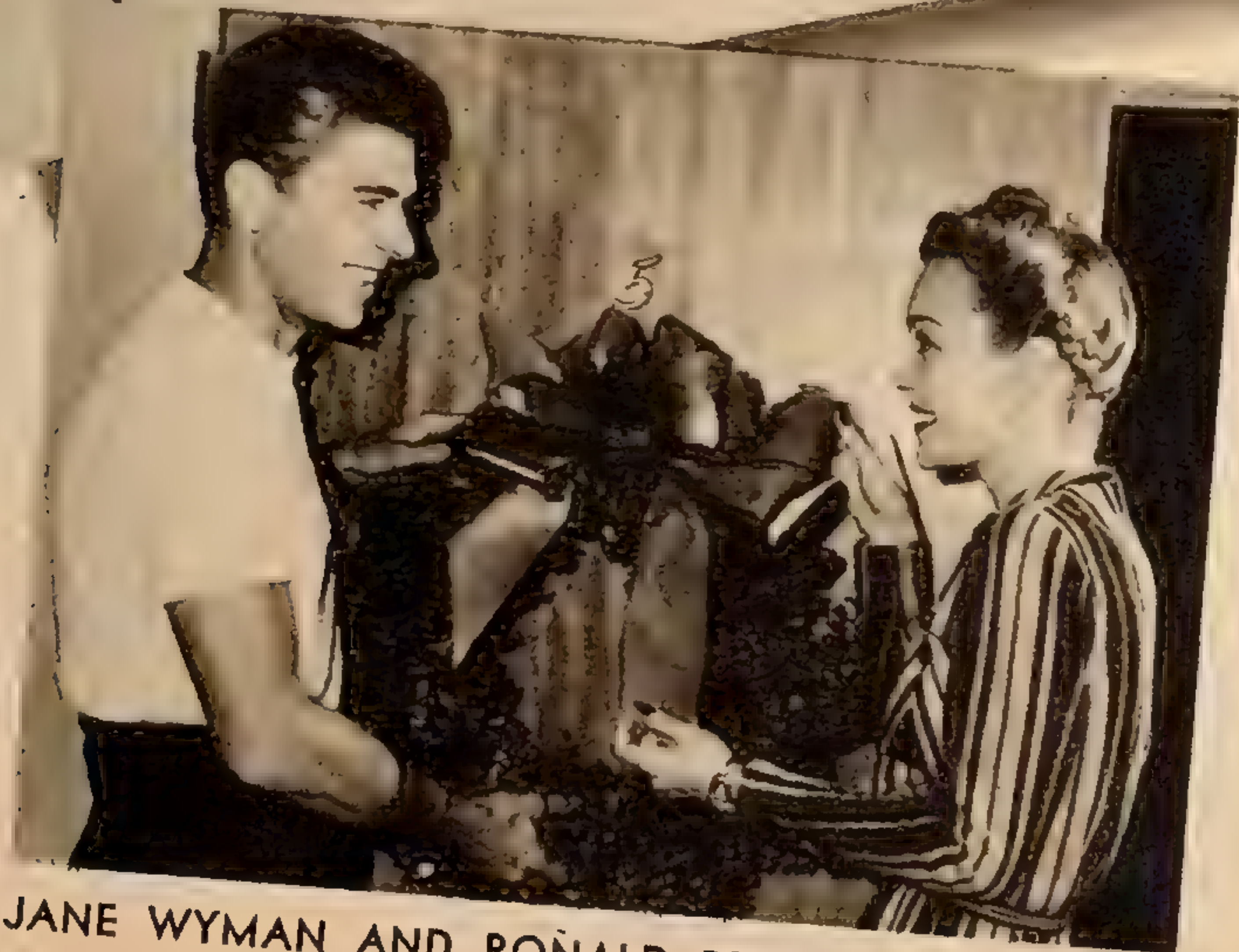
JOHN PAYNE

Mom - gets bicycle if possible - if not - a bond - or both
Pete - a watch with a sweep hand.
Julie - a bond and a tricycle and anything else you can think of.
Girls? perfume, flowers and stuff
Walter } think about it - something nice
Fildrie }
Anne - What? - something very nice

christmas lists

Shove over, Santa! H'wood's Yule-tiding
everyone from Denny Morgan's youngest
to soldier buddies a thousand miles away!

Xmas list so far -
Ronald - Wool O. D. socks and
no. 10 # mixture tobacco
Maureen Elizabeth - Victory
stamp book - plane
Eliz - bond & bag (black & navy)
Mother - bond & perfume (blue & brown)
Ronald's Mother - bond & frame
for new house
Ronald's brother Neil - bonds
sister in law - books -
(chub on nannies size)
Maureen's nurse Nanny - sweaters
studio hair dresser - ? sweaters
outside ? for girls
stand in - Diane - bond -
(check on Diane's makeup)
for me - some silk stockings
baby pins - hankiechiefs
Cigarettes for boys in camps.



JANE WYMAN AND RONALD REAGAN

Mom { Winter coat -
Apron - House dresses
shoes -
Bond -
Dad { Suit -
Bond
Shoes
Rain Coat -
Ted & Tom { Leather
jackets
Maureen { Book of stamps
Rose { Bond
Table lamp -
Art { Cig - lighter
Ina & Maurice { Baby Clothes
Bill's family { Bond
toys & etc.
Sis Lydia { Drapes
Book of stamps
Jimmy & Herb { Cancel debt.
Matt { Ton of hay
Nick's { re single house



GEORGE MONTGOMERY

It happened on the 20th Century-Fox set where Gene Tierney was working on "China Girl." She had secured several volumes of sample Christmas cards from a local engraver and was busily selecting her own personal greeting.

A gentleman who has his lungs and larynx full of patriotism, but maybe a little sugar salted away in the cellar, observed the Tierney industry. "Christmas this year," he said, "is going to pass practically unnoticed. Why buy cards? Why go through that old gift routine?

Why not put every penny (Continued on next page)



DENNIS MORGAN

Modern Screen -
 In a last
 minute shopper
 no list as yet -
 War Bonds will
 get top spot.
 Dennis Morgan

Christmas List -
 Lucie - Stockings
 Broccoli
 Band
 Handkerchiefs
 Frank Tuttle - Lilies
 Beech Mickeljohn - Lilies
 Dick Blumenthal - Lilies
 Alma - Stockings
 Alice + Ben - Bonds
 4 Children - Stamps
 Alice + Hugh - Stamps
 (Pet) - Stamps
 14 Children - Stamps + Bonds
 Studio Employees - Stamps + Bonds
 Helmar Stone - Recordings
 Brian - Lilies
 Victor - Lilies
 Cary Bruce - Lilies
 M. Bill - Lilies
 Enigma - Lilies
 Luffy - Lilies
 Maria - Lilies

(For minute gifts -
 Lilies + Bonds)
 (For old - something
 Lilies + Bonds)
 (For old - something
 Lilies + Bonds)
 (For old - something
 Lilies + Bonds)



ALAN LADD

into stamps and bonds and skip the old Santa Claus sequence?"

Gene closed the book slowly and looked up. "Have you stopped to realize that Christmas, as we celebrate it in this country, is one of the things we're fighting for? We're going to win, of course, but suppose for an instant that we were conquered. Japan is Shintoist; Germany is pagan. Under their rule, what would become of the Crèche—the little manger altars that children arrange? What would become of Christmas carols and groaning Christmas tables? What would have become of 'peace on earth, good will toward men?' I'm going to put everything I possibly can into our war effort, but I'm also going to keep Christmas. I'm going to remember all my friends and dear ones with small, thoughtful gifts in celebration of the birthday of Christ."

These were brave words, spoken by an idealist who has no idea what her own personal Christmas holiday may bring. There is a dismal possibility that "Oli" will be miles from home, serving the country that has adopted him.

Whether he is with her or far away, Gene intends to have a Christmas tree. She is going to decorate every window with a wreath in which glows a single (Continued on page 76)



Charaine Day

When Love Died



Ann Sheridan as she looked on her honeymoon. Annie lost the Tex Guinan plum to Betty Hutton; will be Nora Bayes in "Shine On Harvest Moon."

A radiant Annie, designer Orry Kelly and a hearty chuckle at Mocambo's "Fun for Freedom" party. It's her first public appearance after the break.



Exclusive to Modern Screen

**readers! Inside scoop on
the Brent-Sheridan bust-up!**

Last January Ann Sheridan went to Florida to become Ann Brent. She was as happy a bride as they come. She had all her remarkable things marked Ann Brent. Where she feels most deeply, she's likely to do the most kidding. But she wouldn't be kidded on that score. "Ann Brent's the most beautiful name in the world," she said.

Now, less than a year later, she's waiting only for "Edge of Darkness" to be completed, before going to Las Vegas to become Ann Sheridan again. The Wisenheimers are lifting cynical shoulders, the romantics are moaning, why? Even the realists are

By Kaaren Pieck

quite frankly puzzled about this one.

This was no hasty marriage of impulsive youngsters, foredoomed to the rocks. Ann and George had known each other long enough to know each other well, failings and charms. Deeply in love, they'd refused to plunge headlong. Ann's first marriage had failed. She doesn't like failures. George had been twice burned. Which added layers of caginess to the considerable fund he'd been born with. Neither wanted to marry again except for keeps.

When at length they decided on the step, Hollywood was pleased. Hollywood felt it would be a solid union, that the strength of their feeling for each other had been tested by waiting and found true. Even now there's no question in the minds of their friends that Ann and George felt the same way. It was significant that he should have taken his bride to Florida to be married at the home of his only beloved sister, China Harris. Ann's parents are dead. China represents George's family. They wanted a wedding touched by the dignity, the sentiment, the sense of belonging which you get only among your own.

And now it's over, and you remember how you saw them at home soon after the wedding—Ann sitting in a corner, knitting, the lamplight on her hair—George showing you the ship's model she'd given him for Christmas—the way he jumped to bring her a glass of water—the look as their eyes met when she took it from him—and you can't help feeling rotten at the death of happiness, or wondering why theirs should have died so soon.

The answer explains, though it doesn't comfort. People can't be made over, not even by love.

Ann's temperament is sunny. She loves life and laughter (*Continued on page 77*)



George Brent is now a flying instructor at Oxnard. Strange coincidence is that Eddie Norris, Ann's first husband, has a similar position at the same field. The Sheridan-Brent separation was announced on September 28.



After finishing his role in Warners' "You Can't Escape Forever," George retired to his Toluca Lake home for a relaxation period, prior to entering the service. Above, he donned shorts and gathered sun.

Glenn Ford





Betty Grable



SONJA TELLS IT TO A MARINE

One night the glitter in the Stork Club didn't quite come off, and the band swinging the Marine Hymn sounded loud and wrong. "This stuff is beginning to feed me," said Dan, and Sonja stopped jiving long enough to laugh up at him.

"You talk more craziness. Hey, that was my toe, mister!"

"Sorry. Let's sit this one out."

Which is how Dan Topping, the champagne-and-caviar boy, decided to chuck it all for a berth with the Marines. The day he enlisted the papers carried his picture captioned—"Topping gets Army commission," and a brief story which "Lieutenant Topping"-ed him all over the place. He and Sonja

got a laugh out of that. He's currently Private Topping sweating for his bars at the Quantico Marine Base. They'll be his Xmas present from Uncle Sam, if his feet hold out.

Sonja isn't very lucid about just what he does all day. "He studies different things," she says vaguely. Then, giving you the pixie look, "And I believe he does a lot of walking. Poor Den."

Much of the bang has gone out of her life with the lad away. Something used to be buzzing every minute. Spur-of-the-moment drives up to Connecticut for dinner, mobs of people dropping in for cocktails, silly jokes that no one would get but themselves, silly tiffs about toothpaste caps and whose car they'd

use on such and such a trek, and always the dogs.

The car routine was cute. Sonja always wanted to use hers. "Oh, Den, please, please. I want to."

"Nope. Today we take mine, baby."

"We don't either. We don't *either*."

Eventually would come the stalemate, and they'd wind up in a cab sulking for two blocks, then clinching the rest of the way.

As for the dog business. Sonja would wake up every morning of her life to the tune of Dan's guttural yapping. "Do those damn dogs *have* to sleep in our room?"

"Of course. Don't talk foolish. What's the matter?"

"Silly question dept. What's always the matter?"

"Oh. Well, that you can't blame on the dogs. You should have taken them out early."

"I should have. I—"

"All right, darling. Me, I mean. Tomorrow I'm going out to get up at seex."

The dogs have become a Topping legend. The summer before last Sonja developed a crush on miniature French poodles—in general. That was swell as far as Dan was concerned, just so it was good and general. They'd stop at kennels, and she'd get out to pat them and talk Norwegian at them. Then they'd drive on. She's cut pictures of them out of magazines. "With some gals it's Cary Grant," Dan would tell his cronies. "With Sonja it's poodles—but miniature." Frankly they weren't his breed, but as long as none of them actually darkened his doorstep . . .

And then one night he opened the front door and there they were, the two of them, snarling out of all proportion to their size. "It's okay, kids. Quiet down. That's your new pops." (Continued on page 63)

She's still Queen of the Rink,

but a lot of the bang is gone

with a guy named Dan—



Sonja had to take time out from her hectic career for a tonsillectomy in August. (She's currently in 20th-Fox's "Iceland.") Anniversary gift from Dan was necklace of diamond lilies with emerald centers; had been his grandma's.



"Den" and Sonja at Ciro's. She settled recent suit brought against her by her "discoverer," out of court. Is taking a course in business-management, but would rather write than dictate letters!



Fy Rone Power



BY GRANT LEWIS

1943-



what will it bring to



JOHN PAYNE, BETTY GRABLE,
TY POWER, LANA TURNER,
ALAN LADD, DENNIS MORGAN,
GENE TIERNEY, BOB STACK...?

All stars don't act on the screen. Some stand in the heavens, and their influence acts on everyone, according to the science of Astrology.

1943 is a tremendously important year from the astrological angle. Dynamic planetary influences affect everyone. Change is in the air. Lives and careers will take new direction. Personal problems will be influenced in curious ways. The demands of the times will be felt by everyone. Love, ambition, patriotism, war-time duties and restraints lay out an involved pattern for the next twelve months.

How will this affect the favorites of the screen?

We've studied the horoscopes of twenty-three of them, and bring you here thumb-nail sketches of the year ahead for each, as it appears in the light of modern astrological findings.

JOHN PAYNE (Gemini: May 22-June 21) says he's the "most abnormally normal guy in town." Yet his

horoscope doesn't make him out so normal that he's dull. Fact is, Johnny can lead the way in thrill-getting, loves nothing better than trying something new and different. Gemini keeps his feet on the ground when his head's in the clouds, and has all the charm in the world. Passion for physical culture comes from opposition of Sun to Jupiter, which also gives him his popularity in personal relations on the screen. Gemini isn't supposed to pine over the loved and lost, but Johnny's still trying to make it up with Anne. That marriage seems from their charts to be one of those "can't live with her and can't live without her" affairs. Plenty to hold them together and blow them apart alternately. 1943 has a lot to offer Johnny—probably after a close decision about Christmas 1942 that can alter his plans radically. Late 1943 sees him on the anxious seat about something pretty personal. Johnny's one of those who isn't in the service yet. Well, could be—most any time now. (Continued on following page)





ALICE FAYE (Taurus: April 21-May 21) is someone to gaze on if you want to see what Taurus looks like at its best. Lovely honest eyes, snub nose, full lips, a face beautiful, strong, intelligent. In private life, her screen glamour becomes singleness of love, loyalty, devotion. She got what she most wanted with Saturn-Uranus transiting her Sun when she presented Phil Harris with Alice, Jr. Back to the screen? Sure—Moon in Capricorn makes her a career girl, too. July and August should bring something big, and she'll find popularity undiminished—even increased—by her maternity leave. Wouldn't be surprised either, to see her in a new type of role sometime soon.



If BOBBY STACK (Capricorn: Dec. 22-Jan. 20) seems wise beyond his years, it's his Capricorn Sun. And if he dates Turner, Rutherford, Ryan, de Havilland—and seems to be saving his money for Gail Amber—it's his Gemini Moon that likes to flit from flower to flower. Ensign Stack is slated to be called for duty in the naval air force before you read this. Luck on the water, plus four planets in air signs, can bring him fame through this branch. The screen will have to wait while Bobby wins glory with the fighting forces. He's going places in 1943. February's a big month, and if he isn't in the thick by the end of August, he'll be heartbroken. From here out his publicity man is Uncle Sam, and he'll be doing his own build-up, in action.

BILL HOLDEN (Aries: Mar. 21-Apr. 20) started officer training school on the crest of a new two-year Mars cycle, proving to the astrological-minded that the army is his true element. Tough to have to leave Brenda—but his Mars opposition Venus would have to act in some separative way, sometime. And note: Bill's birthdate is one day from Anne Shirley's . . . and while Anne's Mars opposition Venus was busting up her marriage in a row with John Payne, Bill's just brought a separation caused by duty and necessity. Happened at nearly the same time, too—last summer. Brenda'll wait and be proud of him. There's fight in that thar horoscope of Bill's—fight and stick-to-it-iveness. Watch him in June and July, big months for him in a year which may, on the whole, find him serving ably and well without benefit of much publicity.



SONJA HENIE (Aries: Mar. 21-Apr. 20) plays with the idea that she's a success on ice because she was born in the middle of a snowstorm and named Sonja after someone told her dad it was a good name for fame via pleasing the public. Maybe so—her horoscope helped, too, with Jupiter placed to give her success in foreign lands, and Moon in 10th House for fame. Sonja's practical as well as artistic. That lucky Moon of hers is in the business-like Capricorn. There's no doubt of her ability to manage Dan's business when he takes off for the Navy. She's studying now to learn how. 1943 may find her style cramped a little as far as the public goes—lots of private duties keep her busy. After a flurry of action in June and July, she's likely to be (*Continued on page 73*)

"THUNDER BIRDS"

There are certain battles flying men must win
before they become heroes of the air . . . whether it's
over Gene Tierney or a stubborn case of airsickness!



1. When Peter (John Sutton) gives up surgery in London to join the Air Force, he trains at Thunderbird Field, Ariz. He and George Lockwood (Richard Haydn) are roommates.



2. RAF Squadron Leader Barratt (Reginald Denny) and Col. MacDonald (Jack Holt) welcome a new instructor, Steve Britt (Preston Foster), ace pilot too old for combat duty.



3. Next day Steve discovers his old sweetheart Kay (Gene Tierney) living nearby with her grandpop (George Barbier)! When he asks her to come back to him, she firmly refuses.



4. Steve advises Peter to give up flying because of his airsickness. But when he learns that Peter's dad was his buddy in World War I, he promises to give him another chance.



5. While Peter and Lockwood are buying stockings for Peter's grandma, they spy a pair of legs that are the right size. When they meet owner Kay Saunders, Peter's smitten.



6. Kay invites them to a Red Cross meeting. Steve sees them getting out of a car and follows them in. In class, he's shanghaied and used as a patient for bandaging practise!



7. After class, Kay and Peter take a drive and discover each other. When Steve asks her what's what, she tells him bluntly that he's out of the picture and Peter's definitely in!



8. Peter comes to thank Steve for his patience during flying lessons and to admit he's in love with Kay. Steve tells him he's on his own from then on—in love or in the air!



9. But when Barratt plans to wash Peter out because of airsickness, Steve threatens to resign. He gets an idea for a cure when he sees how capably Peter handles a horse.



10. The idea works! Next day Steve puts the ship in his hands and bails out. He's injured landing, and Peter saves his life. Upon graduation, Peter returns to Eng. with Kay.



Rita's currently sporting a sparkler from Vic Mature. It's twin to Gloria Vanderbilt's engagement ring—a square-cut peridot surrounded by rubies and diamonds. But Miss Hayworth says, "We're simply good friends."

JEEP GIRL

Rita Hayworth's no softie! The gal traveled night and day, signed ten thousand autographs and heart-warmed a million soldiers!

"Good friends" at "Pride of the Yankees" premiere. Rita's uniform is Naval Aid Auxiliary; Vic's, Coast Guard. R.'s soon to be seen in Col.'s "You Were Never Lovelier."



How would you like to sign your name ten thousand times in fifteen days? How would you like to entertain nearly a million men in fifteen days? How would you like to sit, shivering, on a suitcase on a station platform from 11 P.M. until 4:30 A.M.—waiting for a hurricane-delayed train? How would you like to glance up from the magazine you were reading in your compartment, only to be told by a perfectly strange young man who had abruptly appeared without knocking, "I came in here to kiss you!"

Well, Rita Hayworth dood it—and loved every minute of it. It takes a real woman to live through a camp tour such as the Hollywood Victory Committee is sponsoring throughout the country. It requires a cast-



Not only was Rita co-starred with Fred Astaire (in "Y. W. N. L."), a dancer's dream, but since her divorce, she's had a substantial raise, and fan mail has rocketed! Above, on set with Pat Biddle, her secretary.

By Jeanne Karr

Capt. A. Montgomery, station commandant, and Commander R. Lyon, station exec officer, greeted Rita when she visited the Naval Air Station at Corpus Christi, Texas, on her tour.



iron constitution, a disposition of pure gold, and a sense of humor distilled from the memories of Mark Twain, Ring Lardner and Joe Cook, himself. Rita owns all these specifications, plus one more asset—she's a trouser from the top of her incandescent head to the tips of her dancing shoes.

The tour started off with a bang. Rita was calmly walking through the Los Angeles Union Station, feeling as anonymous as a cardboard suitcase, when one of the lurking service men with which the station nowadays abounds, spied her. "The Queen," he yelled to his buddy, who was buying a candy bar. "Right over there—The Queen!"

There were about 500 men, ready to entrain for some

secret destination, who were in the Spotter's outfit, and they promptly surrounded Rita like the Marines taking the Solomons. Every man had some card or envelope to be autographed, and while Rita was signing like mad, they plied her with questions. They wanted to know all about Hollywood, about studios, about her new picture "You Were Never Lovelier," about Fred Astaire as a partner, and they dated her for a dance when/if they saw her again.

Her train was called, and a harried publicity man worked his way frantically through the huddle to warn Rita that she had to resign her quarterback position amid the khaki team and take to the rails. The Hayworth Division moved to the (Continued on page 69)



Gifting with a personal touch! Box, Yule-time paper and your choice of her pet Cashmere Bouquet toiletries.



Set in a miniature florist's box is Revlon's lovely Mrs. Miniver Rose nail polish and lipstick for \$1.25.



Stream-lined "Pursuit" brings a Yule convoy of Cutex Alert Red polish and other finger-flatterers. Costs \$1.10.



Watch the brute sit up and purr when you gift him with this rugged Hinds set: four masculine "musts" at 50c.



Pond's, the little Cupids, sell their lipstick at Army Posts in this zany box. Kiss-insurance for doughboys, 49c.



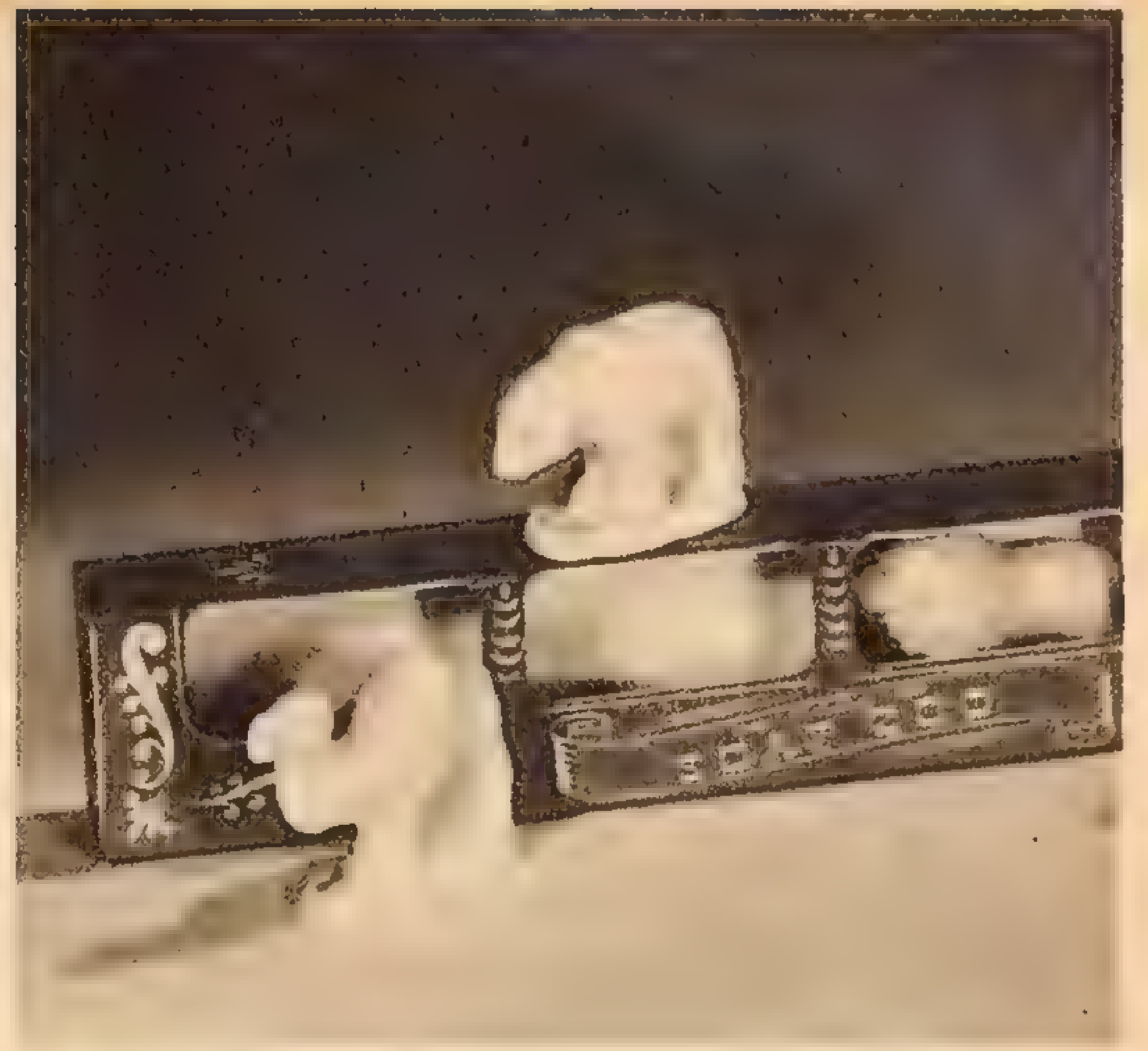
She'll have fun experimenting with the luscious shades in Hampden's Cosmogenic Make-up Box. Luxury for \$2.



"To heck with real pearl studs, give us Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service Kit" shouts the Army. Bliss at \$1.00.



Gala striped bag snugly fitted with Dura-Gloss manicure aids. Good idea: the case doubles as cosmetic bag. 59c.



Right from Noah's Ark into Junior's tub. Yup, these placid beasts are pure Wrisley soap. Bath-time fun, 25c.



Tabu, the siren fragrance! This slick little bottle, \$2.75, is the route direct to any girl's heart. Try-it and see!



To sleek his unruly thatch: Fitch's Gift Set. He'll be very proud to own this foursome of fine hair-fixers. 50c.



Merry Christmas from out Hollywood way. The House of Westmore presents a gift set of their super make-up. \$1.



Whether he's been shaving for years, or new at it, this Tally-Ho Shaving trio will add zest to the chore. 59c.



Where are you going, my pretty Milk-maid Set? To brighten some lucky gal's Noel... two milk-base prettifiers. \$1.75.



This cozy Ginger Spice House is fresh from story land... stuffed to the roof with Tussy's super toiletries. \$3.00.



Keep it clean with Pro-phy-lac-tic's Whisker brush! This slim, efficient duster-offer is grand gifting at \$1.



Gadget giftie, for a girl who might have a fainting spell. Shulton Smelling Salts in cute, quaint package, \$1.



Santa Claus joins Uncle Sam! War Bonds and Stamps please everyone. Stamps 10c and up. Bonds from \$18.75.

For the Modern Miss..



Keep your air-warden sister warm with a wool jersey shawl hood that tucks inside. \$3.98.



Give a gay felt set in holiday red garlanded with green. Cap and mittens, \$1.98; vest, \$3.98.

"What would I REALLY like for Christmas?" queried Elizabeth Fraser, the blonde starlet who came to Hollywood for Columbia's "The Commandos Strike At Dawn," after highly prized Lunt and Fontanne stage experience. "I'd like lots for Christmas. But funny things you'd never even print. Two cocker spaniels, for instance. A light one named Mia and a dark one, Choura, for two of my Ballet friends. And six black dresses, all different. *A good part.* Books, especially those about Marie Antoinette. Russian Leather perfume. Oh yes—and my hair two inches longer!" Funny wishes? No. Just highly original.



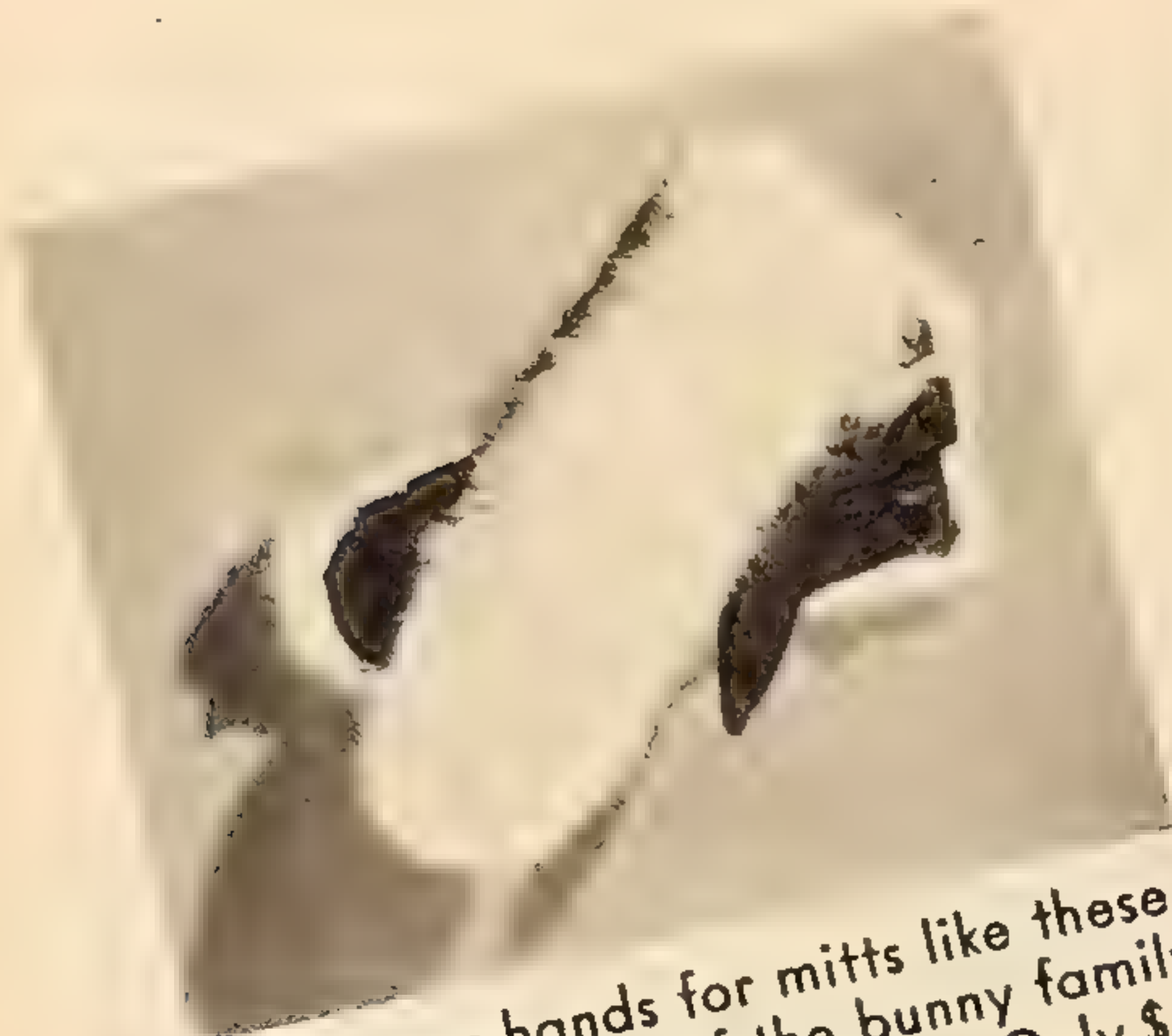
If you adore culottes, you might ask the family to gift you with a pair like these shown on Elizabeth Fraser. They're fine for skating, so is the cotton poplin jacket.



The brushed rayon front makes the Jeep sweater vest a soft, furry-like gift. All for \$3.50.



Practically out of this world, a pair of slipper socks with deer, for after skating. \$2.98.



Clap your hands for mitts like these. A sturdy variety of the bunny family with red palms and thumbs. Only \$1.



Maybe you happen to live up in the cold country where you ski like the rest of us walk, lucky you. If so, look closely at this warm quilted cotton jacket lined in red flannel.



How would you like to whirl on ice in a quilted dirndl skirt and brief bolero? Set, \$12.95.



By Elizabeth Willguss

"Gee whiz, all for me!" will be your astonished whoops on Christmas morning when the packages come out from under the tree. But you won't be too surprised, for remember, you too, are keeping up the Christmas spirit. Even if it hurts. Even though so many are away from home. You want to do more, with less. For you start with War Stamps and Bonds. That takes cold cash, but what a present! From there you go on to others, all gaily wrapped, some taking more thought than money. Like a pair of rayon stockings from the 5 & 10. Or stacks of writing paper. They all count, for your heart goes with each gift.



For the girl who lives in suits, splurge on a popular winter white in a wool and rayon flannel blouse. Tailored to a T, it will wear well, go with everything. \$5.50 well spent.



Use your own clever ideas to make sealing wax jewelry gifts. Buy the backing, paste on proper size cardboard, then shape up sealing wax, shellac.



Crochet a pair of rug yarn bed slippers in a color to match her robe. Takes two balls and about two hours.



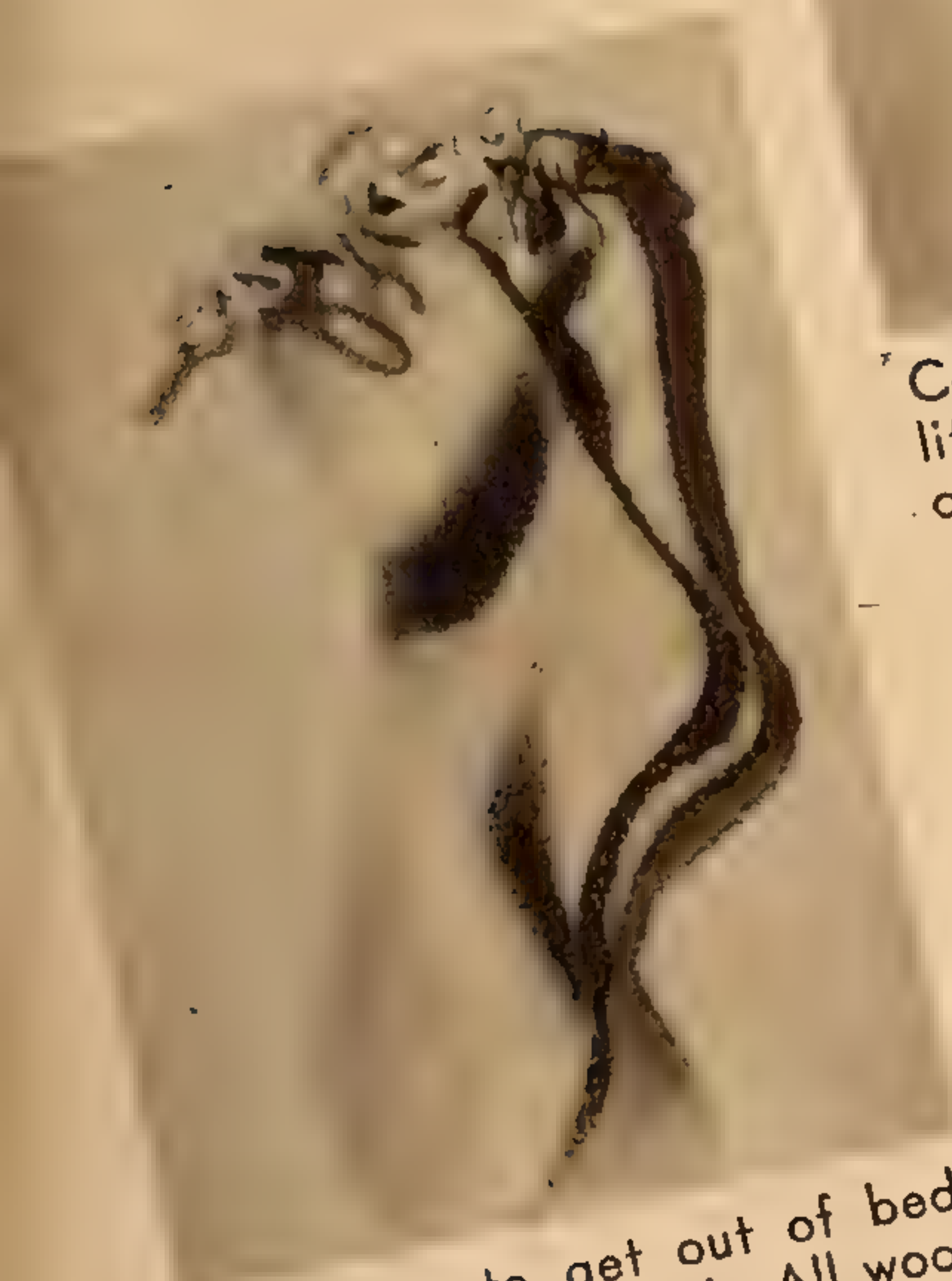
Choose a combination of colors you know she likes, for a scarf to peep from her coat. Only 59c.



Could you say "no" to such a pert little baa-baa black sheep? He's a non-priority lapel pin. For \$1.



Give a light plaid flannel-ette nightshirt to the girl who might freeze easily. \$2.98.



It's easier to get out of bed these cold mornings! All wool bedsocks in pale pink. \$1.25.



Feel its brushed rayon softness, and you won't resist this white bedjacket, a perfect gift. \$2.98.

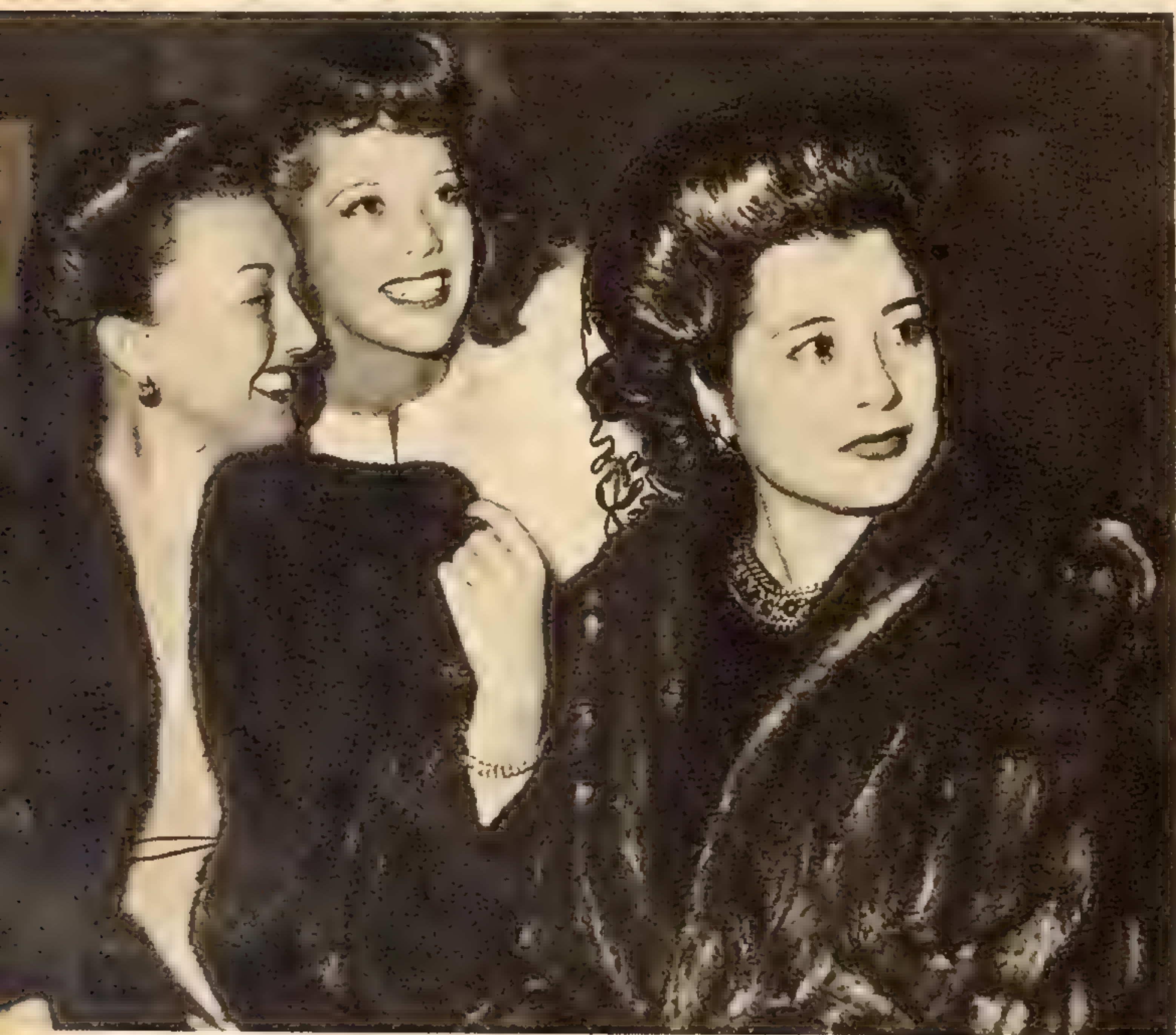
SEE PAGE 61



Laird Cregar and Marlene Dietrich were among hundreds of stars who turned out to entertain, wash dishes, wait table at H'wood Canteen opening. Marlene's enormously popular.



It was a great night for the brothers Dorsey when they tossed a reconciliation party at Palladium where J.'s playing. Judy and Mickey were on hand with congratulations.



Dinah Shore's registered to hostess at Canteen every Friday night. She comes in after her weekly radio stint, so if you're ever in the neighborhood. . . . Above, with Ginny Simms.

GOOD

Christmas comes to H'wood! Ann

Sothorn's adopting a dozen homeless

soldiers. Furloughing Ty Power's

guesting fellow-marines on home-cooked turkey!

I'm dreaming of a White Christmas? Oh, no, I'm not! I'm dreaming of Christmas in Hollywood, which is never white, but golden with sunshine and scarlet with fields of poinsettias growing tall by the roadside, and green with the emerald of clipped lawns and the sparkling aquamarine of the Pacific rolling in to shore.

You don't think that sounds like a real Christmas, a holly-and-mistletoe, tom-and-jerry, fir-tree-and-fireplace Christmas?

Ah, but it is. It's a warm, sentimental, joyous Christmas if you could see inside the houses and under the roofs of the big movie studios. If you could see Irene Dunne standing on tiptoe to hide a present for little Mary Frances on the top shelf of a closet . . . if you could be there when Hedy Lamarr pins up her ebony hair, washer-woman fashion, and hangs little fawns and dolls and cookies on a Christmas tree for Jamesie . . . If you could see Ann Sothorn opening Christmas packages with her family and a new family that she's never seen before—a dozen soldiers that she's "adopted" for the holidays.

It's easy for me to picture Hollywood on Christmas eve. No snow falling, but bright stars in the sky over the hills and a briskness in the air and red candle light in all windows of the town. At Mocambo, a few of the young set dancing to Jerome Kern tunes . . . " . . . you were never lovelier, you were never more fair" . . . before they go home to hang up their stockings. At The Players and in the brown booths at Mike Romanoff's, stars and directors and writers . . . Ernst Lubitsch, Maria Montez, Anatole Litvak, Gene Negulesco, Gene Towne, Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan back for the holidays, Marlene Dietrich and her daughter . . . Toasting their friends and laughing with the warmth that Christmas always brings, and wishing each other a merry Christmas and a much better new year than this last one.



By Dorothy Kilgallen

In the churches, night services and singing. On the streets, carols sung and whistled. And in the homes—well, I always come back to the homes, because that is where it is really Christmas.

If plans work out, it should be a wonderful holiday for Annabella Power. Tyrone's first liberty, after his weeks in boot camp, will be due at about Christmas time, and he is hopeful of being able to come home for the Christmas Eve celebrations of tree trimming with his mother and sister and Annabella's little daughter joining in.

Christmas day will find them holding open house for their friends . . . the Gary Coopers, the Charles Boyers, the Don Ameches. Tyrone will have some of the boys from the Marine Base at San Diego with him, and all the guests will sit around on the flowered chintz sofas and chairs in the green-walled French living room and eat turkey and ham and beaten biscuits, and drink eggnogg.

Joan Bennett will celebrate a family Christmas, as usual. Husband Walter Wanger and daughters Melinda and Diana will trim the tree on Christmas Eve, with friends dropping in to help. On Christmas Day the family will gather for a mid-day dinner, at which half a dozen service men will assist in gobbling.

Joan likes the old-fashioned kind of tree that children like—big, green and gaudy. Hers is always set in the corner overlooking the garden, always ten feet tall and decorated with the brightest colored ornaments she can find.

Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Francis Grift, spend the kind of quiet Christmas eve that they like—tree-decorating, then delivering Christmas cards to friends in the neighborhood, then midnight Mass and the Blessed Sacrament.

They open their packages on Christmas morning, immediately after breakfast, with the enthusiastic assistance of their little girl, Mary Frances, Irene's aunt, Miss Alice Henry, and the servants.

The Griffins, too, will invite soldiers and sailors to Christmas dinner. Apparently Hollywood is one town that won't let the boys be lonely on the loveliest day of the year.

It's always a double joy to celebrate the holidays in a house that has a small child in it—and (Continued on following page)



Two R. A. F. pilots couldn't take their eyes off Lana Turner, who felt haggard but didn't look it, after getting up at 6 A. M., toiling all day at the studio and dancing till 10:30!





President Bette Davis was nearly prostrate by the time Canteen premiere rolled around. Bleachers outside were piled high with stars paying \$50 apiece for seats to glimpse soldiers and sailors!



Send her Mrs. Phil

Hedy Lamarr's house has a little boy, Jamesie, who is just the age when a tree covered with glittering baubles is the most wonderful thing in the world.

High on a hill in Benedict Canyon, in her modest Early American home, Hedy trims her tree on Christmas eve—trims it the way trees were trimmed when she was a child in Europe. In those days her mother had made for her a doll house filled with miniature furniture and tiny toys, and every year throughout her childhood, this was placed under the tree at Christmas time. Hedy never wanted to play with the dolls or the toys, so she always hung them on the tree—cows, goats, fauns, everything—and she still clings to that memory. She decorates her tree with fancy cookies in odd shapes, and animals, and chocolate rings which she strings on the tree with silver tinsel. Tauber recordings play on her phonograph on Christmas eve as she wraps her packages and hangs the ornaments, and quite often during the evening the voice of Hedy is lifted in joyous song.

Of course, Hedy always does things at the last minute (she's not the only one, is she?) so there is usually great confusion and much running all over town delivering presents and trying to find addresses for wires and cables. Hedy is very sentimental about this day, and she goes to great lengths to make doubly certain that no one has been forgotten—from the studio gateman to her own close family.

So you see, even if it's not a white Christmas . . . Christmas in Hollywood is very much like Akron or Kansas City where the land is powdered with snow and Santa comes in a sleigh.

Mood Indigo

It wasn't "career trouble" that ended the marriage of Ann Sheridan and George Brent, although that's what the formal statements announced—the rift was caused by the old jade-eyed monster that causes rifts wherever it appears, whether its victim are glamour-people or just Mr. and Mrs. Doakes of Iowa.

From the very beginning, close friends of the Brents hoped the marriage would last but feared it wouldn't, because fundamentally George and Ann are complete opposites. Ann is friendly, gay, gregarious, not easily ruffled, never temperamental—and George is, to put it mildly, moody. More than that, as so often happens when people are madly in love, he was unreasonably jealous of Ann. Intimates report that when she would come home late for dinner after having been delayed at the studio, George would show anger. Frequently he would stop speaking to her and spend a whole evening sitting moodily in his chair, staring into space. He rarely shared her enthusiasm for friends.

So there you have it. Two nice people, but temperamentally they were East and West—and the twain never met.

Guess Who

An actress whose "American girl glamour" has made her one of the leading box office names has a most unusual notion of how



At a war rally at Beverly Wilshire Hotel, radio big bugs like Red Elton and Nelson Eddy discussed bigger and better war bond plugging. Nelse averages 9 women to every one man at his broadcasts!

to start a romance. When she sees a man she likes—in the studio commissary or at a party or even on the screen—she telephones a secretary in her agent's office and has her call the prospective beau with this message:

"Miss Big Shot will be in to you if you call her."

The method seldom fails, because most men are flattered by her attention and delighted to be seen with her at night clubs.

All but Stirling Hayden. Three long distance calls and two wires to him didn't produce any results, and when his marriage to Madeleine Carroll was announced she gave up the chase.

Helping Hand

The scope of Joan Crawford's charities has often been hinted at (not by her!), but probably even her closest friends have no idea how many times her slim, jeweled, gardenia-scented hand has reached out to help someone who was in trouble and despairing. And it is characteristic of Joan that she doesn't just make out a check and call it a good work; anything she does for anyone has the personal touch—her own warm sympathy, her own fine tact.

For years, Joan has reserved a room in a Hollywood hospital—and with it, a physician's services—by the year, so that she could at any time help some less fortunate film worker. Just one of these was a girl who was having her first baby shortly after her husband had gone into the army. Joan telephoned her and said: "My dear, I don't want to intrude upon you in any way, but I would like to take the responsibility of your physician and hospitalization. I have a doctor on an annual fee, and I keep a room at the hospital—it would be foolish to waste them."

Somehow, as the young mother-to-be could tell you, those heartfelt words over a telephone wire had no resemblance to the cold voice of Charity.

Shorts

Betty Grable can't take it—not when "it" is a corset like grandma used to wear! The super-streamlined Betty, who never wears corset, girdle or even two-way stretch in private life, suffered the tortures of the mauve decade when she was done up in an old-fashioned lace corset for "Coney Island." In the middle of a scene in which she had to quarrel violently with George Montgomery, Betty suddenly ran out of breath and spoiled the shot. She had to be excused from the set for 10 minutes while a wardrobe girl loosened the corset so she could breathe. Betty's awfully glad she was born in the Twentieth century!

Comedian Georgie Jessel is quite sure that his ex-wife, Lois Andrews will be a big star before long—and that's what her studio thinks, too. Georgie still sends Lois wires signed "Love"—but let me finish. They say "Love to the Baby."

One popular screen couple was so serious about keeping their marriage a secret (when they had the press in doubt) that they submitted to being tossed out (*Continued on following page*)



During Hedy Lamarr's and Kay Kyser's N. J. tour, she gave her corsage to local girls who'd sold the most bonds. War Activities Committee of Motion Picture industry netted \$838,000,000 for Uncle S.



Tell your doughboy to scoot over to the corner of Cahuenga and Sunset whenever he's in H'wood. Canteen's open from 6-12 P.M. week nights, 2-8 P.M. Sundays. Serves up such dishes as Roz Russell!



Eddie Cantor emceed opening ceremonies, while hostesses like Greer Garson served food and danced. Painters and carpenters as well as topnotch artists who did wall murals, wouldn't take a cent.



Proceeds from Canteen premiere amounted to \$10,000 which will keep boys well-fitted with coffee and doughnuts. Ann Sothorn and Bob Sterling watched nationally broadcast entertainment.

of a Gloucester, Mass., inn rather than admit they were man and wife.

Ann Rutherford is as sought-after as she is pretty, and naturally she likes to go out dancing (if she can sandwich a few hours in between her war bond selling and camp show performances) on dates with boys her own age, so of course she's been linked romantically with many young lads, from Mickey Rooney to David May. But you notice that none of those "romances" ended at the altar. And although Ann's friendship with Jack Converse, heir to a large drug store fortune, undoubtedly will cause a lot of speculation, I prefer to believe Ann when she says it's just a "gin rummy friendship." I'd make a bet that they won't marry.

Because no matter who's taking up Ann's time and columnists' space, her heart belongs to someone in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

Lamour amour

No Hollywood star ever had worse luck with Romeos than Dorothy Lamour. Maybe because she always picked handsome, glamour boy types to fall in love with. But you can take it from me that Dorothy has really grown smart and GROWN UP. Her current heart is a very high officer in the Navy, an older man and someone who is completely different from any of her former beaux. The romance, which has been kept quiet for various reasons, has outlasted most of her other attachments already—and I believe, as do those who know Dottie best, that this is one Lamour amour that will wind up in marriage. And aren't most of Hollywood's permanent marriages those in which older, more conservative men play the husband roles? Look at Irene Dunne and Claudette Colbert, for instance. Maybe Dottie has decided they have the right combination.

Love in Hollywood

Miriam is one of the loveliest young starlets who ever visited Hollywood from Broadway—pretty face, perfect figure, plenty of talent. No wonder her charm caught the heart-strings of a famous and high-salaried star at the studio where she got her first chance in pictures—and no wonder he lost no time in marrying her.

She was the happiest girl in the world when she floated to the altar on Martin's arm. She was in love, and to make life perfect she was on the brink of success—she thought.

Miriam didn't know that by marrying the man she adored she was dooming her career in pictures.

Perhaps even you can't guess what happened. You might think, very logically, that marrying a big star would *help* a girl's career—that the studio which owned them both would give her bigger and better roles, especially since she so honestly deserved them.

But just the opposite happened.

Miriam was given smaller parts, in lesser pictures. You don't see her very often on the screen now, and when you do, you don't see much of her.

Oh, she works, all right! And when she's not before the cameras, she's taking vocal lessons and dancing lessons and diction lessons and dramatic lessons, fitting herself for stardom. And the producers encourage her and compliment her and pick up her option each time it is due and pay her a fat salary every week and send out a few pictures of her in bathing suit poses—but let's face it, she's no longer a rising young starlet. She's a static young starlet.

The reason for this is extremely simple—to the studio bosses. They know Martin adores her. They know that in Hollywood when a girl becomes a big star, her head often is turned by flattery and the adulation of millions. They know that when a wife becomes bigger box office than her husband,

it's the beginning of the end. They realize (because it's happened before in Cineland) that if Martin's home life were unhappy, his work in pictures would suffer. They don't want his work in pictures to suffer because that would mean they would lose money. It's as easy as A,B,C.

And it's why Miriam, who is so beautiful and so talented will never become a star.

But you can't print that. Miriam has just been given an assignment in a new picture, and she's thrilled beyond belief—she's so sure this is the 18-karat golden opportunity, the key to stardom. . . . Besides, maybe the mercenary studio moguls are doing her a favor. Maybe, even in Hollywood, a happy marriage is worth more *than your name in lights.*

Good News About Joe Cotten

"Say, Mr. Cotten," you remark in a conversational way to Joseph Cotten, whom Orson Welles has recently been starring all over the place, "Mr. Cotten, how often do you have your hair cut?" "Not nearly often enough," says Mr. Cotten, "oh, not nearly often enough." He advises similar procedure for all his feminine acquaintances. On them, he thinks long hair is wonderful. But don't mention long scarlet nails. He faints at the thought. We'll bet the first girl he ever kissed didn't have long red nails, did she, Joe? Who was the first girl you ever kissed anyway? "The first girl I ever kissed," drawls Joe (evading the issue of "who" very neatly), "was sitting with me in the back of a Dodge touring car, and the owner of the car was fixing a flat out by the front lights. But," he says thoughtfully, "the biggest crush I ever had was on Carmen Miranda!" . . . Enough for your love-life, sir—Now we approach the career. Tell us, what method did you study in dramatic school? "The eliminate-the-Southern-accent-method I guess you'd call it." O. K., how did you feel when you first saw yourself on the screen? "I felt," says Joe, "like Sunday morning. After one of those great big Saturday nights." Have you any bad stage habits, Mr. Cotten? "Yes," he admits, "I put my hands in my pockets and my nails in my mouth." Maybe you can figure that one out? He also ad-

mits that he loves soup, milk, Bach and large dogs. Well, one figures, that stuff is very fascinating, but the gentleman is this above all, an actor, so-o. "Mr. Cotten," you inquire, putting the burning question to him, "Is there any role you're simply dying to play?" You wait anxiously for his answer, from the depths of his artistic soul. Mr. Cotten looks at you coolly. "No," he says.

More Shorts

Friends are rooting for the Mickey Rooney-Ava Gardner reconciliation. They hope the thing that caused the rift—Mickey's rudeness, or to put it as kindly as possible, his carelessness—won't crop up again. Mickey had a habit of ignoring Ava in conversations, walking in and out of places ahead of her and generally omitting the little courteous attentions that brides expect. Everyone feels that if Mickey minds his manners the honeymoon will last indefinitely . . . Isn't it wonderful that Rosalind Russell is expecting a baby? You can count on Mrs. Carl Brisson to make a Grade A mama . . . Ah, unhappy Errol Flynn! He was all ready to launch his book, giving Hollywood a going-over, when a district attorney named Dockweiler stepped forward with some unsavory charges and gave him ditto. Errol was also seeking a job overseas as a war correspondent when he became the subject of the biggest Hollywood furore since Mary Astor's diary was being read over the breakfast tables of America . . . Hedy Lamarr may be interested to know that Dottie Lamour's best girl friend during her last visit to New York, a lass who hails from Hollywood but is a non-professional, has the same surname as Hedy, although she admits she's no relation. You should see the eyebrows lift when Dorothy introduces the girl to table hoppers as "Miss Lamarr."

Sugar Puss

Veronica Lake has flipped over a new leaf—and the results are as charming as they are astonishing.

It's no secret to those in the know that when she first skyrocketed to fame, Veronica
(Continued on page 80)



Honorary Captains Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable arrived in an army jeep at the Leading Men versus Comedians football game. Betty may tour with Glenn Miller's orchestra, if 20th-Fox consents, and glamorous Rita's being cast as the mother of a 21-year-old, in her next film!

"MY SOLDIER"

(Continued from page 27)

herself with not a soul to help her. Next time she went to see Ronnie, he told her candidly what she looked like. "Have some sense, honey. You've got just so much energy. You can't let your job or the war work slide. So what's left?"

"The house," said Jane meekly.

The next maid, however, seemed okay, and a good thing, too, since Jane was scheduled to leave on a bond tour September 9th. On Saturday the 6th, just as she was finishing her last scene for "Princess O'Rourke," came a call from the Victory Committee.

"Plans are changed. You're leaving tomorrow."

"But I've got no clean clothes," she wailed. "That's on the level. My laundry doesn't come till Monday."

"Then you'll have to go dirty. Unless you want to fly."

She couldn't fly. She and Ronnie'd made a pact never to fly except together. War had voided the pact for Ronnie, but not for Jane.

She couldn't fly, so she dashed home, spent a couple of hours trying to locate her secretary who was going along, finally tracked her down and helped her pack. In the midst of her own packing, the maid came in. She was quitting.

"Why?" asked Jane with the calm of despair.

"I'm fixin' to have a nervous breakdown."

"Don't you feel well?"

"No'm, I feel all right."

"Then how do you know you're having a nervous breakdown?"

"Somebody tole me."

Jane couldn't argue, cajole or bribe her out of it. Now what to do? How could she leave the nurse alone with the baby and no help? Nanny wasn't worried. "We'll find a way. Don't upset yourself. Remember your ulcer." (Jane's non-existent ulcer is a family gag. "Don't annoy me," she says when she gets annoyed. "Remember my ulcer.")

Betty Kaplan, her dearest friend, is a tower of strength in all crises. She told Jane to go in peace. She'd find a maid Monday morning. When Jane phoned from Chicago three days later, Nanny said the new maid cooked like an angel, cleaned like a demon, and the baby loved her. With that off her mind, Jane went to work.

three winks . . .

She'd been scheduled for a three-week tour, but Rita Hayworth fell ill, and Jane had to take over her stint in Kentucky. Those four weeks were a jumble of hot Southern towns, speeches, luncheons, official dignitaries, hospitable people, more speeches, standing on capitol steps, catching trains at all hours, living on fruit juices, tea and toast because in the whirl solid food upset her—and more speeches.

She and Johnny Payne worked together. They established a system of winks, which meant good, very good and super, thereby boosting morale and keeping each other on their toes. Jane would auction off songs from John and vice versa. How much will you lend Uncle Sam to hear John sing? Then she'd sell her earrings or compact or cigarette case. Not to be outdone, John would pull off his necktie and sell that. The auctions went over big. Of course people would have bought anyway, but this made it a

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Compare Your Handwriting

with

Bette Davis's



by Shirley Spencer

Forthright Bette Davis has a handwriting which matches her directness. Her writing has a stiff, square look, and it stands up straight and unyielding. Bette is cool and deliberate as indicated by the slow speed, heavy pressure and upright slant. She is not easily swayed by emotional considerations, but stands detached, viewing a situation and making up her mind. Her even spacing and rather large script assures us that she will be fair and tolerant as she sees it.

People who have reduced their letter formations to a straight, simple, unadorned stroke, and whose strokes end without benefit of a rounded terminal or slight extension of the last stroke are considered rather abrupt in speech. You will note that the "e" terminal is shortened, and there just isn't any curved terminal stroke to finish off the "s," as most of us normally write it. Miss Davis is a New Englander, and she has the typical Yankee habit of giving a "short answer." I was born not far from her birthplace and knew Miss Davis before Hollywood beckoned, so I can appreciate this characteristic taciturn answer.

Those who write this severe, large, plain vertical writing can't be pushed around easily. They are stubborn, determined, set in their habits and proceed at their own pace in their own individual way. They hate pretentiousness and so are likely to lean over backwards in being honest till it hurts.

kind of parade, says Jane, and we all love a parade.

A few diverting memories stand out. The official she sat next to who didn't get to see many movies but had loved "Brother Rat." The benevolence with which he then inquired: "And what pictures have *you* been in, Miss Wyman?" The master of ceremonies who thanked her and John for coming, then asked the audience to remain seated "while our friends pass out." The day she had chills and fever, and under the necessity of a quick recovery so she could make the next town, went to a hospital for treatment. The nurse who shook her out of her first sound sleep in days. "I've got to close the window. There's an alert."

"Let 'em bomb me," Jane muttered, rolling over.

But the experience she'll never forget—nor probably will any of those who shared it with her—happened in Augusta. Jane tells of her own reaction to that experience. The general reaction was described in a letter written to a friend by Major Henry Fine, Intelligence Offi-

cer at Daniel Field. Here's what he said:

"... Both Wyman and Payne did a job, the like of which I have never seen. ... When a girl can get up in front of a microphone and put across a message in such a way as to bring tears to the eyes of a hardboiled general who prides himself on being a 'dirt soldier,' she's done something, and that's what Jane Wyman did with General Barton.

"And that isn't all. I watched the audience at this million-dollar luncheon closely and, so help me, fifty percent of those people were crying or on the verge of tears. Not the tears that come from being sorry for oneself, but from realization that a war is on, realization of what the future may bring—the kind of realization that created in them the will to get things done."

Jane can't explain just how it happened. There was a military sort of banners-and-trumpets feeling about the whole luncheon. In addition to the people who'd bought a million dollars worth of bonds for the privilege of attending, there were boys home on furlough.

John's brother, Lieutenant Ralph Payne, sat at Jane's right. General Barton was seated between her and John. They all rose for the blessing, which was followed by the "Star Spangled Banner." Then a group of marines, bearing the colors, marched in and took their positions in front of the General. Jane felt a sudden tightness in her throat.

She can't explain about the General either, except that he seemed to typify the army spirit. He looked as you expect an army man to look, talked and acted like one—the kind of man, the kind of army on which you can rest your faith. He spoke to the gathering, not about bonds, but about the job the armed forces have to do. He spoke simply and briefly, but his quiet words carried more persuasion than a ton of oratory. When, concluding, he said: "What America makes up her mind to do, she'll do," there was a moment's tribute of silence before the roar broke out. Jane and John looked across him at each other and, by one instinct, exchanged the super-wink. He was in, he was one of them, they'd adopted the General.

Jane's turn came next. As she rose, her brain was in a whirl. What to say that wouldn't be anticlimax? She couldn't let the General or the army down.

Somehow the words came. From her introduction, she swung into her theme. "Many of us seem to have the idea," said Jane, "that Uncle Sam asks this money for himself. He doesn't. He asks it for you and me. You have jobs and homes and children. So have I. We want to keep them.

Her eye caught the flags grouped before her. "You see all these beautiful colors. One of them we call Old Glory. It's made of ordinary material. The stuff in this dress I have on is probably more expensive. But we stand when Old Glory passes, we applaud when we see it on the screen, we cheer when it waves. Because it stands for our country, for Washington and Lincoln and all the men who died to keep us free—it stands for our jobs and homes and children and the way we want to live. If Old Glory goes down, we go down with it. It never has gone down, you may say, it never can. That's what France said.

"I have a husband who's in the air force. He was stationed at a point of embarkation. I was allowed to visit him, and one day I stood with him on the docks and watched the boys go off. Soon I noticed something. As they reached the top of the gangplank, each of them turned to take a long look at the skyline. You didn't have to be smart to know what they were thinking: when would they see an American skyline again?

"I said to my husband: 'I can't stand it—'

"His face was a little grim. 'You've got to stand it,' he said. 'They're well-trained for their job. They know what they have to do.'

"Out of that came a solution for me. The only way I could stand it was to know what I had to do, and do it with all my strength. Those boys—maybe your own among them—were going up that gangplank for this town and my town and all the towns of America, to do a job we've sent them out to do. There's just one question we need to ask ourselves. Are we doing our job as well?"

Johnny, says Jane, was on the beam. He took it from where she left off, and carried it on. When he sat down, Jane got to her feet again. She knew they'd bought bonds or they wouldn't be here. But if they wanted to hear John sing "Molly Malone," they'd have to buy more. She bid Molly up to thirty thousand.

"I guarantee," grinned John, "that the song isn't worth it. But you've got something else for your money on which you can't lose."

Then they asked Jane to sing. Her eyes widened like a baby's whose candy you've snatched. "For nothing?" John called the bids. When he'd got as much as the traffic seemed able to bear, Jane turned to the pianist, who started "Not Mine" in a Lily Pons key. Our Jane isn't one to let opportunity slip. Having sung the first two lines, she slid to a halt. "If somebody's got a thousand bucks," she said sweetly, "I'll start this over again in the right key."

We have a hunch that before the affair was over, the General had adopted Jane and John.

She lost fourteen pounds on the tour, but renewed her sense of values. Stewing over trifles was out. Being Jane, she took one look at her furniture and started shoving furniture around.

"Here we go again," sighed Nanny. "A minute ago you were too tired to move."

"Well, look, if I use up just enough energy to get this divan where it belongs, we'll win the war anyway, won't we, Nanny?"

She found her lawn a wreck, blighted by Persian moss. Being Jane, she moaned: "All the way from Persia it had to come to pick on my lawn." But what would have been calamity last year was a mere incident now. Anyway, Ronnie, home for a week-end while she'd been gone, had planted three trees and some sweet peas and bougainvillea to make her feel better.

The crucial test came three days later, when the maid took her Thursday off and never showed again. Jane was scheduled to start "Crime by Night" the following Monday. "So what?" said the new Jane Wyman. "So we'll eat cake."

Maureen's broken leg was another matter. The baby inherits Jane's energy. Playing ring-around-a-rosy too hard, she turned giddy, fell, and couldn't get up again. It took almost twenty-four hours to locate the injury. Hearing a baby whimper through the night in bewildered pain, cry "Nap, nap" because she wanted to sleep and couldn't, would be too much for any mother's philosophy. Ronnie tried to comfort her over the phone. "It's just another bead in your rosary, honey. Ten years from now you'll be saying, 'Remember when Maureen was twenty-one months old and broke her leg?'"

Just the same, she noticed that he spent half his next leave hovering over the crib. "Little beebee with the broken wing," he called his child, to her intense

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choices.

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| "My Soldier" by Jane Wyman..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | 1943—What Will It Bring to Johnny Payne, Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Alan Ladd, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| When Love Died (Sheridan-Brent) .. | <input type="checkbox"/> | | |
| The Stars Make Up Their Christmas Lists | <input type="checkbox"/> | Sonja Tells It to a Marine (Henie) .. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Yank in the U. S. N. (Stack) | <input type="checkbox"/> | "Thunder Birds" | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Jeep Girl (Hayworth) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Good News | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which one of the above did you like **LEAST**?

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

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Shown on pages 52-3

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gratification. Twenty times a day she'd pull down the covers to show off her plaster cast, crooning "Pooor Murmur," Murmur being her version of Maureen. According to Jane, she's the world's biggest ham anyway, primps before mirrors and pulls the ribbons off her topknot if it doesn't suit her. "Murmur sing," she offers, though nobody's asked her to sing. Mention one trick, and she'd go straight through the bag, then start from scratch unless firmly interfered with.

Naturally, when Ronnie comes home, it's a holiday but a quiet one. Just being there, just having him there, is enough. He's a very sentimental guy, says his wife, and like an old dog about this house they moved into only three weeks before he left. You can sort of see him curling himself up, laying his head on his paws, and feeling good. It's the place he belongs to, the place where he wants to live and die.

He jumps out of the car, walks to the front door and looks down. He'd stand for hours, if Jane let him, looking down at the dimmed-out city and marveling at himself. "I'm a genius," he says. "Only a genius could have dug up a spot like this."

Walk into the living room, and you don't wonder that he wants to live and die

there. It's the kind of room which invites body and soul. Pine walls, brick fireplace. "Paper and paint make a house," says Jane. "Brick and wood make a home." The decorator wanted the walls painted off-white. Jane wanted them stained.

"It's unethical," said the decorator.

"I don't know what's unethical, but I know what I like."

"Then please never say I had anything to do with this house."

"Okay," agreed Jane and mixed the stain herself.

A round table and tall Windsor chairs—for gin rummy, no doubt—are set within the huge corner window which brings Genius Reagan's view practically into the room. An alcove at the opposite end gives a lovely touch of irregularity. Firelight plays over chintz and eighteenth-century mahogany, over china and copper and books on their built-in shelves. The rose-gray hangings are patterned in birds and flowers of red and chartreuse. Jane's crazy for red. From an exquisite corner cabinet gleams an equally exquisite tea-set. It was the last to come over from England, and the shop saved it for Mary Benny because it matched her room. Knowing her friend's passion for red and for teapots, Mary gave it to Jane

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as a Christmas gift last year. (This year she'll get a bond.)

All the colors blend into a harmony of bright and mellow. It's a room you love to walk into and hate to get out of. It's a room that looks as if happy people live there. It was built the way Ronnie wanted it. By good luck, Jane wanted it the same way. She makes it a point to have a surprise for him every time he comes home, if it's only some broken-down ash-tray from a second-hand shop. The game is for him to go prowling till he spots it.

"pooooor duck" . . .

They play with the baby till bedtime. She rides the length of the room on Ronnie's back, clutching neck or collar or hair, whichever comes handiest, and thinks he's a bucking bronco. They watch Nanny bathe her and feed her and put her to bed. Sometimes Ronnie takes over all three jobs. The toys ranged on the couch in her room include the huge plush panda, which was Ronnie's first gift to Jane. On one wall hang four pictures, telling the sad story of the nosey bear who opened what didn't belong to him, and out popped a jack-in-the-box and hit him in the nose. Murmur can hardly wait for the end, because that's where she comes in with her "Pooooor duck!"

That brings them to the singing routine. Ronnie carols Irish folk-songs, which Murmur seems to find as soothing as Jane's lullabies. This is followed by prayers in which Nanny must join. All three kneel beside the crib, Maureen folds her hands, and Jane says, "Now I lay me—"

After which her daughter takes the spotlight—asking God to bless dada, mama, nama—that's grandma—nanny, Uncle Moon—that's Ronnie's brother Neal—Deedee (her girl friend), bow-wow, yah-yah—that's the kitten and don't ask me why—and finally, rather louder than the rest, God bless Murmur. That's all. That means good night, and no fooling. They go downstairs. If she fusses, she has to fuss alone. They know she's all right.

Through maidless intervals, if she's not working, Jane prepares the meal. To hear her tell it, she gets by only because Ronnie, the lamb, doesn't know enough to kick and will cheerfully swallow any concoction, so long as it's something without tomatoes. If she has all day and makes a superhuman effort, she can fix a roast, n.g.a.—no guarantees attached.

Ronnie loves pork chops, stuffed with corn and baked. So Jane betook herself to the butcher, whom she regards as a kind of culinary encyclopedia.

"Well, you just stuff 'em, put 'em in a pan, stick 'em in the oven, and there

you are."

"You're a great help," said Jane.

"Look, Mrs. Reagan, why don't you get yourself a cook book?"

It didn't work out, though. Trouble was, she picked the House and Garden Cook Book at random. "If I went by that," she snorted, "I'd be broke in a week." So she generally falls back on another of Ronnie's favorites—macaroni and cheese—with which she serves a tossed salad, using beets, carrots and squash from their own garden. Their beans died on the vine, so she has to buy those. Dessert's the old reliable devil's-food-smothered-in-chocolate-pudding. She wishes someone could tell her how to keep things hot between kitchen and dining room. "What do people do? Stick a fire under the table?"

They rarely go out. If they do, it's to someone's house, or their friends come to them. A big night out means going to a picture show. When Jane's alone, life is still quieter. Because of the baby, she likes to get in before dark, in case of an alert. Once in a while she'll do the town with Ann Sheridan. Which means dining at the Tropics, then going straight home. Ann hasn't had too easy a time of it these last months, though you'd never learn that from Jane. "I'm not funny," she'll assure you, "but Annie thinks I am. I simply slay Annie. With an audience like that, what ham wouldn't knock herself out?" Which is her way of saying she hated Ann's being unhappy, and gets a bang out of hearing her laugh.

chin up . . .

Most of the time she's too tired for anything but a book in bed. Either she's been to a meeting, or she's got to be up at five-thirty next morning for work. Night clubs are out. Nobody dresses formally any more. Instead of clothes, you buy bonds.

The old world is gone, and you're glad it's gone, says Jane, especially if your man's in the army. It gives you a sense of sharing the exactions of his new world. You don't want to have fun while he's having troubles. Doing your honest best to bring the end of the war closer, you're bringing him closer. She's sure every war wife and sweetheart feels the same way. "Because every man," observes Jane, "is a Reagan to his girl."

If he's not, she thinks he should be. Jane has one simple cure-all for any friend whose marriage is going wrong.

"What that dame needs is a guy like Ronnie."

"How many are there?"

Her answer's somewhat inconsistent. "Only one," she agrees, adding firmly: "And I've got him."

IS YOUR BIRTHDAY BETWEEN NOVEMBER 23 AND DECEMBER 21? Perhaps you and Deanna Durbin have other things in common—

When you see Deanna Durbin, you're looking at the eternal youth and buoyant spirits of Sagittarius, sign of all those born November 23 through December 21. By song, by laughter, by sympathy with others, or just by being around, the Sagittarian makes the world a better place to live in. It's the most unselfish sign of all; delights in doing things for others and in living as if the brotherhood of man were a reality on the face of the earth. Sagittarian girls are among the most popular in the world because, with or without romance, they win the sympathy and love of friends of both sexes. Deanna doesn't have to act very much when she's befriending some unfortunate or smiling out at the audience. To be friendly, to sing, to laugh is life to her. Love must come to a Sagittarian through friendship, it must have roots deeper than surface glamour. For the laughter of the Sagittarian is not frivolous. It's the laughter that knows life can be kept fun forever by friendship and love and all the thousands of things that Sagittarius explores with high courage, in the faith that being happy is the best thing God wants of men and women on earth.

SONJA TELLS IT TO A MARINE

(Continued from page 41)

"Say, just a minute, Skatey—"

"Oh, Den. Come quick. Dinner's ready. Steak and onions and avocado salad and—"

Thenceforward, the Toppings were a foursome. The dogs went everywhere. When one of them died this spring, Sonja was disconsolate. Just mooned around for days. Dan stood it as long as he could, then appeared one Sunday with a new dog in tow. "Here," he said embarrassedly—he's not much on the beau gestes—"is a new dog. I must be crazy." The new one turned out not to be a miniature at all. He's colossal and not quite bright, and he eats them out of house and home. But S. H. thinks he's wonderful, and she doesn't moon around any more. So Dan figures "Rinky" is a pretty superior animal.

topping week-end . . .

"Rinky misses Den," says Sonja. "He keeps looking for him around corners. Me, too."

She finds him—of all places—in Washington every single week-end she can get away. These very festive dates begin on Saturday afternoon and last till Sunday night. There's always a tiff or two, a couple of champagne cocktails and a good bit of talk about feet. Eventually, Sonja will crack under the last. "Don't let's talk more about your feet, please. They hurt, and I'm sorry, and that's the end. No more feet for one hour."

"Okay. Introduce a topic."

"Well—how about Johnny Payne?"

Dan will look down his high cheekbones at her and grin. "Go ahead, small fry. Rhapsodize."

Then around nine, there's a good-by kiss, and he hops a train back to the base, and she grabs one back to Indianapolis or Chicago or wherever her ice show is. "It's no good," she says, "being a week-end wife with the whole rest of the time kind of blank. That I don't like at all. I like to be busy, busy, busy."

So, b'gad, she is. Last year she promised Dan to stay home this winter. He hates her tours with a deadly hate, and to quell him she agreed to be just plain Mrs. Topping this year. But with him away, they've agreed that the tour is the ticket. "It'll keep you out of mischief," he says.

Anyway it'll keep her out of hock. Those tours produce something over a million dollars every year. Not that she doesn't work like crazy for it. It's not just a case of getting into a dreamy costume and whipping out on the ice, you know. It's quite a grind.

She always rehearses her show in Indianapolis, where she owns a building equipped with a tremendous rink, dressing rooms, steam cabinets and everything she needs. Rehearsals begin early in October and are nine to six propositions. Sonja keeps the rink for herself in the morning, and at twelve the cast takes over. There's sort of a carnival air about them. They josh and take time out for sodas and panic each other doing phony falls. Mostly, they skate, and because they're so completely relaxed they're usually very terrific.

The first couple of days they take it kind of easy because, like Sonja, a lot of them lay off during the summer, and their muscles aren't quite on the beam. When they come off the ice, there's a

(Continued on page 66)

Brenda Marshall, star of Warner Bros. picture
"YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER"



Brenda Marshall
PICKS HER FAVORITE!

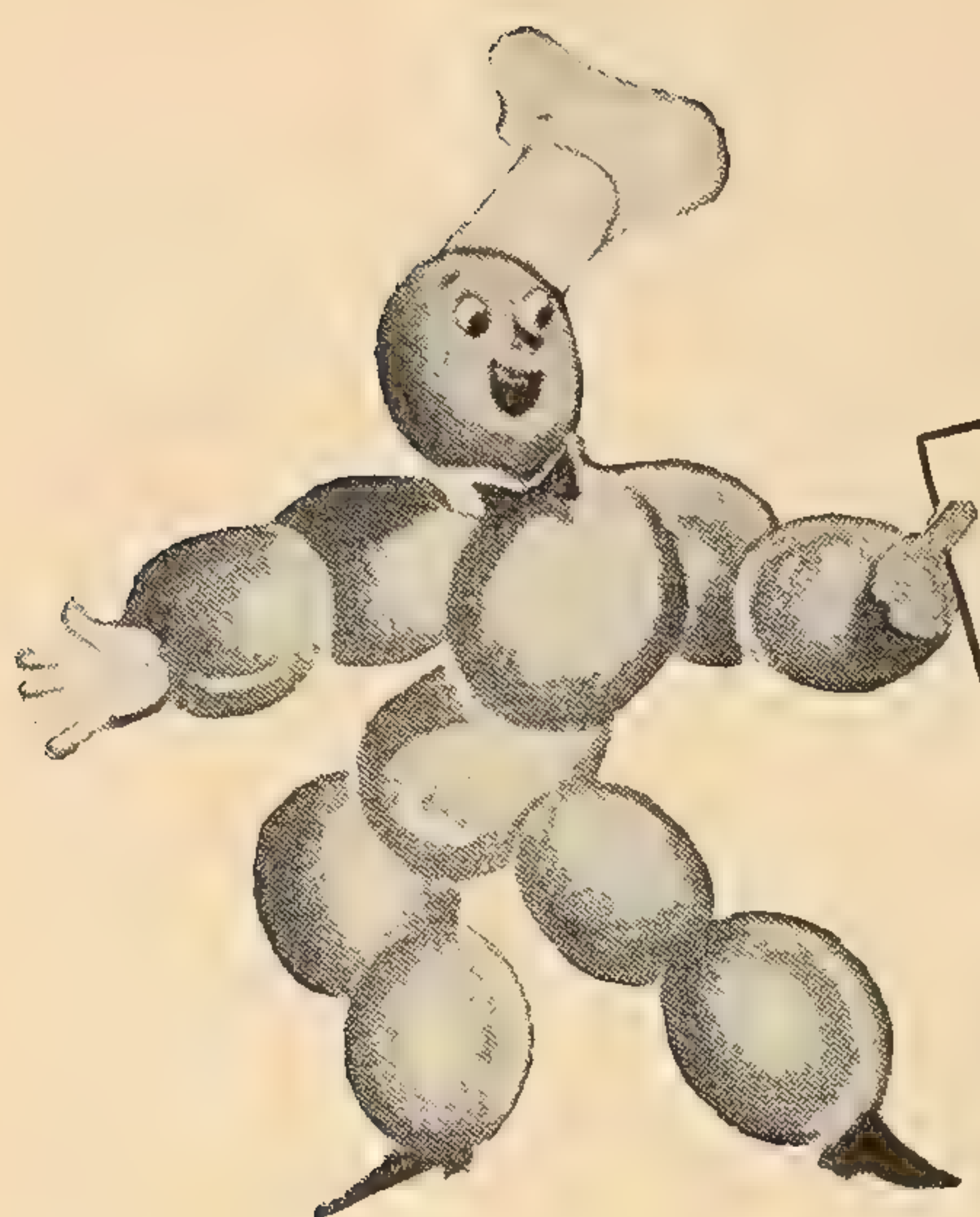
Here's what Miss Marshall said after she made the famous cola test: "I tasted the nation's leading colas in paper cups and found that one was far superior. That cola, they told me, was Royal Crown Cola!"

"Ever since," continued Miss Marshall, "winter or summer, a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola has been my favorite quick-up!" Royal Crown Cola is the favorite cola of more than 60 movie stars—winner in 5 out of 6 group taste-tests. Not one but two full glasses in every 5¢ bottle.

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PRESENTING CRANBERRIES

in unique and colorful roles

By Marjorie Deen



Janet Blair, of "My Sister Eileen" fame, comes through with ideas for novel Christmas tree decorations that are "Something to Shout About!"

Vivacious Columbia star Janet Blair, now being referred to as one of Hollywood's luckiest discoveries, was once known as Altoona's most talented child! A very versatile girl indeed is Janet who, in addition to her singing and dancing talents, paints quite skillfully in both water colors and oils.

Recently she found a new way to express her color sense in the form of Christmas tree decorations which feature the gay seasonable red of fresh cranberries combined with the snowy white of lace paper doilies!

Janet feels sure that many people will be interested in these ideas of hers, this year. "Think of the money you would save, with which to buy war stamps," she sagely suggested as she described them to me. Well if you're one of those who have already given some serious consideration to "making your own" for this or other reasons, you'll surely appreciate the timely tips given by Janet which will quickly turn easy-to-procure items into the cute tree trimmings that she so proudly displays at the left. Here's how!

CHRISTMAS BOUTONNIERES

Supply yourself with fresh, firm red cranberries. Purchase spool wire—which is still available in many places although you may have to go to more than one store to find it. At your local Five-and-Ten purchase an assortment of lace paper doilies in the "cocktail"—4-inch—size.

Cut the wire into 6-inch lengths. String cranberries on each wire, leaving about $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch of free wire at each end. Loop several of these decorated wires, gather together and put the free ends through the center of a paper doily. Bend cranberries so that the effect you achieve is that of an old-fashioned bouquet of flowers in a lace-edged frill.

RED AND WHITE STRINGS

Thread a large-eyed needle with heavy linen thread, cut to the desired length. String on cranberries and popcorn, alternately, and drape over the branches of your tree.

LOOPED CHAINS

Buy rolls of shelf paper—the shiny, washable kind that comes in white and pastel colors. At the Five-and-Ten you should also be able to find gold and silver paper. Cut papers into narrow short strips. Then put the kids to work fashioning these into chains, as they did in kindergarten, by pasting the first strip together, looping and pasting the next one through it and so on, until you have a chain of the desired length. Chains may be all silver or gold, gold and white, metal and pastels or any combination you choose to have. However, a certain uniformity—rather than hit-or-miss combinations—will make for a more pleasing general effect.

CORNUCOPIAS

Using the same shelf and metal-colored papers as you did for the looped chains, cut out 14-inch circles. Cut each of



Learn how you can use one of these three sugar substitutes in making this vitamin-rich relish or a favorite cranberry recipe of your own.

these into quarters and roll the quarters into cornucopia shape. Glue side "seams" securely before decorating cornucopias with stars, dots and Christmas seals. Put each cornucopia through a hole cut in the center of a paper doily, so that the lace edge of doily forms a ruffled "collar" around the cornucopia about 1/2-inch below the top. Hang from tree on loops of spool wire and fill with little hard candies.

Bake Gingerbread Men, too, to hang on your tree. They're easy to make and sugar savers, too—thanks to the large amount of healthful molasses used as sweetening. Turn them out the week before Christmas, store them away carefully in an air-tight box; then let them march forth in style to delight the young in heart as well as the young in years!

GINGERBREAD MEN

2 3/4 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon cloves
2/3 cup pure New Orleans molasses
1/3 cup brown sugar
1 egg, beaten
1/2 cup melted shortening

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Mix molasses with brown sugar, egg and melted shortening. Add sifted dry ingredients to make a soft dough. Chill 1 hour. Shape as follows:

Much the easiest way—and therefore the one we recommend—is to shape them right on the cookie sheet. Take a piece of gingerbread dough and roll with the hands into a ball. Place on cookie sheet and flatten out to form a 2-inch long body.

Then take a piece of dough about half the size of the first piece and roll into long round strips for arms and legs and place on the body. Roll and flatten out a 1-inch ball of dough for the head. Press all edges together firmly. Use cranberries or cloves for eyes and nose. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 12 minutes. When baked, decorate with a line of plain sugar icing for the mouth. Make a small necklace of cranberries for each, then tie a string or ribbon through the necklace, with which to hang each fine fellow on the tree.

And here are some sugar saving suggestions for you to file away carefully, so that you will have them handy when you prepare cranberries for the table rather than for the tree! Note that these same proportions are used in the Cranberry Relish that follows—a fine tasting, fine appearing concoction that requires no cooking and that will keep well for several weeks in a covered jar in the refrigerator.

CRANBERRY SUGAR SAVING SUGGESTIONS

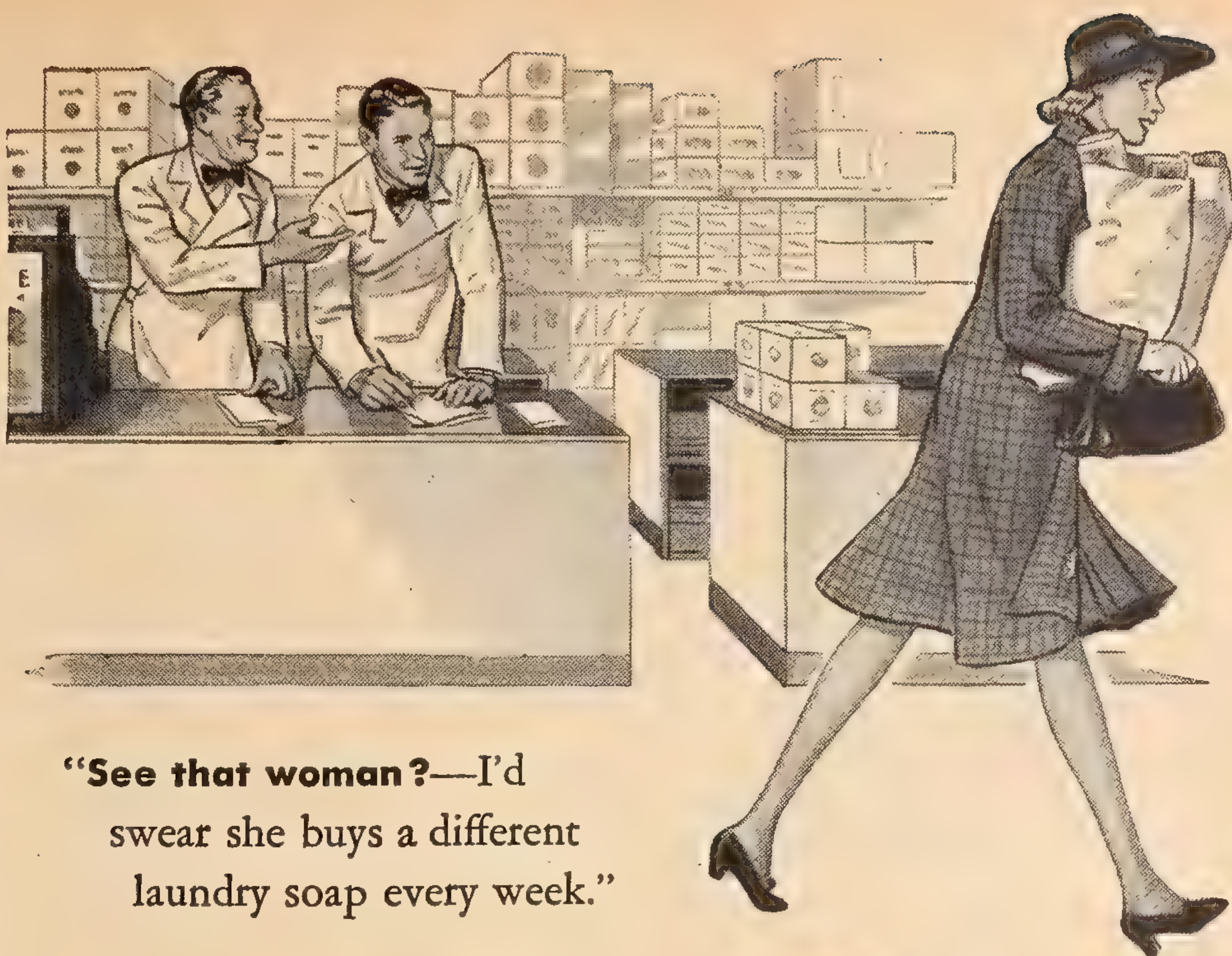
MAPLE OR CORN SYRUP: For each cup of sugar, up to half the sugar called for in recipe: substitute 1 cup maple or corn syrup. For each cup of syrup used, reduce liquid 1/4 cup.

HONEY: For each cup of sugar, up to half the sugar called for in your recipe: substitute 1/2 cup honey. For each 1/2 cup of honey used, reduce liquid 2 tablespoons.

CRANBERRY ORANGE RELISH

2 oranges
4 cups fresh cranberries
1 cup sugar
1 cup maple or corn syrup, or
1/2 cup honey

Quarter whole oranges, remove seeds and put through food chopper, skins and all. Put cranberries through food chopper. Combine fruits, add sugar and stated amount of sugar substitute. Chill in refrigerator several hours before serving.



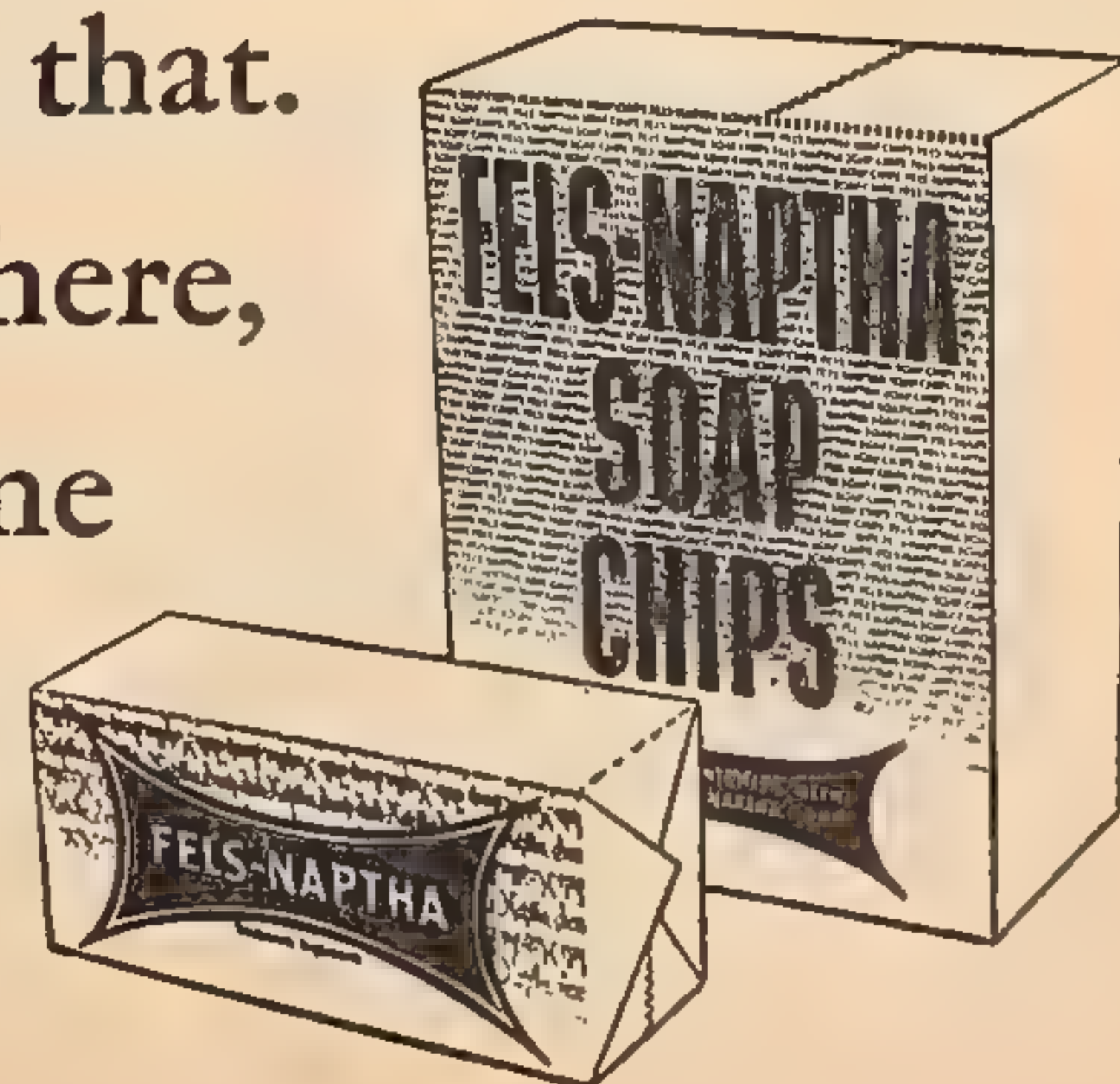
"See that woman?—I'd swear she buys a different laundry soap every week."



"Know how she buys?—She comes in and asks me, 'Which one's having a sale today?' So I tell her and out she goes, pleased as Punch, with a bagful of bargains. . . . And next week she's back again—buying somebody else's soap."

What's a bargain...in soap?

"Some day she'll try Fels-Naptha Soap and she'll be done with all that. Instead of saving pennies here, she'll save dollars at home —you wait and see."





EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

Meat, poultry, and fish give us protein which we need for growth and repair of muscles and other body tissues. Protein from animal sources is the best quality for this purpose. Beans, soybeans, peas, and nuts are also good sources of protein and, because they are easy to get and inexpensive, may contribute a large share of the protein in low-cost meals.

Economical cuts of meat and fish are just as good for you as the more expensive items, and with care in preparation are just as appetizing.

Klein S. Mitchell.

Principal Nutritionist,
Office of Defense Health and
Welfare Services

Every day, eat this way

MILK and MILK PRODUCTS

... at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT

... or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these.

GREEN or YELLOW VEGETABLES

... one big helping or more—some raw, some cooked.

OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT

... potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.

BREAD and CEREAL

... whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour.

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH

... dried beans, peas or nuts occasionally.

EGGS

... at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

BUTTER and OTHER SPREADS

... vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

Then eat other foods you also like

OFFICE OF DEFENSE HEALTH AND WELFARE SERVICES

Washington, D. C.

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SONJA TELLS IT TO A MARINE

(Continued from page 63)

steam bath and a massage. And that's the secret of the Henie's gorgeous gams. She's never too rushed to give them a good half hour's care after each workout. So all you gals who yearn to skate but who don't want any of this Steinway stuff, give it a whirl.

More tips from Sonja. When you're lacing your skates, knot the laces pretty tightly about half way up, right at the instep. Then keep on lacing rather loosely the rest of the way. Most non-pros think that the more tightly they can bind their ankles, the more sublime figures they can cut. This couldn't be falser. Sonja laces her skates so that she can fit two fingers in the tops of them.

Keep warm, she advises. Once you cease to feel your feet, your balance is shot and you're sunk. Sacrifice costume for comfort any old time. And don't give us any of that, "Well, Sonja doesn't bundle up." Okay. So Sonja's different. Her circulation's right up there with Life's. She doesn't wear any stockings when she skates, she wears a wisp of a costume, and still she gets overheated. That gal is hot. She used to wear tights (at two hundred dollars a pair), but she's shed them and now settles for her own brown legs.

She has a good stunt that's worth a listen in case you ever decide to enter any kind of skating contest. When you're practising, wear several pounds of clothes you won't be wearing during the contest. Extra sweaters, layers of woolies. Then on the day, you'll glide out on the ice normally clad and feeling like something out of Peter Pan for lightness. This does wonders for your speed and grace. Sonja's been doing it for years, so you can bet it's zoot.

shop talk . . .

She says so many people wonder about the relative value of high and low skates. Those snaky high white ones look so professional that everyone considers them superior. They aren't. A battered old low pair with the blades rejuvenated is every bit as efficient. The blades are the essentials. Keep them sharpened and wipe the ice off after you use them. If you walk on sidewalks or gravel in them, blow yourself to a pair of leather guards to save the steel.

Another thing youngsters are amazed at is the fact that Sonja never falls. "How come? Don't you ever?" they

gasp at her in utter amazement.

"Of course," she grins. (But she falls less than anyone in the business.) "Sometimes my skate strikes a rough piece of ice or a hairpin, and wham! I'm seated. Why, I took a spill once when I was doing a command performance for King Olaf of Norway." That, however, was several years ago. At this point in her career, it is safe to say that there were all external factors right, Sonja would never fall. Her balance is that superb. "In this business," she says, "balance is everything. And to get it, you need some natural talent, a good trainer for at least a little while and plenty of perseverance. Practise and practise and practise I tell all the kids who come asking for the magic word. Work at it every day, and it will come."

family jitters . . .

Those ice-mad youngsters are going to make this year's tour lots less lonely for her. They're all so mad about her, and don't think their ovations won't help at all those Dan-less openings. Not that she could ever actually see his face when she was skating, but she'd look in his general direction and know he was grinning at her through his binoculars. That did away with the terrific jitters she'd get when she'd open in New York or Chicago. In the lesser towns she gets lesser jitters, but they're always there. Dan is nerveless till she hits the Garden. Then he goes to pieces. He'll hover around her dressing room smoking the cork tip of his cigarettes and patting her bare shoulders with clammy paws. "Nothing to it, Skatey," he'll say, white-faced. "Just pretend it's Podunk."

"Den," she'll say, "Go out and get yourself brandy or something." She smiles, thinking about it, and then says, "I'm going to miss that funny one, you know."

Fortunately, most of the time there'll hardly be a free second to even think of the guy. After her November twentieth opening, life will be a kaleidoscope of train rides and hotel meals and people. Before that, there will have been days packed with skating, selecting costumes and music, arranging for dressing rooms close to the rink in every building where she'll appear. She does have a manager, but she takes care of a great many details herself. Leaping from hotel to hotel with her tremendous cast, a big staff of hairdressers, etc., a couple of

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that up-to-the-second chart of your favorite "Westerns" you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio addresses of over 60 of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse opries"! Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below, and your new revised chart is just as good as lassoed!

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I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin, for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

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dogs and a million trunks, takes a bit of doing. To date, though, no one's ever missed a train, and no costume trunks have ever gotten lost or even been delayed. This isn't strictly luck, either—but planning of the most thorough description, and anyone in the know will tell you that Sonja is the brains behind it all.

mob scene . . .

Only once has the police escort she gets from train to hotel been inadequate. "And that I will never forget in all my whole life." It was in Montreal. She got off the train, and pandemonium broke loose. People crowded around her, and then more people. "Please," she said. "Let me through." By that time the ones on the outskirts of the mob didn't know what was happening, and they tried to push their way through to get a look. "There was so much noise and I couldn't breathe. Oh, I was frightened almost crazy." In Europe, she was frequently mobbed when she travelled alone, but so far Americans have been pretty good. "Knock wood," she says, knocking madly. That's her one superstition. She whistles in her dressing room and hasn't a good luck charm to her name.

"Not even one good luck charm," you gasp. And if you look crestfallen enough, she'll relent a trifle. "No, but I do have a regular charm bracelet. Want to see?"

Regular is hardly the word. It's a beautiful wide gold number with diamond, ruby and sapphire charms inlaid. There's a tiny diamond Sonja in a whirly skirt, a pair of skates, hockey sticks, a pair of ruby hearts, the numerals 7 and 4 (she was married on the fourth of July) and dozens of other exquisite things. A trinket from her fella. She also has a stunning diamond brooch with charms dangling from it. One is a wee plane in memory of her movie "Happy Landings." Then there's the Olympic emblem with a 3 superimposed on it. She won the skating championship three times, remember? There's a Norwegian flag and an Old Glory and another pair of infinitesimal skates. She's wild about skatey jewelry. Clips, lapel gadgets—all that business. But just for fun, not luck. For luck she wears the best skates money can buy.

And speaking of money, you can't help wondering what happens to all the bags and bags of it she must earn. There are her tours, her movies, revenue from Sonja Henie dolls, clothes, etc. Not to mention the hugely successful ice show she produced and which is still running in New York. What becomes of all the hay? Well, the Gov't is getting an incredible amount, but really a chunk. Then there are her various dependents, her clothes—which are absolutely wonderful—the very big salaries she pays her help, and the charity which she does very quietly and generously. "When you have," she says, "you give to those who have not. It isn't charity. It's just being fair." All that's left over is invested, largely in bonds. Sonja doesn't waste money. She was brought up to be thrifty, and the lesson was well-taught. She isn't even extravagant with words.

Once in a while a "tremendous" will slip into her conversation (that's Johnny Payne's smile or "Bambi"). But the really big things in her life are "all right" and "nice." Like being an American citizen. And skating better than any other girl in the world. "Being married to Den is all right, too," she says, and—going completely and thoroughly overboard—"You know, he's nice."



With deep pride and affection

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christens its new color of nail enamel and lipstick . . . the

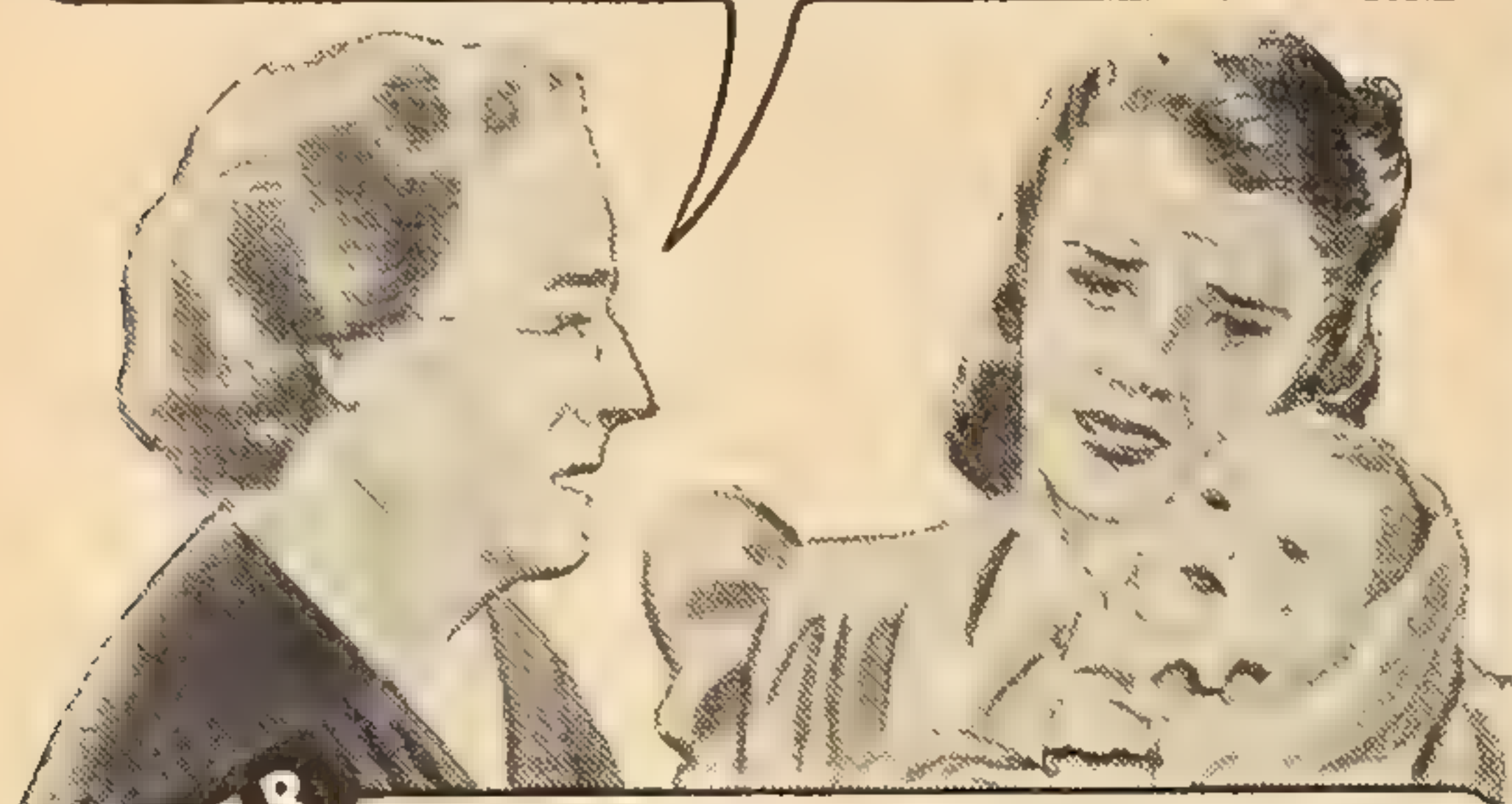
"Mrs. Miniver" Rose

In the impersonal stillness of a motion picture theatre, we in America have met Mrs. Miniver and loved her completely. And like the gentle old station-master who grew the beautiful Mrs. Miniver Rose and said, so staunchly, "There'll always be roses," we of Revlon know there'll always be women like Mrs. Miniver. And so, we christen our proud new color of nail enamel and lipstick the "Mrs. Miniver Rose" . . . as a small, shining tribute to gallant women the whole world over.

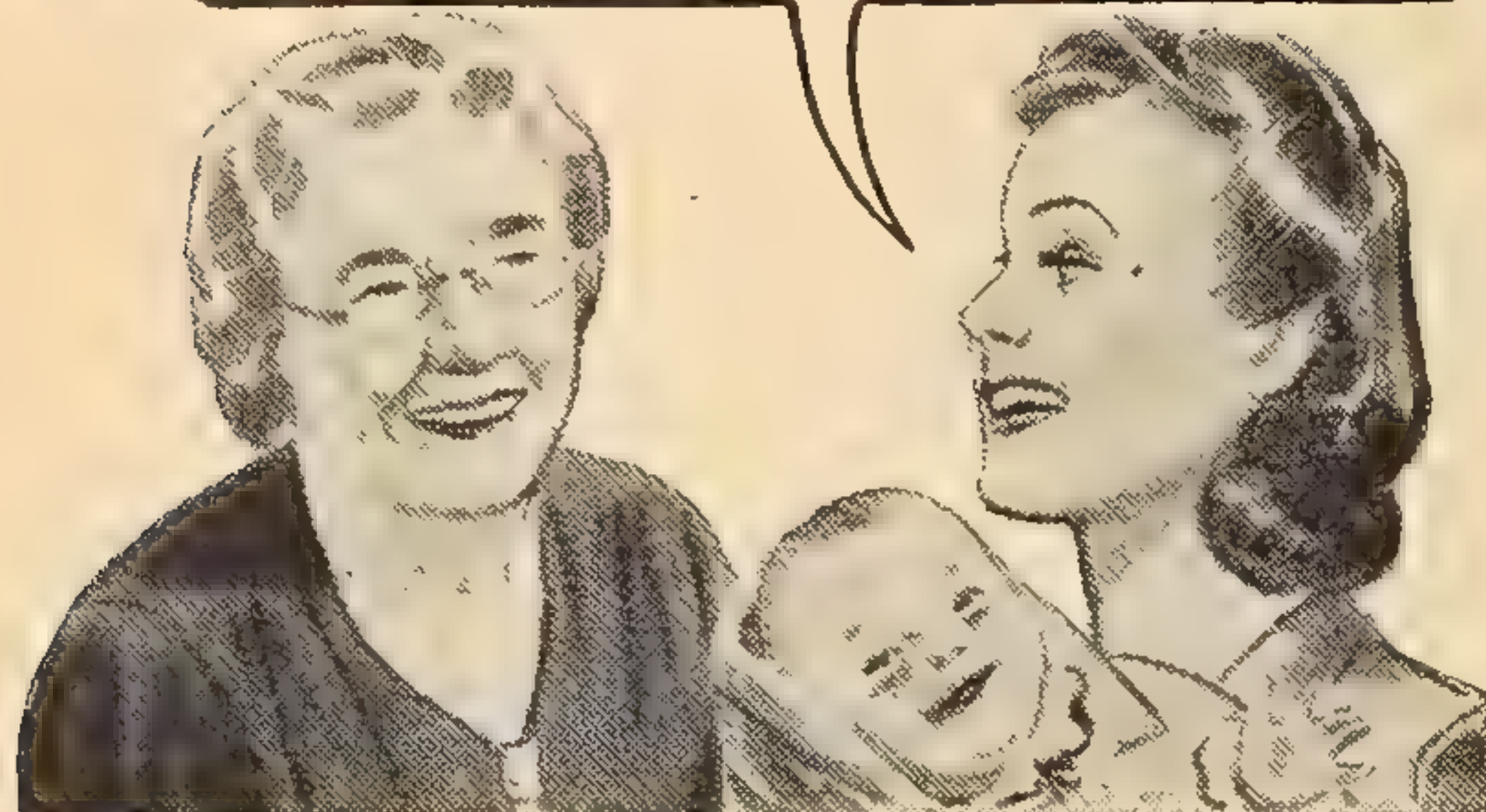


Remember . . . only Revlon gives you the assurance of PREVIEWED! Nail Enamel 60¢. Lipstick 60¢, 1.00

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MOTHER—PAZO GAVE
ME BLESSED RELIEF



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

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1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture

General
Rating

Across the Pacific (Warners).....3½★
Affairs of Jimmy Valentine (Republic).....2½★
A-Haunting We Will Go (20th Century-Fox).....2½★
Almost Married (Universal).....2½★
Always in My Heart (Warners).....C 3★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount).....2½★
Atlantic Convoy (Columbia).....2½★

Bambi (RKO).....C 4★
Berlin Correspondent (RKO).....2★
Between Us Girls (Universal).....3★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount).....3★
Big Shot, The (Warners).....3★
Big Street, The (RKO).....3★
Blondie for Victory (Columbia).....2½★
Boogie Man Will Get You, The (Columbia).....2★
Boss of Hangtown Mesa (Universal).....2½★
Broadway (Universal).....3★
Busses Roar (Warners).....2½★

Calling Dr. Gillespie (M-G-M).....2½★
Corpse Vanishes, The (Monogram).....2★
Counter Espionage (Columbia).....2½★
Crossroads (M-G-M).....3★

Danger in the Pacific (Universal).....2★
Desperate Journey (Warners).....3★
Devil With Hitler, The (United Artists).....2★
Down Rio Grande Way (Columbia).....2★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount).....3★
Drums of the Congo (Universal).....2★

Eagle Squadron (Universal).....3★
Enemy Agents Meet Ellery Queen (Columbia).....2½★
Escape from Hong Kong (Universal).....2½★
Escape From Crime (Warners).....2½★
Eyes in the Night (M-G-M).....3½★
Eyes of the Underworld (Universal).....2★

Falcon Takes Over, The (RKO).....2½★
Falcon's Brother, The (RKO).....2½★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal).....2★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M).....2½★
Flight Lieutenant (Columbia).....2½★
Flying Tigers (Republic).....3★
Footlight Serenade (20th Century-Fox).....3★
For Me and My Gal (M-G-M).....3½★
Forest Rangers (Paramount).....3½★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists).....2½★

Gay Sisters, The (Warners).....3★
Get Hep to Love (RKO).....2★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal).....2½★
Girl from Alaska (Republic).....2★
Girl Trouble (20th Century-Fox).....2★
Give Out Sisters (RKO).....2½★
Glass Key, The (Paramount).....3★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists).....3★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M).....4★
Great Commandment, The (20th Century-Fox).....2½★
Great Man's Lady, The (Paramount).....3★

Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M).....2★
Here We Go Again (RKO).....2½★
Holiday Inn (Paramount).....4★

I Married An Angel (M-G-M).....2½★
Iceland (20th Century-Fox).....3★
In Old California (Republic).....2½★
In This Our Life (Warners).....3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia).....3½★
Invisible Agent (Universal).....2½★
It Happened in Flatbush (20th Century-Fox).....2½★

Jackass Mail (M-G-M).....2½★
Juke Girl (Warners).....3★
Just off Broadway (20th Century-Fox).....2½★

Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M).....3★

Lady In a Jam (Universal).....2½★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners).....2½★
Let's Get Tough (Monogram).....2½★
Little Tokio, U. S. A. (20th Century-Fox).....2½★
Loves of Edgar Allan Poe (20th Century-Fox).....2½★

Mad Martindales, The (20th Century-Fox).....3★
Magnificent Ambersons, The (RKO).....3★
Magnificent Dope, The (20th Century-Fox).....3★
Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M).....2½★
Major and the Minor, The (RKO).....4★
Male Animal, The (Warners).....3★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox).....2★
Manila Calling (20th Century-Fox).....3★
Mayor of 44th Street (RKO).....2½★
Meet the Mob (Monogram).....2★

Picture

General
Rating

Meet the Stewarts (Columbia).....2½★
Men of Texas (Universal).....2½★
Mexican Spitfire's Elephant (RKO).....2½★
Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO).....2★
Mississippi Gambler (Universal).....2½★
Moonlight Masquerade (Republic).....2½★
Moonrider (20th Century-Fox).....3½★
Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M).....4★
My Favorite Spy (RKO).....2½★
My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox).....3½★
My Sister Eileen (Columbia).....3½★
Mystery of Marie Roget, The (Universal).....2½★

Native Land (Frontier Films).....3½★
Now, Voyager (Warners).....3★

Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M).....2★
Panama Hattie (M-G-M).....2½★
Parachute Nurse (Columbia).....2½★
Pardon My Sarong (Universal).....2½★
Phantom Plainsman, The (Republic).....2★
Pied Piper, The (20th Century-Fox).....3½★
Pierre of the Plains (M-G-M).....3★
Powder Town (RKO).....2½★
Pride of the Yankees (RKO).....4★
Priorities on Parade (Paramount).....3★
Private Buckaroo (Universal).....2½★

Reap the Wild Wind (Paramount).....3★
Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic).....2½★
Riders of the Northland (Monogram).....2★
Rio Rita (M-G-M).....3★
Romance on the Range (Republic).....2★
Rubber Racketeers (Monogram).....2★

Sabotage Squad (Columbia).....2½★
Saboteur (Universal).....3½★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists).....3½★
Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror (Universal).....3★
She's In the Army (Monogram).....2½★
Ship Ahoy (M-G-M).....3★
Ships with Wings (United Artists).....2½★
Silver Bullet, The (Universal).....2★
Sin Town (Universal).....3★
Somewhere I'll Find You (M-G-M).....3★
Sons of the Pioneers (Republic).....2½★
Sons of the Sea (Warners).....2½★
South of Santa Fe (Republic).....2★
Spoilers, The (Universal).....3½★
Spy Ship (Warners).....2½★
Stage Coach Buckaroo (Universal).....2½★
Stage Coach Express (Republic).....2½★
Stick to Your Guns (Monogram).....2★
Submarine Raider (Columbia).....3★
Suicide Squadron (Republic).....3½★
Sunday Punch (M-G-M).....2½★
Sweater Girl (Paramount).....2½★
Sweetheart of the Fleet (Columbia).....2½★
Syncopation (RKO).....3★

Take A Letter Darling (Paramount).....3½★
Tales of Manhattan (20th Century-Fox).....3½★
Talk of the Town (Columbia).....3½★
Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M).....2½★
Ten Gentlemen From West Point
(20th Century-Fox).....3★
They All Kissed the Bride (Columbia).....2½★
This Above All (20th Century-Fox).....4★
This Gun For Hire (Paramount).....3½★
Tish (M-G-M).....2★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists).....3★
Tombstone (Paramount).....3★
Top Sergeant (Universal).....2½★
Tortilla Flat (M-G-M).....3½★
Tragedy of Midnight (Republic).....2½★
True to the Army (Paramount).....2½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO).....3★
Twilight on the Trail (Paramount).....2½★
Two Yanks in Trinidad (Columbia).....2½★

Valley of the Sun (RKO).....3★
Vanishing Virginian, The (M-G-M).....3★

Wake Island (Paramount).....4★
We Were Dancing (M-G-M).....2½★
What's Cookin' (Universal).....3★
Who Is Hope Schuyler? (RKO).....2★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia).....2½★
Wings and the Woman (RKO).....4★
Wings For the Eagle (Warners).....3★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M).....4★

Yank at Eton, A (M-G-M).....C 2½★
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners).....2½★
Yokel Boy (Republic).....2★
You Can't Escape Forever (Warners).....2½★

JEEP GIRL

(Continued from page 49)

gates with her. As she walked down the ramp, waving, her army began to yell, "We'll see you in Tokyo. We'll dance with you in Yokohama. We'll see you at the Oriental U.S.O."

There had been some individual service men in the station while the ovation was going on, and many of these men were on Rita's train. Practically every one of them owned a camera, so the minute the Los Angeles city limits had vanished under the wheels, the uniforms were scouting for The Queen.

The Queen obliged. She posed with each of the boys, while others snapped the duo. So, if you get a letter from your brother saying that he had his picture taken with Rita Hayworth, don't mail him the cover off a psychiatrist because he is probably writing the truth, not hallucination.

what a soldier dreams of . . .

Rita's first stop was Camp Barkeley at Abilene, Texas, a spot known for the determination of its weather. When it is hot there, it is hotter than anywhere else on the earth or under it. When it snows, the drifts are deeper than an archeologist's dream.

It was raining for Rita. Raining in spirals and curves; raining a four star flood. But the army was there to meet Miss Hayworth, and the army is a gallant body of men. The colonel removed his raincoat to swathe his visitor. Then he lifted her in his arms and carried her to the waiting staff car. All this at 9:30 in the morning without benefit of starlight, if you please. (Note to the colonel's wife: this was strictly in the line of duty.)

Rita did a show that afternoon, and in the evening she and Lew Ayres appeared in a skit at the Paramount Theater, given in behalf of the Emergency Relief Fund. Rita had met Lew just once before he left Hollywood, but she looked as good to him as any home-town girl would to a guy in camp.

He confided to her that his first few weeks at Barkeley were really rugged; the boys were out for a field day. That was all he would say, but Rita inquired

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few weeks ago at Carnegie Hall in New York City, I attended a performance of the operetta, "The Chocolate Soldier" (starring Allan Jones). I managed to get backstage and get the star's autograph. A little boy about four, walked into the room and announced that he had come to see "The Chocolate Soldier" in person. Everyone smiled and made way for the little fellow and his mother. Whereupon Mr. Jones picked him up and placed him on his knee. The boy scowled and said, "You aren't chocolate!" Mr. Jones laughed and asked, "Do you want some chocolate?" The boy promptly nodded. The singer opened a large box of candy on his dressing table and offered it to the child, saying, "I'm not chocolate but this is—have one."

Blanche Slotoski
585 Sixth Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York.

How to keep peace in the family

—and make life more fun



STUBBLE TROUBLE. Pop used to grouch at every smart, scrape and nick. Now, his shaves are quick—cool—smooth. With Noxzema as a base he shaves with a smile.



POOR COMPLEXION. Sis avoided mirrors until she found what a grand aid Noxzema is for dry, rough skin and to help heal externally-caused blemishes.



PAINFUL BURNS. Tommy used to howl as if he were killed. Now he yells—for a jar of Noxzema. It soothes and cools—aids quicker healing of minor burns and scalds.



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The Busiest Jar in the House!

• It's surprising how many of life's irritations are skin troubles! That's why Noxzema is the busiest jar in millions of homes. Because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's a *medicated formula* that contains cool, soothing, medicinal ingredients—a grand aid to healing externally-caused blemishes, chapped hands, burns, chafing, shaving irritation. It softens, helps smooth skin—softens tough whiskers, too. Apply before lathering or as a brushless shave. Scores of physicians, dentists, nurses use Noxzema. See how much it will do to help *your* family. Get a jar today at any drug or cosmetic counter! Trial size, also 35¢, 50¢.

★ **MEN IN THE SERVICE WANT NOXZEMA**—use it for *sunburn, windburn, chafing, tired, burning feet*, and especially for cool, soothing *shaves!* Makes shaving easier even in cold water.

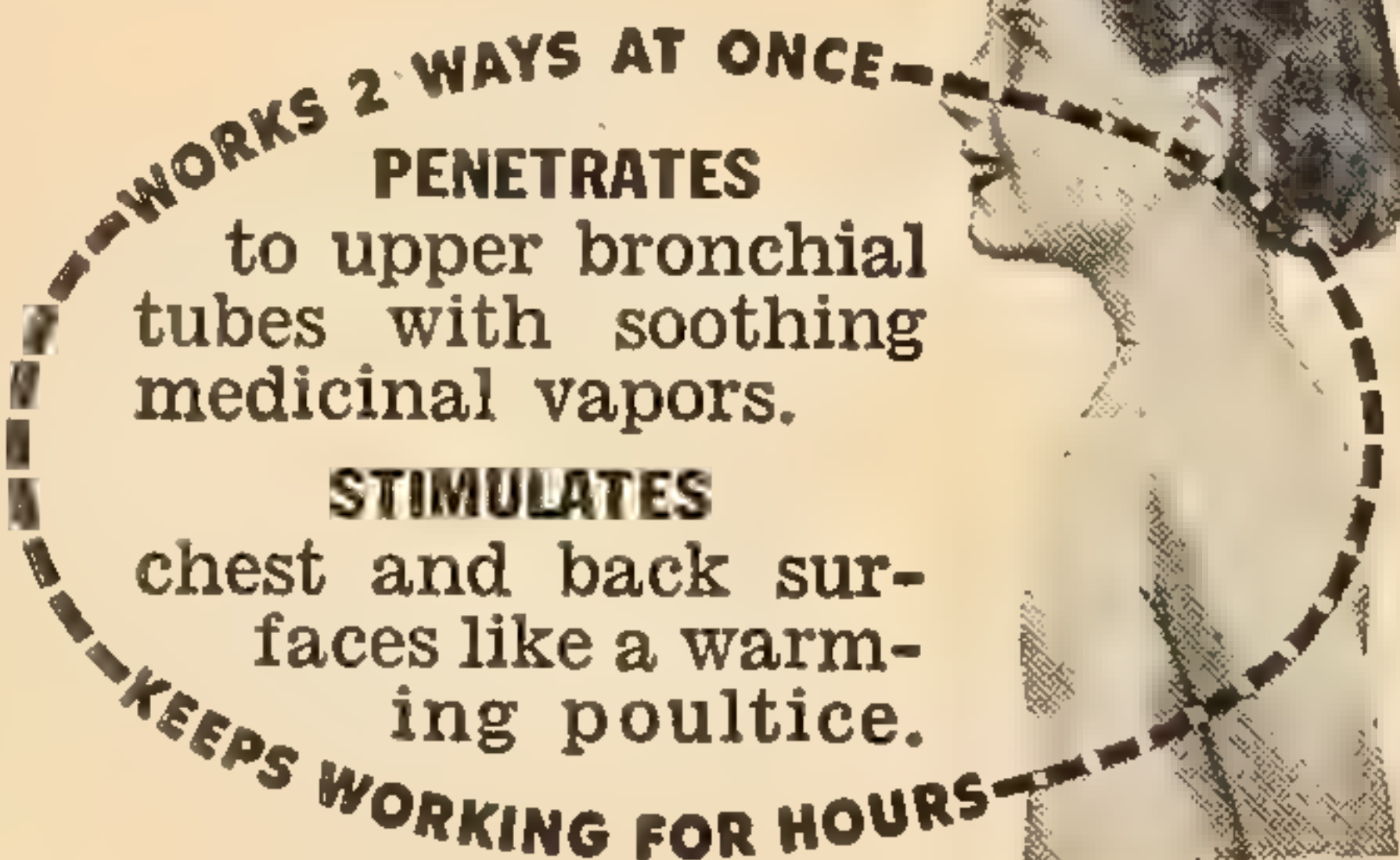


NOXZEMA

ACTS 2 WAYS

TO RELIEVE MISERIES OF CHEST COLDS

Now get grand relief from colds' symptoms this home-proved **double-action** way that actually



WORKS 2 WAYS AT ONCE—
PENETRATES
 to upper bronchial tubes with soothing medicinal vapors.
STIMULATES
 chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice.
KEEPS WORKING FOR HOURS

To get all the benefits of this combined **PENETRATING-STIMULATING** action, just rub throat, chest, and back with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Instantly VapoRub goes to work—2 ways at once as shown above—to relieve coughing spasms, ease muscular soreness or tightness, and invite restful, comforting sleep. Often by morning most of the misery is gone. Get relief from chest cold distress **tonight** with double-action, time-tested Vicks VapoRub.

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DIAMOND RINGS

Certified Bridal Pair

\$1.00 EACH OR **BOTH FOR \$1.79**

At last YOU, too, can NOW wear these glamorous rings. Large simulated diamond engagement ring scintillates with exciting beauty. Glorified with 4 side stones. Matching wedding ring gleams with flashing band of brilliant. Set in exquisitely plated yellow gold. Either ring \$1.00 or both for \$1.79 and tax. Order NOW—SEND NO MONEY. Just name, address and ring size. Pay postman on arrival. Wear 10 days on approval. You will be pleased or money back. RUSH order today.

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Why worry because you have wrinkles, lines, baggy eyes, double chin, sagging muscles or other age signs. Be amazed! Send \$1.25 for a full month's supply of LATTA-CREAM. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

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Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address **Frontier Asthma Co. 462 Niagara Street** **70-K Frontier Bldg. Buffalo, New York**

around—she's good at ferreting out the flattering truth about a person.

Seems that the boys shortly discovered what every one in Hollywood has always known: that Lew Ayres is really four square. That he has plenty of guts and determination, and the only difference between Ayres and thousands of others is that he says what he thinks because he has courage, whereas most guys in his spot simply keep quiet. However, he has applied for active combat duty overseas, and his request has been granted.

By the second afternoon of Rita's visit to Barkeley the mud had dried enough to make walking below the knees possible, so the commando outfit at the camp had an inspiration. They issued Rita GI fatigue clothes, about three sizes too big, and took her out to their obstacle course.

Nearly everyone has seen some part of a commando obstacle course in a newsreel, so it is well known that such exercise is not for spoil sports. Rita is the world's best scout. She crawled under barbed wire without casualty, she leaped over hurdles. Then she came to the water hazard spanned by a rope. Most girls would have quit right then, but not Rita. She started out, valiantly hand-over-handing, until she realized that her arms were tiring so fast that the next thing to happen was likely to be a mud bath without benefit of beauty parlor. She set up a howl that got results.

A burly sergeant grabbed a swinging rope, a la Tarzan, and arched past Rita to pluck her off as neatly as Weissmuller picking a grape. "Only because I've got witnesses will I be able to tell this story and be believed," beamed the sergeant.

The next afternoon, Rita was a guest of Lieutenant McNamara when the 357th Infantry was drawn up in review. Rita had the honor of presenting a medal to Private "Dynamite" Orville Kanwischer, who had been voted Best Commando in the outfit. Then the battalion presented Rita with a scroll baptizing her "Miss Dynamite" for her unfinished fight with the obstacle course. That done, she realized every girl's ambition by taking a ride throughout the camp in a jeep. That settled it. "When the war is over," she announced, "I'm going to buy one of these buggies. Picture me riding all over the Columbia lot after a day of rehearsing dance routines."

That night, at dinner, one of the officers mentioned to Rita that a bivouac of troops was stationed at such and such a spot—distant from any town or city communication—because they were preparing to go overseas. No entertainers had gone out there because no one knew where the bivouac would be transported. Furthermore, the men were living exactly as they would under combat conditions. "Let's go—I don't mind how rough it is," said the intrepid Hayworth trouper.

"First thing in the morning," agreed the officer.

You may have one guess as to the reception she got from those boys, bound for who knows where? Panic might be the word for it. Practically every man apparently owned a camera, and the sound effect was that of a corps of woodpeckers at work on a favorite tree.

boudoir filcher . . .

Rita, not to be out of it, borrowed a camera and began to take pictures of the men taking pictures of her. One of these prints was a knockout. It was developed right there in camp and enlarged. When Rita got back to Hollywood, she found this huge envelope awaiting her. Each

man in the scene had autographed the picture, and the envelope in which it came had been addressed to "Miss Bivouac, Columbia Studios, Hollywood." Rita says she's going to keep it forever.

By the way, speaking of souvenirs, someone deep in the heart of Texas—or possibly on the high seas bound for a foreign battlefield—has a very personal memento of the Hayworth Tour.

You see, Rita always checked in at a hotel in the town nearest the camp she was visiting. There she bathed, changed her clothes and got dressed appropriately for her appearances at camp.

When she was traveling from camp to camp she wore an Irene suit—a little number notable for the fact that the blouse, skirt and jacket had but one fastening: a huge button on which everything depended.

When these between-camp hops were made at night, Rita boarded the train wearing a blouse and slacks. She had brought two pair of slacks and two blouses.

For daytime camp appearances, she wore one of four simple afternoon dresses that she carried in a Val-Pac bag. At night she really blossomed forth in one of four evening gowns: black with touches of white, or the little blue number, or the red and white confection, or the breathtaking white creation which had no shoulder straps. (The last night of the tour she climbed into the dress, then felt gingerly of the stays that held it in place. "It's a good thing," she told the mirror, "that I'm heading back to Hollywood, because I'm afraid one more appearance in this daring little number would bring on calamity.")

hayworth's cooking . . .

She carried just three changes of stockings and undies, which meant that she washed out one set every night, and left them to dry during the day in her hotel room. One evening, upon her return to her room, she found that someone had entered feloniously, maliciously and in full knowledge of the deed, and had purloined her scanties. That's how she knows that someone filched an interesting memento.

But—back to the business at hand. While Rita was being escorted through the camp buildings, she walked into a mess hall for enlisted men. Looking from the mess sergeants to the K.P. victims she said, "Hello, fellows. What's cooking?"

"You are," rang the blithe response. Before she could say bean soup, they had enveloped her in an apron and perched a chef's cap on her head. They conducted her to the stove, and she made coffee. The vegetable simmering in a huge kettle happened, that day, to be beets, so Rita added proper seasoning, then helped to prepare the salad.

When told this news about his groceries, one of the recruits ogled his plate for several minutes. "Just my luck! Here I am, back from a fourteen-mile hike and too hungry to save these eats simply to look at!" he wailed.

From Camp Barkeley, Rita moved on to Camp Bowie, the home of the self-styled roughest, toughest outfit in the army. She was met at the station by an M.P. who was carrying a club straight from some cave man's collection.

"Gracious, do you have wild animals around here?" she laughed.

The sergeant mentioned wolves. "This is for you to use in case you feel their hot breath on the back of your neck," he explained. So Rita added another item

to her loot—and very useful it may be in the future, too.

That night she went to a boxing bout arranged by the regiment, and was called into the ring to be awarded the title "Sweetheart of the 156th." She waved the howling, cheering men to silence. "I'm awfully proud of being the sweetheart of the roughest, toughest outfit in the whole army," she started to say, only to be interrupted by Comanche yells. "And," she added, "I will look to you boys for help whenever I'm in trouble."

At this, the audience arose as one crew haircut and started toward the platform. Idea was that they were volunteering en masse to be her bodyguard and to complete the tour with her, discouraging other army units from choosing her as sweetheart or otherwise poaching on the preserves of the 156th.

Rita finally restored approximate quiet by shouting, "If everyone doesn't quiet

WIN \$5.00 in WAR STAMPS

Christmas season coming up! Ribbons and holly and wonderful things to eat. BUT there's still a war on; lots of boys won't be home to Christmas dinner this year, and America still needs money for guns and tanks and planes! So how's this for a Christmas gift idea submitted by a Philadelphia reader? Why don't you write in and tell us how YOU are working towards Victory?

I select the best slogans for Bond and Stamp buying; also clever pictures pertaining to Victory, in magazines and papers. Then I buy plain white cards. I arrange the slogans and pictures on these and send them to my friends for gift and greeting cards. And I attach as many war-stamps as I would normally pay for the gift. I enclose a note explaining the patriotic motive. This scheme can be worked in so many ways, and everyone appreciates a "Slogan Gift of Stamps."

Lee Alman
705 N. 63rd St.
Phila. Penn.

down, I won't serve the lemonade tomorrow afternoon after the review."

The idea of being deprived of taking a cup from the hand of Rita, herself, created a regiment of cherubs on the spot.

Before she ladled out the lemonade, however, she had some other duties to perform. She was taken, early the next morning, to the bayonet practice field and handed a rifle with bayonet fixed. "See that padded post? Well, that's a Jap. Let's see what you can do to defend yourself," her escort said.

Rita rolled up her sleeves and made a low, running approach. The Hayworth girl is a canny lass, so—just as she thrust the bayonet—she spied a spot previously pierced. Aiming at this opening she sank the blade so successfully that it completely penetrated the dummy. You should have heard the hoorays, because that is a stunt that takes some real savvy.

From this little drill, she was conducted to a tank battalion and there she christened—with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola—a tank in her name. If you hear of Rita Hayworth mopping up a section of Rommel's army one of these days, you'll know what it's all about.

After that came the review at which she received a sterling silver identification bracelet presented by the 318th

"Other Wives... *hear my story*"



HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME
THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT ROBS SO MANY
MARRIAGES OF ROMANCE

1. *Slowly*, my husband's love and tenderness had changed to . . . a frozen strangeness. Then neglect. I spent long evenings alone. One grim night, driven to despair, I left my unhappy home . . .



2. My ticket back to Mother's was in my hand when I ran into an old school chum, a widow a little older than I. I couldn't bluff her. I had to tell. And bless her, she opened my eyes by saying, "So often, my dear, a loving husband can't overlook one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*).



3. "Many modern wives," she told me, "use a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene—Lysol disinfectant." She explained how Lysol is so gentle it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes, leaves you feeling dainty."



4. Well, I tore up that ticket. And just as she said—I find Lysol disinfectant easy to use, so economical. Wives, don't let "one neglect" dim your happiness!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



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MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Well, how did you do last time? Were the questions too easy? Too hard? Here's a whole new batch, anyway. And maybe you'll have a perfect score this month!

1—What do Ruth Chatterton, Constance Worth and Ann Sheridan have in common?

2—These gals have handsome husbands. Can you name them? a) Sandra Shaw b) Frances Brokaw c) Elizabeth Allen d) Pat Patterson.

3—And can you name three of the late John Barrymore's four wives?

4—Howard Hughes has two young discoveries whom he has put into his pictures. But, although greatly publicized, neither has ever been seen by the public in a movie. Who are they?

5—The following are the real names of whom? a) Charles Edward Pratt b) Katherine Gibbs c) Myrna Williams d) Mary Magdalene Von Losch.

6—"Never change your act" is an old adage in show business. Nevertheless, many have done this successfully. Give a) the star who changed from hoofing to straight emoting and won an academy award! b) the star who changed from vamp to sweet wife and discovered a new career! c) the comedian who changed from a piano-pounder to accordion-player and stooge-baiter and is right up on top!

7—"The Man Who Came To Dinner" was supposed to be a satire on a) Monty Woolley b) Alexander Woollcott c) Victor Moore.

8—What affliction was suffered by

"Camille?" By Philip Carey ("Of Human Bondage")? By Quasimodo (played by Lon Chaney and Charles Laughton)?

9—Gene Autry's horse is named a) Trotter b) Silver c) Champion.

10—Identify a) The Mad Russian b) The Mexican Spitfire c) The Swedish Nightingale.

11—Once upon a time Charles Laughton was a a) hotel clerk b) steel mill exec c) school teacher.

12—Diana Barrymore, Maria Sieber and Patricia Ziegfeld all have famous mothers. Who are they?

13—K. T. Stevens, Tim Holt and Mrs. Walter Wanger all have well known fathers. Who are they?

14—Film critics voted a) "Citizen Kane" b) "How Green Was My Valley" c) "Kathleen," the best picture of 1941.

15—Most best-selling novels reach the screen. Can you name three which are now being made or which have been made into movies in the last two years?

16—Do you know the five actors and actresses who portray actual members of "The Hardy Family"?

17—Three Crosby-Hope-Lamour pictures have dealt with "Roads" to somewhere. What are these somewhere?

18—Who's the young male actor whose name has been linked romantically with Hedy Lamarr, Jane Withers and Kay Williams?

19—"Smilin' Through" was made in 1932, and remade in 1941 at M-G-M. Which actress starred in the early one? The later one?

20—The novel "Benjamin Blake" was made into a picture starring Ty Power. What was the picture called? (Answers on page 77)

Ordnance Company. The bracelet bears the inscription "Honorary Sergeant" and conveys an accolade that most girls would give their eye teeth to have received.

It's a good thing that Rita was joyed up over the gift, the tank christening and the bayonet practice, because she went directly to the canteen and started serving lemonade and doughnuts to the boys. Sounds like an easy job, but heed. . . .

They had supplied her with a business-like ladle that weighed around five pounds empty—she didn't dare to think of its weight loaded. After she had wielded this ladle for about thirty minutes, Rita looked down the queue—as far as eye could reach there was a waiting caterpillar of khaki. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty.

Her fingers began to ache and her shoulder to pain. She could feel make-up dissolving from her shiny nose. Still she went on ladling the lemonade and passing out doughnuts.

When she boarded her train that night, she couldn't lift her arm.

Obviously, such a trip isn't all pleasure. Rita was giving one show and sometimes two every afternoon, and one every evening in addition to all her other activities. She was signing autographs at the rate of a thousand a day and posing for almost that many pictures. In between times, she was managing by some sort of

magic to remain as glamorous looking as a screen star is supposed to be.

whirling menace . . .

From alternate dust and hurricane, Rita finally reached Camp Wallace which is affectionately known to the army as Swamp Wallace. "Why, Rita," one of the boys told her, "a bomber landed out in the field near here, and we had put fifty gallons of gasoline in it before we discovered that it was only a mosquito."

While Rita was on the stage, she slapped viciously at one of the little pests that was drilling for gold on the back of her neck. Every time she killed a mosquito, the audience went into sympathetic uproar. Finally a good clear voice rang out, "Gosh, I've just been bitten by a mosquito that bit Rita Hayworth!"

By the way, this particular show was done with the orchestra sitting on the stage, because the orchestra pit was filled with muddy water and various water creatures left by the storm then passing over Texas.

Rita's troupe caught up with the hurricane between Palacios and Corpus Christi. Camp Hulen, or what was left of it after the hurricane had passed, is located near Corpus Christi. Most of the troops had been evacuated, but Rita did two shows and talked to every man in camp.

Her train was supposed to leave at

11:15 P.M. that night, but the hurricane had delayed traffic all along the line. The tiny station was closed, so Rita and the troupe sat on their luggage on the wind-swept platform from 11:15 until 4:30 the next morning when the train finally arrived.

During the long, chilly, nerve-wracking hours a good many girls would have railed at the weather and life in general for putting them in such a spot. Not Rita. She just sat, rubbing her lame arm occasionally and thanking her stars that she wasn't out on bivouac—as thousands of the boys were.

At Camp Bowie she had one of the prize experiences of the tour. Part of her act consisted of inviting some soldier from the audience to come up on the platform to dance with her. Sometimes, upon this summons, the audience became a mass of frustrated guys with lead in their feet, but not at Bowie.

When Rita issued her dance call, three burly men and true stormed the steps at the same time. There is a scientific law that states positively that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, says nothing about three, no one can say the jeeps didn't try to repeal that law, however. After several frantic moments, the three, hopelessly entangled, fell to the floor in a writhing mass while the audience went into male hysterics.

One of them, more agile than the other two, finally extricated himself, grabbed Rita and started to dance. When the music was ended, the victor turned upon his companion and held out his hand. "How about my ten bucks?" he asked. "I bet you that I would dance with her, and I did!"

There were plenty of laughs on the tour, but there was sadness, too. Rita had taken along a special pair of flat-heeled shoes, because she planned to visit every military hospital passed on the trip. In one hospital she walked through eighteen miles of corridor, ward and stairway.

She talked to the boys, autographed letters, cards and several plaster casts. In convalescent wards, she quietly danced some of her Spanish steps.

the smack cure . . .

One day she had walked the full length of a large ward, talking to each man, when she noticed a lad sound asleep. He had been given a sedative because he hadn't rested well the night before. The nurse explained that he wouldn't awaken until long after Rita had gone.

"He'll be heart-broken," the nurse said. "Everyone in the ward has talked of nothing but your visit for days."

Rita beckoned to the cameraman who went with her on her visits. "Make this a good one, won't you?" she asked. Then she leaned over and kissed him while the camera clicked.

When the sleeper finally awakened, late in the afternoon, the other boys began to rib him. "Fine thing," they said. "You slept right through a Hayworth kiss. She didn't give any of the rest of us such a tumble."

He didn't believe them, but he was sunk anyway. He was dejected, not to say disgusted at having missed Rita.

When the ribbing had reached the point where he couldn't take much more, the nurse came in with a large envelope. "For you," she said.

And the boy pulled out the developed print—proving his moment beneath Rita's lips.

Somehow that incident says all that can be said about Rita Hayworth, the trouper, and Rita Hayworth, the woman.

1943—WHAT WILL IT BRING?

(Continued from page 45)

occupied outside the limelight, minding her own business and storing up for a new start right after the beginning of 1944.

DENNIS MORGAN (Sagittarius: Nov. 23-Dec. 21) 'plays golf and does his setting up exercises with zest because he's a good Sagittarian and worships the human form divine, his own and others'. Also a model husband and father, according to Wife Lil. Sagittarius is strong for justice; he investigates who's done what before punishing one or more of the three kids who, naturally, adore him. Plenty of fire and dash in this Swede's horoscope. Wonder if even the wife and three will keep him permanently out of the current world melodrama? He likes to be in the thick—even though he loves his family—and late December '42 stirs him up to something. '43, he's going great guns. It looks like travel and far places or else some other big change, all to the good, but new, different and full of action.

HEDY LAMARR (Scorpio: Oct. 24-Nov. 22) is gorgeous, and more. That Scorpio appeal works magic when it gets to practical matters, as Hedy proved when she sold bonds. You mightn't guess that she'd frame a certificate from the Sec. of Treas., but that's Scorpion. The romantic and the practical live happily together in her sense of values. Hedy resents publicity about her heart-throbs; that's her business, she says, true to her sign's sense of personal dignity

and secretiveness. 1943 sees Hedy under a strain. Probably trying to do too much. Maybe some worry over money, too—or perhaps she just wears herself out on too many bond drives. Popularity should hit a new high after June, if she isn't too tired to take advantage of it. Watch the health, Hedy.

TYRONE POWER (Taurus: Apr. 21-May 21) is Tyrone, Jr., to those who knew

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When I visited Hollywood, I took up autograph hunting. The old-timers said I should have the stars sign my book, "To Marilyn, from _____" Well, when I came in contact with Jack Oakie, I asked him if he would please write, "To Marilyn—" He looked at me and said, "Listen, kid, I just learned how to make an 'O' the other day. What more do you want?"

Marilyn Mandel
2923 148th Street,
Flushing, New York.

his actor father. Loves his wife and works in the garden, fulfilling Taurus' need for the security of love and a home and a touch of the earth. Going into service is a big change in Ty's life—bigger than he may realize. He's right now winding up his first Saturn cycle, start-

ing on a new one. Training for glider service satisfies his 10th House Uranus in an air-sign—he'll go far, more ways than one. 1943 sees him in the middle of things; watch for what happens in February, late March, late April. Hits a fast stride in July. He's got the stuff heroes are made of, as events will prove.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE (Taurus: Apr. 21-May 21) (Lord, how they do grow up!) had her "first date alone" with Adolph Zucker 3rd last August when Mars stirred up her 5th House of romance. Shirley's got a big-money year ahead, with Saturn-Uranus in her 2nd House, and two big radio shows after her. Her brother in the Marines means a lot to her—he got to be a Sergeant when Jupiter contacted Shirley's Mars in her 3rd House where it rules his influence in her life. This is Shirley's year to clinch her security forever by saving a lot of whatever she gets. Plenty of popularity, especially in March and July. The Junior Miss keeps right on going! Planetary indications are that she ought to take time off after the end of August, rest up for a new start in April 1944, and plan a change of pace to fool the "adolescent crisis" that's slated for mid-1944.

BETTY GRABLE'S (Sagittarius: Nov. 23-Dec. 21) a bundle of temperament, and why not, with a fiery Sun in Sagittarius, and a Moon pepped up by squares to Mars and Mercury. But she's got her feet on the ground with a practical streak a mile wide and the grip on men

*Holiday
Greetings*

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WOMEN—WHY BE DELICATE ABOUT

FEMININE HYGIENE

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DR. PIERRE'S BORO PHENO FORM

that Venus in Scorpio gives. Betty's mother says she's lazy, but we wonder. Maybe she just knows how to get there without being too anxious. 1943 may put the pressure on, especially the end of it. Betty can start now mending her fences and getting down to cases with reality. There's opportunity in the offing, but it takes plenty of maturity (not Victor Maturity) to cash in on it. Temperament isn't enough from now on, Betty. Put your mind on your work and give 'em all you've got—the public'll take you as seriously from here out as you take yourself.

VICTOR MATURE (Aquarius: Jan. 21-Feb. 19) landed right in the Coast Guard. His Moon in Scorpio gives a talent for the water and luck with it. That famous self-starting promotional urge of Vic's may have to submit to service rules, but that won't hold him down. Moon square Mars gives dash and abandon—what a Commando that guy'd make! Somehow we don't figure Vic doing guard duty, even coast guard. He ought to be attacking someone. Betcha he does. Might switch services in March or April. Anyway, Victor will see more action. Like Roosevelt, MacArthur, General Towers, he belongs to Aquarius, sign of the new age, to which Victor has something of his own to add.

BETTE DAVIS (Aries: Mar. 21-Apr. 20) does her bit canteening, works so hard at it she has to rest up for a week in the hospital. That's typical of her Aries enthusiasm. She should slow down, maybe take a vacation toward the end of 1942 or she'll wear herself out. That's good advice for 1943, too. Her popularity goes right on, but she has to watch her health, especially in June and after the beginning of August. Bette seems to have a lot on her mind—personal things in her private or family life, maybe, or the jobs she's taken on in the war-connection. Take good care of yourself, Bette, you belong to us!

LANA TURNER (Aquarius: Jan. 21-Feb. 19) married No. 2, Steve Crane, in the last month of brides and roses when Mars pepped up her 7th House of marriage, and seven months later the knowers sighted reefs ahead as same Mars opposed her Venus. If they stick through Christmas, we'll bet on it for a while yet. But Lana gets temperament along about March, April, 1943, and when these Aquarians get temperament, even a six-foot Romeo doesn't hold 'em. Lana's got what amounts to genius in her horoscope. Only trouble is, this year she's taking herself awfully seriously. There's plenty of success here with a forward push in March and bigger publicity after June. Lana's got the world with a fence around it if the old ego doesn't cause mis-fired independence to set her back.

OLIVIA De HAVILLAND (Cancer: June 22-July 23) a WAAC? Possibly. Cancer girls are patriotic, want to serve their country. But they also like a home. Angle: If current heartbeat John Huston's divorce doesn't materialize, Olivia may go WAACY. But if John is free to wed, Olivia, true to her sign, will happily substitute love of home for love of homeland. Saturn on her Venus in 1943 promises emotional maturing, maybe something hard to take. But she's got what it takes to take it. She can injure health by taking emotions too hard. 1943 begins to add up a lot of things in your life, Olivia. You're facing a change. Make important choices seriously. A turn in the road starting July-

August launches you on a new avenue of progress. Prepare from now on for big changes before mid-1944.

CLARK GABLE'S (Aquarius: Jan. 21-Feb. 19) great loss strengthened him, and he's better loved than ever since he enlisted. Graduating from army air corps training October 28, he starts a new career at a splendid point in his cycle. He's Aquarian with Moon in Cancer, like President Roosevelt and General MacArthur, and he's a real fighter, a real liberal, a strong man for the right. The tragedy of his life shows in his horoscope, also his self-discipline, his force of character, his courage. Clark's a powerful influence wherever he may be. He'll make the best of officers, may now be finding a new work in the world, which will applaud him in any role he chooses for himself as it always has applauded his screen successes.

RITA HAYWORTH'S (Libra: Sept. 24-Oct. 23) marriage to Ed Judson lasted just one half a Jupiter cycle, and now she's off on the second half. We don't hold with this Victor Mature angle. Quite a spark flashes between the two of them, but does it get to be a permanent flame? Not likely, say their horoscopes. Vic is off to the wars anyway, has slipped the noose of Rita's restraining Saturn on his Mars, and we opine he'll stay slipped. But Rita marches on. Luck aplenty this year, if she doesn't relax too utterly and expect miracles to keep dropping in her lap. She's still on the up-grade, but now has to do her own pushing. Too much temperament, come February and again June, can backfire. Only Rita can hurt Rita. The smile of fortune is still on full blast, and with any self-restraint and push at all, she can make 1943 a banner year.

GARY COOPER (Taurus: Apr. 21-May 21) has been blessed with roles that bring out the best of his Taurus personality—the practical idealism of Mr. Deeds, the stubborn fighting spirit of Sgt. York, the down-to-earth of John Doe. Feet-on-the-ground Gary has been stalling Goldwyn on a new contract because he says if he can't go into the Army he wants to be a producer. Apparently Gary has been squirreling away his funds like the thrifter Taureans, is ready to cash in on the fruits of past labors with Saturn and Uranus urging business ventures in his 2nd House. Watch it, Gary! Golden dreams of Xmas '42 can turn to regrets before ditto '43. Your 2nd House Neptune gives big business ideas, but isn't well supported. Play it safe from here out. Buy War Bonds with that surplus. The return

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isn't so great, but it's a lot surer. . . . And please don't tell us you're not wanting to act any more. Lots of people can put up the capital for pictures, but mighty few can stir up the interest you can.

GENE TIERNEY (Scorpio: Oct. 24-Nov. 22) survived a lot of ragging last year when Saturn-Uranus opposed her Scorpio Sun, finally married Count Oleg (now Count-less American citizen in the coast guard) despite the protests of her socialite family. A girl who comes through that kind of opposition with her chin up deserves the best, and as the planets move on to ease the stress, she's very likely to get it. 1943 is O.K. for Gene. She's going to miss Oleg, should throw herself into her work, of which there seems to be plenty. Money matters need a steady hand—could be big dough in the offing, but the clincher needs careful jockeying around the end of 1942. Gene has a chance that ought to be grabbed end of February, beginning of March. Plenty going on this year for the girl who sent Harvard's "least likely to succeed" crack boomeranging back at the Cambridge smarties.

ANN SHERIDAN (Pisces: Feb. 20-Mar. 20) took a new lease on life last June when Saturn-Uranus impelled a personal declaration of independence: she moved into her own house. Followed the announcement of separation from husband George Brent. Ann's burning her bridges behind her, will burn more before 1943 ends. Lots cooking in her chart for this year. Maybe less publicity, but plenty boiling under the surface. Ann's winding up her first major planet-cycle under pretty trying conditions, may have to watch her health and take a holiday toward Fall. She'll do best if she doesn't "try too hard," coasts along and settles some of the things that are troubling her inside. Could she possibly be regretting George? Their marriage lasted just half a Mars cycle—hardly long enough to give it a try—and the break came under very impulsive influences. What's more, there's a lot of pull between their charts to bring them back together again.

MARLENE DIETRICH (Capricorn: Dec. 22-Jan. 20) is another rumored

WAVE or WAAC in the making. She's Capricorn, was born to command as well as to look glamorous and cut cake in the Hollywood canteen. Disguising in a black wig appeals to her Sun-opposite-Neptune mystery, but what does she do with her l-gs? Marlene's strong for duty and service right now with Saturn-Uranus in 6th, can achieve new-type fame because of Neptune in 10th. Tasks pile up in '43, which may see less publicity, except that reported divorce seems to develop before the end of June. Maybe also a re-marriage, quick like a fox. Finances soar, and there's a likelihood of a windfall of money (via marriage?) in last half of the year. They say she has her own personal astrologer. If so, he's probably telling her to avoid physical excess and regard money as something to store up for the future.

JOHN WAYNE'S Sun in Gemini: (May 22-June 21) is right under the beams of the most powerful forces of this era. If his marriage (which friends report shaky) survives the end of '42, he may settle down on his 1000-acre ranch near San Diego. But it looks as if Johnny goes marching off, divorce or no divorce. Gemini likes to get where what's going on is going on strongest, and the urges of December and January are going to be hard for Johnny to take standing still. Late '43 should see him in the thick of something, and he'll be best off if he doesn't have to make too many decisions for himself. Looks like the old army game.

ALAN LADD'S clean-cut features are Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) all over. He's at top of career right now, can rise fast in service or wherever he happens to be. Virgo men love their home and family—he'll hate leaving Sue and the expected little Ladd. But he'll go where duty calls, do what's expected of him and do it well. Things boil around Christmas '42, April-May '43, and after August. He'll have to take it easy, reduce his demands on himself or his conscientiousness can backfire. Keep fit, Alan—you've got to stay well to be useful.

GLENN FORD, (Taurus: Apr. 21-May 21) trying without success to date Hedy Lamarr, Scorpio, is the age-old fable of the Moth and the Flame. Sometimes these two signs get together like cooing doves, but when they don't, it's likely to be the Scorpio half that says No, No. Shifting from the Coast Guard Auxiliary to the Navy at the end of October, Glenn started his new service career at a time guaranteed to give him plenty of excitement. Ought to make a good officer, for Taureans can give orders as well as take 'em—maybe better. Eleanor Powell is the lass who loves the sailor, but can relax—the Taurus male sticks to his mate and always comes back like a homing pigeon. Glenn can look for some important boosts in March, April, July and August when fans may see a new brand of publicity break loose about him.

Grant Lewi, author of this article, is editor of "Horoscope," America's most popular astrology magazine; editor of "Your Future," the illustrated astrological yearbook; author of "Heaven Knows What" and "Astrology for the Millions"; of the novels "Star of Empire" and "The Gods Arrive."

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THE STARS MAKE UP THEIR XMAS LISTS

(Continued from page 34)

bright candle. There is a possibility that Oli's parents, Count Loiewski and Countess Loiewski-Cassini will be able to come West from Washington, D. C., to be Gene's guests. In that case, they will be only two of a group of excited guests around Gene's Christmas board because she has already made arrangements with a Los Angeles Orphanage to borrow a group of children for the festivities of dinner and later the opening of gifts around the Christmas tree.

There is another tradition that Gene is going to keep this year. When she was a school student in Switzerland, one of her dearest friends was a Norwegian girl who took Gene home to Oslo for the Christmas holiday. She was there for three weeks, and it was a celebration she has never forgotten.

One of the most enchanting of Norwegian customs was this: each housewife in a particular neighborhood baked an enormous batch of cookies, wrapped them in bright paper and proffered them as gifts. These sweets were always prepared from a carefully guarded recipe that had been handed down in a family from generation to generation, and there was a good deal of friendly rivalry among the cookie bakers as to which had the best luck that year—or the most dependable recipe year after year.

It grieves Gene to know that this custom will undoubtedly be abandoned in Oslo this Christmas of 1942, but in Hollywood one small, bright bit of Norway will flourish in the Tierney household because Gene was given one of the recipes, and she is making Norwegian cookies for her friends.

JOHN PAYNE has no idea where he will spend Christmas, 1942. If his wish comes true, he will be lined up in Air Corps barracks, singing—just before sitting down to an army dinner—"Off we go, into the wide blue yonder. . . ."

If he happens to be in Hollywood, he will spend part of the day with Julie, his beautiful young daughter. If he is away from Hollywood, he will telephone her to find out how she got along with Santa Claus. And if it were possible to have a Payne family Christmas, it would be something right off a glazed greeting card. The Paynes are Roanoke, Virginia, folk. Dinner was always a two o'clock-afternoon festivity with turkey, stuffed pig, candied yams, baked ham and three kinds of pie to the point where human activity was limited to staggering to the nearest easy chair and dozing there for the rest of the day.

JANE WYMAN is also making if/or plans: IF Ronnie is in Hollywood, OR if he isn't. In case he is in town, Christ-

mas will be sunny indeed; in case he isn't, Jane will try to take Maureen Elizabeth and spend the day with him wherever he is—provided she can get plane reservations.

And this year, for a change, she hopes she wins the toss. Fuller explanation: every Christmas, since the Reagans have been married, they have tossed a coin to see who would be the first to open the Christmas packages. To date, Ronnie has won. Jane has had to control curiosity bordering on heebie-jeebies while Mister Reagan slowly, very very slowly opened his bundles one by one. It required two full hours for him to complete this ritual their first Christmas together, and it involved smoking a pipeful of his new tobacco. "Some year, someone is going to give him a book," moans Jane, "and that's going to extend Christmas—my Christmas, at least—to 4th of July."

GEORGE MONTGOMERY'S reaction to Christmas is that it's twins. His father and mother are Russian, hence observe the Gregorian Christmas, but because they also sympathized with the plight of children excluded from a conventional celebration, they have always observed the Augustinian calendar Christmas as well.

When they lived in Montana, the boys always went foraging for a Christmas tree and usually cut the largest fir they could conveniently haul home. The younger children strung cranberries and popcorn to use as decoration, and Mrs. Montgomery (actually Mrs. Letz) made very acceptable Santa Claus heads by gluing bits of red wool on the top of a walnut-shell and adding an absorbent cotton beard and inked eyes and nose.

If George is still out of uniform this year at Christmas, he won't do the woodsman stunt; simpler to traverse Wilshire Boulevard with its evergreen bazaars. But he will—with the help of the neighborhood kids—string cranberries, popcorn and make Santa heads.

The **DENNIS MORGANS** will have a terrific Christmas this year, considering the fact that they have to write three Santa Claus letters, one for each of their bouncing brood. The baby will be big enough to blink at the Christmas tree lights and loud enough in the lung to help sound Christmas morning reveille at the weird hour of five when Stan and Kris usually leap out of the hay.

Dennis and his wife always open their gifts to one another Christmas Eve after the children have been tucked away with "visions of sugar plums" dancing in their heads. (20th Century note: what on earth are sugar plums?) Then they decorate the tree and fill the small stockings dangling from the mantelpiece.

Christmas Day they always have the Morgan Seniors, as dinner guests—turkey, stuffed dates, apple-and-sausage dressing, escalloped oysters, cranberry sauce, baked chestnuts and pumpkin pie! In the afternoon, Mrs. Morgan telephones her family who live in Wisconsin.

By that time Dennis is called to the play room to perform first aid on at least one doll and probably a length of track on the electric train. And that takes care of Mr. Morgan for the rest of the day.

This is the first Christmas **ALAN LADD** and **SUE CAROL** have spent together, and at least an occasional sentence uttered during the holiday will be, "Next year we'll buy a kiddie car," or "Next year we'll have to pick out a big doll." Be-

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cause Santa Claus will have three Ladd names on his 1943 Christmas list.

This year both Alan and Sue will hang up their stockings just to set a good example for the coming younger generation. They plan to open their gifts to one another on Christmas Eve, however, as a good-by gesture to that habit. Hereafter they will be a Crack-of-Dawn-Christmas family.

You may have noticed that Alan's Christmas list is simply knotted with ties. There is a fascinating reason for this, a secret he revealed between takes on "Lucky Jordan," a picture they say will guarantee a good many Merry Christmases to everyone, from the studio to the fair-haired boy of their lot.

Seems that Alan admires Charvet ties, but for years he was so wan of pocket-book that his purchases were made strictly at the four-bit counter. He vowed that, when Lady Luck gave him a nod, he was going to have a full Charvet-tie wardrobe, and he was going to see that each of his best friends did likewise.

The Ladds will also have an open house on Christmas Day from 2 to 4 P.M. After that time, the rest of the evening is to be devoted to a party for all the service men Alan has entertained in the past, provided, of course, they are within traveling distance. Most of these boys are a long distance from their homes, but each will find some useful gift under the tree. A gift with the soldier's name on the card, a gift that says, "We're with you, pal. You aren't just a uniform to us—you're a person. You're not part of a vast armed force, you're an individual. Merry Christmas to you, soldier, and the best of luck."

Answers to MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

(page 72)

1—They are all divorced wives of George Brent.

2—a) Gary Cooper b) Henry Fonda c) Robert Montgomery d) Charles Boyer.

3—Katherine Harris, Michael Strange, Dolores Costello, Elaine Barrie.

4—Jane Russell and Jack Buetel.

5—a) Boris Karloff b) Kay Francis c) Myrna Loy d) Marlene Dietrich.

6—a) Ginger Rogers b) Myrna Loy c) Phil Baker.

7—b) Alexander Woolcott.

8—Camille was consumptive; Philip Carey had a club foot; Quasimodo was "Hunchback of Notre Dame."

9—c) Champion.

10—a) Bert Gordon b) Lupe Velez c) Jenny Lind.

11—a) a hotel clerk.

12—Michael Strange, Marlene Dietrich, Billie Burke.

13—Sam Wood (director), Jack Holt and Richard Bennett (Joan Bennett).

14—a) "Citizen Kane."

15—"The Moon and Sixpence," "For Whom The Bell Tolls," "All This and Heaven Too," "This Above All," "Rebecca."

16—Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Sara Haden, Cecilia Parker, Mickey Rooney.

17—Zanzibar, Singapore, Morocco.

18—George Montgomery.

19—Norma Shearer in 1932, Jeanette MacDonald in 1941.

20—"Son Of Fury"

WHEN LOVE DIED . . .

(Continued from page 37)

and people. She breathes easiest in an atmosphere of friendly informality. Her progress through the studio is marked by an exchange of Hi's. The genuflections demanded by others in her position are a pain in the neck to Annie. She wouldn't know what to do with them. Stardom hasn't touched the essential Clara Lou. She's kept the traditional warmth and openheartedness of her native state—especially for plain people. Her friends of the old days are her friends today, and no earthquake could pry her loose from them. She's loyal to the last.

George is a man of unpredictable moods lacking Ann's gift for happiness. By choice, his friends are few. He's ingrown, where Ann is outgoing. He lives within the circle of himself, she lives outside herself. His charm, when he chooses to exert it, is practically irresistible. But the fact that he charms you today doesn't mean that he won't freeze you tomorrow. Not through perversity, but because a black mood has overtaken him. This is said in analysis, not in criticism. What hereditary strains, what bitter personal disillusionment gave Brent his cynical cast one can only guess at. He and Ann and all of us are what forces have made us.

Till they fell in love, they disliked each other—when they bothered to give each other a thought. That readhead had no dignity, Brent decided—breezing in and out of the Green Room, hail-fellow-well-met with the world and his sister. To Ann, Mr. Brent was a simple stuffed shirt. Then one day, inexplicably, they looked, and their looks penetrated the surface. Some welcoming gesture of Ann's to a scared newcomer took George unaware. Ann was startled to discover that his eyes could be kind. He asked her to dinner. She was beautiful, gay, warm, honest. He was gallant, cultivated, generous. He had the art of making a woman feel cherished, the only woman in the world. So they fell in love.

As I've said, they grew to know each other well. Neither put on an act. George had every opportunity to study Ann—her interests, her loyalties, her lack of complexity. She had every opportunity to see him at his most morose. That they took their differences into consideration is evident from the time that elapsed before their marriage. But in the end their need for each other proved strongest. With Ann, a new brightness had entered George's life. As for her, his very unhappiness drew her and wrung her heart. She loved him. She wanted to make him happy. Most of the time they had fun together. He could be so sweet. They'd manage to get along. They'd have their squabbles of course, everyone does. But she figured that they could always manage somehow.

mackerel skies . . .

The first problem confronting them after their five-day honeymoon was a place to live. George's rented house at Toluca was too small for them both. So was the house Ann had bought in September at Encino. This was the first home she'd ever owned, and she loved it like a baby. "Couldn't we build on a wing for you, George, and live out there?" she inquired hopefully.



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City _____ State _____

George agreed. But when he went to look the place over on their return, he changed his mind. It was too far out. Anyway, he didn't really care for the house. And now that war had been declared, they probably wouldn't be able to do any building. The last point was unanswerable. So was the second, for that matter. Disappointed though you may be, and even a little hurt, you can't ask a man to live in a house he dislikes.

They moved into the Toluca place, whose lease had a year to run. Meantime, they'd hunt for something more suitable. George called Ann a good sport—especially since, for lack of closet space, she had to haul her clothes back and forth from Encino. For she balked at selling her treasure, as George wanted her to. "Not now," she insisted. "I couldn't get anything for it." She might have added: "Not now. I can't bear it. Later maybe, when I've had time to get used to the idea."

George wanted her to himself. Natural enough, for a newlywed. It amused her at first when he'd growl about men who looked at her in restaurants. Every woman likes a touch of possessiveness in the man she loves. It flatters her vanity. For the modern woman, however, a touch is enough. It was George's idea that on working days she should go home to a well-balanced lunch which he ordered, instead of eating in the studio Green Room, where she chattered too much and ate too little. She enjoyed the camaraderie of the Green Room, the exchange of banter and laughs with her friends. But of course George was right. Lunching at home was much better for her digestion.

gloomy sundays . . .

They were happy for a while—a pitifully brief while. Just when and how the clouds began to gather is clear to neither. Suddenly they were quarreling over trifles, over nothing. Ann hates quarrels. Once they were over, she'd try to get to the bottom of them. "Every time this happens," she'd plead, "it kills something inside me." But George hates post-mortems. He'd bring her a gift and say, "Let's forget it." Which would have been fine except that the quarrels recurred.

Ann needs people. George doesn't—or at any rate, not to nearly the same degree. They'd accept an invitation and, when the time came, George would be more likely than not to say: "I've been working. I'm tired. Let's phone and

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While on a Southern cruise, Bing Crosby engaged in conversation two Ursuline nuns, who were bound for British Honduras to establish a mission and convent school. Mr. Crosby told the nuns about his children and his work, and in turn, the nuns told him of their mission tasks. As the conversation drew to a close, he asked if they would like autographed pictures of him. And though they didn't know what they would do with the pictures, they thanked him and went to their cabin. Later that evening, a messenger came with four envelopes containing photos of Bing. As the nuns opened the envelopes, they discovered a fifty-dollar bill in each!

Betty Blake
35 McClellan Street,
Bronx, New York.

10 YRS. AGO IN MODERN SCREEN

January, 1933, was the month in which ex-President Calvin Coolidge was discovered dead on his bedroom floor. . . . Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany and the Queen of Bulgaria had a baby. . . . A man named Larry Fay was shot to death in his New York City nightclub, Casablanca. . . .

While in the January **MODERN SCREEN**—Reports were that Harpo Marx had given up chasing blondes and was chasing real-estate agents. Looking for a small house with a large pool! . . . Lew Ayres and Wife Lola Lane, swore off formal clothing for a year as an economy measure . . . Johnny Weissmuller and Bobbé Arnst gave reasons for the divorce . . . Joe E. Brown became a father . . . And Garbo said, "Leslie Howard is the only man I have ever really wanted to play opposite. . . ."

break it." Ann began to feel isolated. "I wouldn't have minded that either," she once cried to a friend, "if George and I hadn't ceased to have fun together, and that's what happened. He didn't have any more fun than I did."

Therein lay the tragedy. George had fallen in love with Ann, the light of heart. Subconsciously at least, he must have hoped to be drawn out of his darker world by the pull of her wholesome, buoyant spirit. Yet he resisted being thus drawn. The reverse happened. His natural melancholy was aggravated by the war. Ann is as conscious of the war and its significance as the rest of us. But you don't stop living because of the war. Occasionally you talk of something other than the war and the black state of the world.

George seemed unable to. It was with him constantly. It stretched his nerves and frayed his temper. His depression infected Ann. She couldn't run away from it, as before, to Encino. Not being much of a girl for self-analysis, she failed to note its full effect till a friend asked: "What happens to you, Ann, when George comes into the room? You'll be laughing and playing the clown, then enter George, and you kind of go under a cloud." Only then did she realize how taut her own nerves had grown, how it had become second nature to scan George's face, dreading the mood he might be in. Married six months and dreading the appearance of your own husband! She thought that was awful. It was awful.

As humans do, he took his bitterness out on the person closest to him. George had his own grievances or thought he had, which amounts to the same thing. He felt that Ann lacked the proper interest in their marriage, that she failed in a sense of responsibility toward him. He persuaded himself that this was because she'd gone career-mad. Which sounds strange to those familiar with her easy-going nature. Ann enjoys her work, she's grateful for it, she gives it her best, but the fierce ambition that drives a Crawford or a Goddard is foreign to her.

At any rate, the argument reduced her to despair, especially since she couldn't pin George down to cases, couldn't get him to say wherein her failure lay. She knew it irked him that they hadn't found a home. But she'd been working steadily since their marriage. There'd been one house—elegant,

with swimming pools—which had appealed to George's sense of stateliness and form. Being neither stately nor formal, Ann hadn't liked it.

"As for this house, it's yours, George. What responsibility can I take for it? You engaged the help. You give the orders. That's how you want it. Would you like me to cook for you? Do you want me to quit my job?"

No, he wouldn't ask her to do that. Even had she been willing, which she wasn't, it would have proved no solution. A dear little woman, filling his pipe, fetching his slippers, saying yes dear and no dear, would have bored him to lunacy within a week.

Still, no serious thought of separation had entered Ann's head. They'd always be able to manage somehow, she'd thought. Well, they weren't managing as well as she'd hoped, and the squabbles came more frequently than she'd foreseen, but there was the old gag about the first year being the hardest, and eventually they'd adjust themselves. Besides, there were lovely intervals in between when George's cronies came to dinner, and he was at his best as delightful host, and they'd have such fun that she could almost delude herself into believing the storms were over.

Maybe the new pattern of living, imposed by war, would help. George had signed as flying instructor at Oxnard. She was going back to Encino to live, since the Toluca lease was up. Now that his job in the service was settled, he might feel more peaceful. The temporary separation might give them both a clearer perspective. He kissed her good-by when she left for Monterey on location, and thought he might get time to run up and see her.

let's face it . . .

That first week they talked to each other every day. One day Ann was out to dinner when George called. Which brought on a crisis. The details don't matter. If one spark hadn't set off the blaze, another would have. What matters is that Ann suddenly sat down and looked the situation in the face. All along she'd felt things had to be as they were, you couldn't do anything to change them. Now she thought sharply: why must they be this way? What am I beating my brains out for? because I hate to admit I've failed again. Well, stop kidding yourself, baby. You've failed, but good. Can't make him happy, and now there are two of you. It doesn't

I SAW IT HAPPEN

During the World's Fair in Chicago in 1933, a certain very attractive young lady used to ride to work with me at the Fair. She was very pretty and had a voice as pleasant as summer rain. Eventually, I learned that she was acting Shakespeare at the English Village concession. I said right then, that she ought to be in the movies. Maybe I should have been a talent scout instead of a soldier, because today I see her wonderful smile on the screen, in excellent pictures. Afterwards, I boast—truthfully—that I've taken Martha Scott riding lots of times. Of course I never add that it was in a public bus on the fair grounds!

Private W. R. Throckmorton
Co. B. 67th Tr. Bat.
14th Training Reg.
Camp Robinson, Arkansas.

add up to common sense, that's all. She went through a bad time at Monterey. All her logical conclusions couldn't keep her from hoping that George might call. He didn't. By the time she got home, her mind was made up.

George was at Oxnard, so she left a message with his secretary. He phoned her at the studio Friday and suggested dinner on Sunday. At the house, where he called for her, they sat awhile and talked like strangers about this and that. Till George rose. "Well, shall we go to dinner?" They drove to the Tropics.

las vegas bound . . .

"You seem quiet," he said when he'd seated her and taken his place opposite.

"I suppose I am.—Don't you think we've got lots to talk about?" (How do you tell a man you want to divorce him?—You just tell him, dope.—But the words wouldn't come.)

George busied himself ordering. Then, when the waiter had left—"Now, what's on your mind?" Brent's poise is unshatterable.

She gulped before answering. What was this trick he had of making her feel like a schoolgirl? Suddenly she remembered there was nothing more to be nervous about. She belonged to herself again. Laying down her fork, she looked at him squarely. "This is it, isn't it?"

"Yes. This is it. Things haven't worked out. I've been wretched. I suppose you have, too. We made a mistake. Let's put an end to it!"

"Let's," agreed Ann.

Later he said: "Of course you'll get a divorce."

"Of course."

"When?"

She choked back a hysterical impulse to giggle. "I haven't had much time to plan things yet. As soon as I can. As soon as the picture's finished."

There seemed no more to say. After dinner he took her home. Their good-bys were casual. Ann went inside, shut the door and leaned back against it. She didn't cry. Maybe the saddest part of the whole story is that she didn't feel at all like crying. What she felt was a surge of relief that it was over.

China Harris flew out from New York. If she hoped to bring about a reconciliation, the hope was short-lived. She's an angel of understanding and Ann's fast friend. After dining with Ann at Encino, she summed up the situation as wisely as possible: "George is my brother and I love him. I also love Ann. Which still doesn't mean that they have to get along with each other."

To straighten out a point or two that have been in dispute. By the time this sees print, Ann will have taken up residence in Las Vegas, prior to filing suit. There was no talk of a property settlement. She doesn't need George's money.

George doesn't carry a torch. Neither does Ann. Nor any bitterness. And it's pointless to try to place the onus on either for what, in the final analysis, was nothing more culpable than a mistake. They weren't made to run in double harness. That much-tried word, incompatibility, fits their case skintight. It's a pity, for their own sakes, that they couldn't have realized it sooner. If George had known that you can't cage a girl's spirit and keep it to warm yourself alone, though you're twenty times her husband—if Ann had known that a man must carry the seed of happiness within himself—they would either never have married or never have parted.

As it is, they've taken the only course open. And their friends wish them well on their separate ways.

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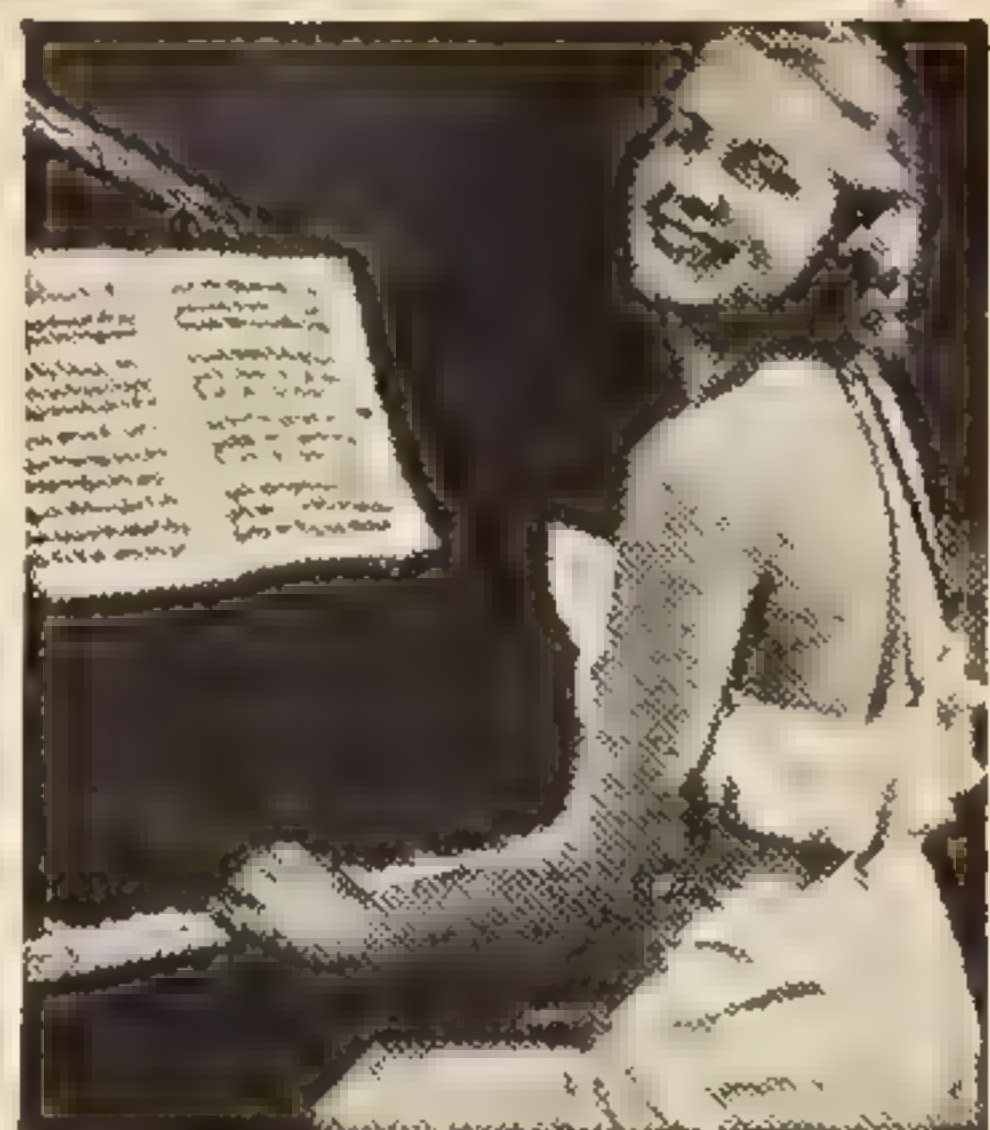
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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 58)

was extremely hard to get along with . . . brutally frank, stubborn, willful, often downright disagreeable. In fact, some months ago when she visited New York after her first triumphs, she so annoyed a young man who had taken her to see "Arsenic And Old Lace" that he excused himself to go out and smoke a cigarette at intermission time, and never came back.

Well, that was the old Veronica Lake.

On this last visit of hers to Gotham, she was milk and honey. She captivated everyone who met her. She proved intelligent, amusing, delightfully warm in her devotion to her baby, and thoroughly normally nice.

Her friends think maybe it was motherhood that caused the transformation. Or perhaps a few studio scoldings.

They're Doing All Right

Hollywood can be proud of the men it has given to the armed services, not only because of their promptness in answering the call of duty, but because in the face of a great handicap—and any gob or dough-boy will tell you that fame is a handicap to a rookie—they have commanded the respect and admiration of their fighting comrades, and they have won a genuine popularity.

Lieut. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., takes a terrific ribbing from his shipmates with the best possible good nature. His fellow officers like to book his worst pictures for their ship's "movie nights"—and while Doug (on orders) sits writhing in the audience, they hiss and boo his most "romantic" scenes.

Another handsome Navy lieutenant visited a group of American Field Service ambulance drivers not long ago, much to their surprise. He spent the afternoon telling them what a fine outfit they were, and the boys, bound for the fighting front and very homesick at the moment, were immeasurably cheered.

"I used to drive an ambulance for the AFS in France," the lieutenant told them just before he left. "My name's Bob Montgomery."

Clark Gable's popularity with his buddies in the Army is, of course, rapidly becoming a legend.

It was at a dinner in Miami for a graduating class of the air force school down there that Clark was persuaded to make one of his very infrequent public speeches.

He drew rousing cheers when he said, "I enjoy being down here with you. And when I leave, I promise you—I won't be back of you, holding up your morale!"

Lady Killer

Glenn Ford is a charming fellow but from all accounts not very woman-wise (which may be part of his charm!). At any rate, deliberately or inadvertently, he has broken more hearts than any male in Hollywood. In love or linked with him at different times during the recent past were Greer Garson, Joan Crawford, Laraine Day, Michele Morgan, Hedy Lamarr and even Jane Withers.

The perfect illustration of his disarming

naivete is the story of how Glenn was introduced to a star with particularly beautiful eyes, dated her for dinner, and next day telephoned the friend:

"Gol-ly, what beautiful eyes! I could just look at them and fall asleep!"

Of course the star with the gorgeous orbs was told about this little gem.

"What am I," she demanded, "—a siren, or a sleeping powder?"

Gratitude

Not since Janie Bryan (who is now married and retired from films) came to New York and sang the praises of Bette Davis, has any up-and-coming young actress devoted as much of her interview space to a star and co-worker as Janet Blair did to Rosalind Russell when she visited Broadway. Janet raved about Roz to all the local critics, told of her tremendous help and co-operation during the making of "My Sister Eileen," and didn't let anyone forget that she owed her star billing to La Russell, who went right to the front office and demanded it.

Poppa Knows Best

Alice Faye wants her daughter to be an actress when she grows up, and she admits it. "Hollywood has been awfully good to me," Alice says, "and the best I can hope for my daughter is that she find the same happiness that I've found here."

Alice has started a scrapbook for the baby, and already it's full of countless newspaper clippings and hundreds of baby cards from fans all over the world.

The baby shows signs of being Daddy's girl, at present writing. When she was cutting her first tooth, she cried for three hours one afternoon, and nothing Alice could do had the slightest quieting effect on her. But when Phil came home he merely picked her up, and she stopped crying and fell asleep.

Buried Treasure

Mrs. Victor Mature's divorce from the Genius seems to be definitely off for the duration. But the former Martha Stephenson Kemp's biggest worry isn't that her witnesses will forget names and dates—it's her inability to find any of Vic's funds to attach. The suspected hiding places include a Turkish bath, the safe deposit box of a friend, and a dozen other weird spots that only the mind of Mature could devise.

Realty Note

One of the best bond-selling speeches was made by Lynn Bari—and it happened in rather an odd way. When she was asked to go out on the war bond tour, she went to a famous Hollywood writer for speech material, and he dashed off a three-page patriotic spiel. But when Lynn appeared before an audience to read it, for the first time, she realized that it didn't sound like her, it sounded artificial and obviously "canned" by a ghost writer. "What'll I do?" she asked Ronald Colman.

His press agent, sitting nearby, offered: "I've got an idea. It comes from the heart, and I think it's rather good. Go out there and say, 'Most of you in the audience probably don't know me . . . They'll like that—that makes you one of the twenty-two million . . . But the Treasury Department has invited me to sell bonds, and all I've got to say is this: THE RENT IS DUE ON THE FINEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD!' "

A YANK IN THE U. S. N.

(Continued from page 29)

more problem than going down to the recruiting station, signing their names, taking an oath, passing a physical. . . .

That was the catch with Bob: the physical. He was a pretty husky specimen, plenty of biceps, triceps and miscellaneous sinew, but he had a tricky knee. While he had been a student at U.S.C., he had organized the first inter-collegiate polo team and played so furiously that he broke his left wrist three times and sustained a cracked knee cap.

That effectively wrote finis to his polo days, so he took up a sport in which an acute eye, an instinctive feeling for velocity and distance, and sheer coolness of nerve counted. He became a skeet shooter. Official records have plenty to say about how good he was. In 1936 he won the Western Open Skeet championship and was a member of the All-American Skeet Team. In 1937 he repeated his Western Open win and was again a member of the All-American. As a sideline that year, he won the National 20-gauge shotgun title and also placed first in a Southern California pistol shoot. Just to keep his range-eye, he won the world's record straight firing championship by scoring 354 consecutive hits. There is no use in going on to 1938, '39 and '40 records, because it was pretty well recognized by that time that Mr. Robert Stack was the William Tell of the Pacific Coast.

There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Bob would be useful in the scrap with the Jap. His friends called him up from time to time to ask, "How's the old knee? Making any progress?"

The mere fact that he could shoot out the eye of a spade at forty paces didn't satisfy the Navy which has to have its men steady on their pins as well. Bob had begun to work on that. One of the finest orthopedic specialists on the West Coast was giving him a course of light treatments, massages and manipulations, coupled with x-ray.

"How fast will I get into condition?" Bob asked the physician.

"Impossible to say," was the cautious reply.

"Is there a faster way?" Bob demanded.

The doctor pursed his lips and nodded briefly. "There's always surgery," he said, "if you want to take the risk."

an old salt . . .

Here was a quick way into uniform, Bob thought on the spur. Here was a way to join all his sea-going relatives who were out there fighting the good fight. "No matter what the risk is, I want to take it. See here, doctor, why didn't you tell me earlier in the game that there was a way to speed up this conditioning?"

"Take it easy, son," the older man suggested. "If we work away, slow and steady, we'll eventually get that knee in first class condition. If we take the fast trip to surgery, you may end up with a permanently stiff leg. . . . Of course, that's only the 50-50 chance—you might be cured in a hurry."

The irrepressible Stack grin came back. "I'll keep plugging. But, if things begin to go badly out there, I may come back for some quick attention," he said.

Meanwhile, he went on making pictures and doing camp tours between trips to the hospital. One of the pictures he made then was "Eagle Squadron."

He had a date one night with a girl who is not in pictures, and she noticed that Bob was practically quiet all evening. "Why the grief, chief?" she asked. "You haven't been so gloomy since your last hydroplane bang-up."

"Nothing," said Bob who wears his heart under ten or fifteen layers of poise.

"Don't lie, guy," came back the flip rejoinder. "Better tell me. See, I know. Haven't I brought you all my sour notes since we were kids? You've got to tell me when the corn grows wild in your private life."

If she hadn't put it that way, she would have never mined out the vein of irony that was plaguing Bob. "It's this picture I'm making," he confessed. "Every morning I get out of my civvies and climb into this uniform. That's bad enough—gives me a taste of what it might be, of the thrill of being in the fight. But every night I have to wipe off my make-up and shed the uniform, and that makes me wonder if maybe I'll just have to go on play-acting through this war. Sometimes, it gets me."

"Don't be so glum, chum," she kidded. "You're making progress with the leg-elbow and you know it. You can dance twice as long as you used to be able to, without getting tired. I've noticed it."

"Honestly?" demanded Bob. "You aren't just conning me?"

She held up her right hand in the gesture of oath-taking. "Zoot," she said. "Strictly on the level."

Bob took her arm and grinned down at her. "Remind me sometime to tell you what beautiful blue eyes you have, angel child," he said. Somehow the tone wasn't entirely kidding.

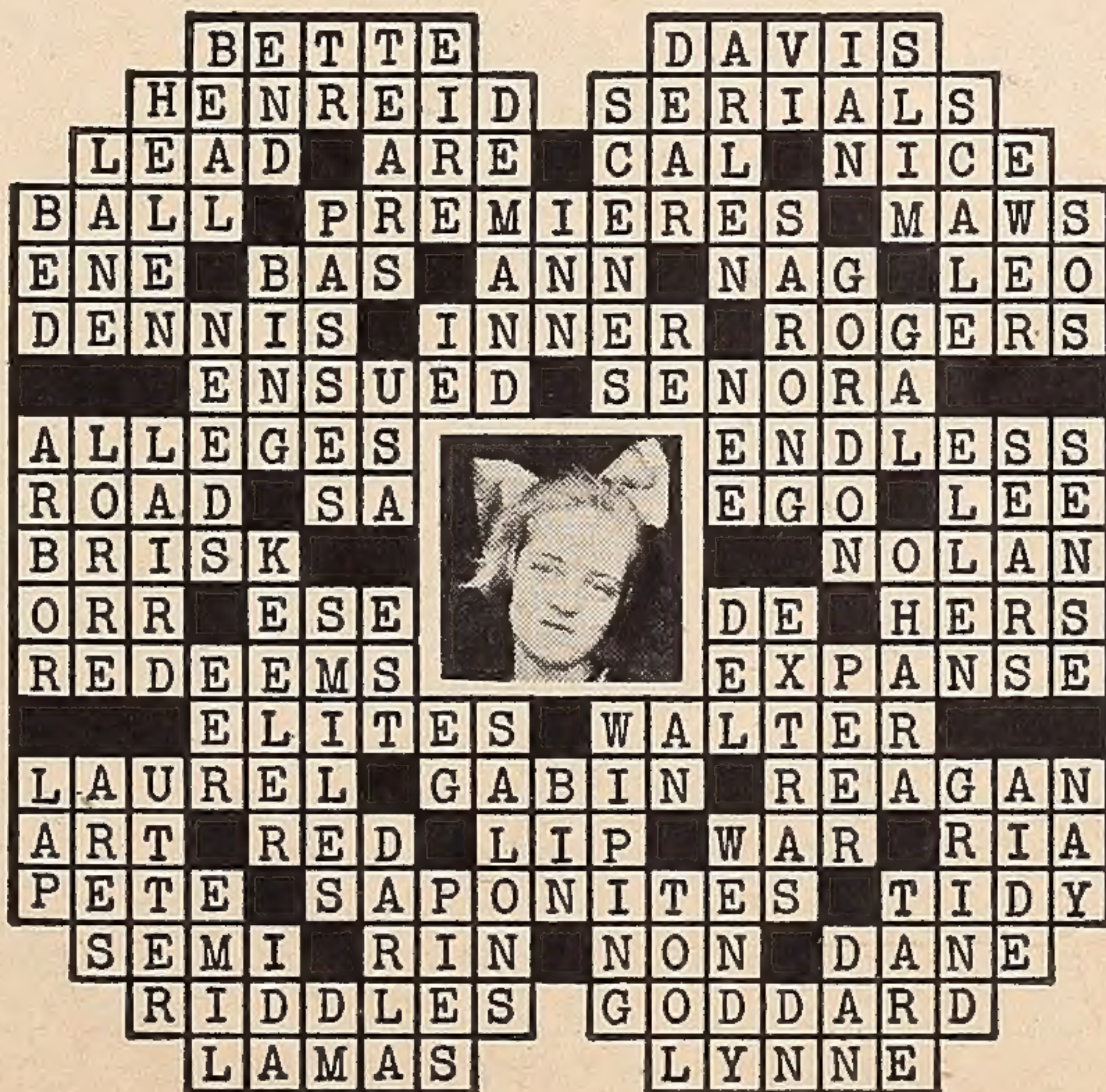
red, white and blue deal . . .

Bob was doing his bit in other ways beside camp tours and pictures. He had accepted the chairmanship of the U.S.O. sports committee which meant that he arranged all athletic events sponsored by that organization in Los Angeles. In an effort to set up the sort of entertainment the boys would really enjoy, he did a good deal of quiet investigation.

"What do you guys do at camp when you have free time?" he asked one husky who had borrowed the Stack golf clubs.

"If we can hike for town, it's okay—

Solution to Puzzle on Page 10



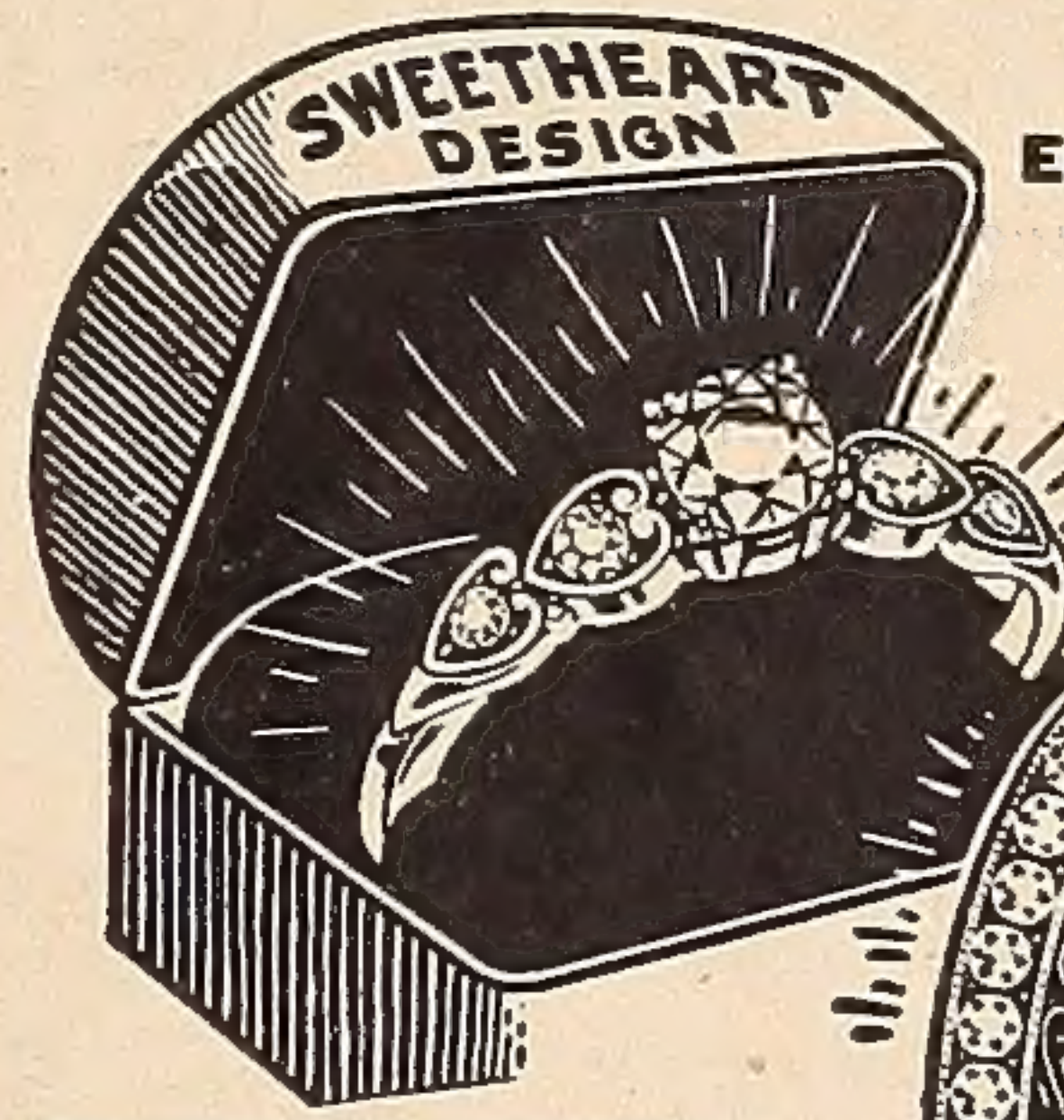
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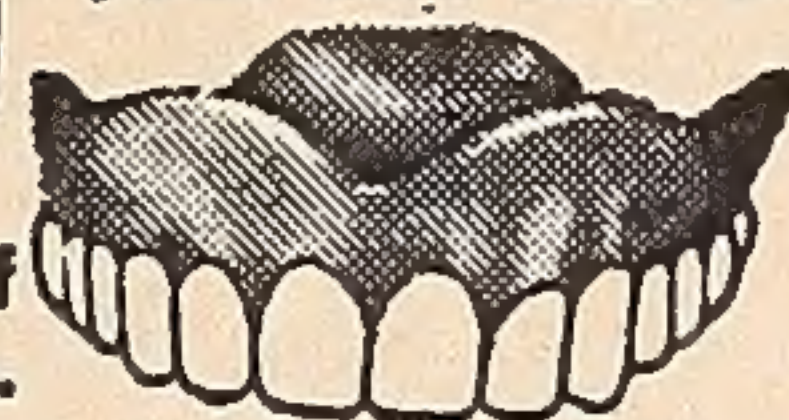
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we can usually stir up some excitement," the doughboy said. "But if we stick around camp, there's nothing much to do. Gosh, what we wouldn't give for some decent sports equipment—boxing gloves, tennis and badminton racquets, hand-balls—stuff like that. A bunch of us guys have been putting a certain amount in a camp kitty every pay day, just to buy equipment later on."

Bob asked, "Doesn't that run you a little short?"

"So what? So we keep out of mischief."

"Will you be able to take the junk with you when you move out?" Bob wanted to know.

"Nope. We're going to leave it for the next bunch of jeeps," said the soldier casually.

Bob, in repeating this incident to a publicity man at the studio added, "How's that for patriotism? Here's a guy who's almost through with his training, but he and others like him are giving up part of their pay for the comfort of future trainees. Isn't that a red-white-and-blue deal!"

With the help of this publicity man, Bob bought equipment for the camp and sent it down without one word of identification. No card, no note, no smallest effort toward thanks.

the great gamble . . .

Not satisfied with this effort, Bob decided to turn the enormous, rambling Stack house into a hospitality headquarters. He talked it over with his mother one night. "My idea is to have a gang over every Wednesday afternoon," he said. "Would that be okay with you?" Mrs. Stack belongs to a sea-going family, and she knew that Bob was chafing against the delay that was keeping him out of skivvies and blues. "Do whatever you want to, dear," she said. "I'll arrange for cakes, sandwiches and coffee. And, Bobby, don't get impatient. Everything works out if you can wait with confidence."

"Have I told you lately that you're kinda cute?" demanded Betzi Stack's admiring son.

The Wednesday afternoon parties became so successful that Saturday afternoon was also drafted for a service swimming, tennis, gabbing and gulping session. The Stack house gradually attained rendezvous proportions. Once a man had been there, he was told on leaving, "Drop around whenever you're in the neighborhood on Wednesday or Saturday afternoon."

Bob was the soul of courtesy to each of his guests, but he managed—somehow—to spend a lot of time with the bombardiers or any visiting naval gunners. He quizzed them about their training, their courses in cartography, range finding and all the rest of the technical accomplishments indicated by a pair of wings.

After one of these seances one day, a bombardier happened to wander into the Stack library where Bob's trophies for his marksmanship are displayed. "Hey," he called to his buddy, "come check the hardware. This guy has more loving cups than the ocean has fish—and almost as big."

"I got lucky once in awhile," Bob told them. Then he added, tapping the insignia on a blue sleeve, "I wish I could turn them in on some of this kind of hardware."

There was a moment of uneasy, sympathetic silence before one of the boys said, "Boy, I'm sure glad you're going to be behind one of our triggers, instead of running up the Army Air Corps score.

Anchors Aweigh!" His calm assumption that Bob would be accepted by the Navy did more for the Stack morale than a dozen reassuring statements could have done.

That night Bob made a momentous decision. Instead of waiting for the knee to heal gradually, he was going to try the dangerous route of surgery. While he and his mother were having a quiet dinner, he said, "I can't take it any longer. I'd rather know where I stand . . . or rather, how well I can stand. This waiting is getting me down. For months now I've been going down to the doctor's once a day, and I can't see that I'm getting anywhere."

His mother hesitated. "Why don't you go down to the Navy recruiting station and talk to those men who were so encouraging to you before? Why don't you ask them to give you another physical exam? It may be that your knee is in good enough condition for them to accept you."

Bob spent most of the next day stepping off and on scales, saying 'ah' and doing stunts that required the leg stamina of Whirlaway. He was tired and pessimistic when he came home. "No use waiting for them to tell me 'no,'" he groaned. "I think I'm sunk. The old knee didn't act up . . . but somehow that doctor just didn't look too happy. I turned over all my marksmanship records and everything, but I don't think I shot six o'clock."

He telephoned his doctor. "I've decided to gamble with you," he said. "Fix up an appointment with ether for me in about five weeks. I'm going out on a bond tour, but as soon as I get back I'll be ready for your great experiment."

"Did the Navy actually turn you down?" demanded the incredulous physician.

"Nope, but I don't have any confidence in myself, I guess."

"Your leg is fine for the job you want to do," the doctor insisted. "I could give you all sorts of certificates to the effect that you can't do an adagio, but that you can run, jump, swim and dance moderately without ill effect."

"It's that word 'moderately' that gets me," grumbled Bob. "We've got to change it to 'perfectly.' That's the ticket—either I'm Superman, Jr., or I'm a Long John Silver landlubber."

Someone suggested to Bob that news of his impending hospitalization would make a good timely story for one of the columnists. He almost went through the roof. Usually Bob's conversation is brief and to the point; he can say "Yeah" about fifty different ways—each with a different meaning. He can even describe a souped-up motor in half a paragraph so that the average mechanic knows the Stack secret of speed.

to him who waits . . .

But this time he had plenty to say, plus. He explained that he was just an ordinary joe who happened to have been born in Los Angeles where motion pictures are made. Because he had come from a long line of theatrical people, it had been perfectly natural for him to get into said pictures. But, as far as he was concerned, that didn't make him any more interesting or remarkable than any other man in America, who happened to want to serve his country.

A studio publicity representative said, "But, Bob, you're taking a long chance on this surgery. You may be fixed up fine, sure; but you may spend the rest of your days on a cane. I think there's a whale of a story in it."

"Look! I've met guys who have been

invalided home from Hawaii and Dutch Harbor. I've talked to guys who were in the battle of Midway, and some who got shot up in the Solomons. Talk about chances! Talk about guts! Talk about serving your country, doing your bit or any of the rest of it! There's your whale of a story—not here, not from me. From guys who have seen service."

Yet the courage of the Bob Stacks, as well as the Bill Smiths, is what makes this country what it is. Some of us do small, brave things that can't be discussed—as Bob was doing—and some do spectacular, public things that win medals. Each of us has to do his part in his own small way. That's why Bob Stack's story needs to be told.

After making his hospital date, Bob went on his bond tour. He had reached Houston, Texas, when he received a long distance call one night.

He had been signing autographs in the lobby when he was paged. He excused himself from the group of uniforms, muttering something about wondering who in the world could be telephoning him.

"If it's Ann Rutherford," one of the boys yelled, "tell her she's the girl I'd like to be shipwrecked with on a desert island."

Another of the group added, "If it's Diana Barrymore, tell her I just saw 'Between Us Girls,' and any time she wants to do a picture called 'Between Us Boys,' she can come out and live in our barracks."

But it wasn't any of Bob's casual friends, it was his mother. "Is this Ensign Stack?" she asked.

"Oh, sure," grinned Bob, not paying much attention. "How are ya, Mom?"

Mrs. Stack did a retake. "I asked you if I were speaking to Ensign Stack."

Bob got it. He let out a yell that could have been heard at Bremerton. "When did the papers come through?" he demanded.

"This afternoon. You passed your physical 100%. You're supposed to report in two weeks," she said, adding as any mother would, "Darling, I'm so glad for you. And so proud."

"Gosh, thanks, Mom," said Bob, his grin coming right over the telephone wire. "Well . . . thanks for calling. I'll be seeing you—in blues."

Bob Stack has told intimates that he feels certain his film career is over. He comes from a salty race, and he expects to follow the sea, barring some unforeseen circumstance.

So, if his tousled head and infectious smile never again flash from a silver screen, Robert Stack still won't have passed beyond the knowledge of his fans. You will be reading about his exploits in the navy. That's both a cross m' heart promise and a prediction.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

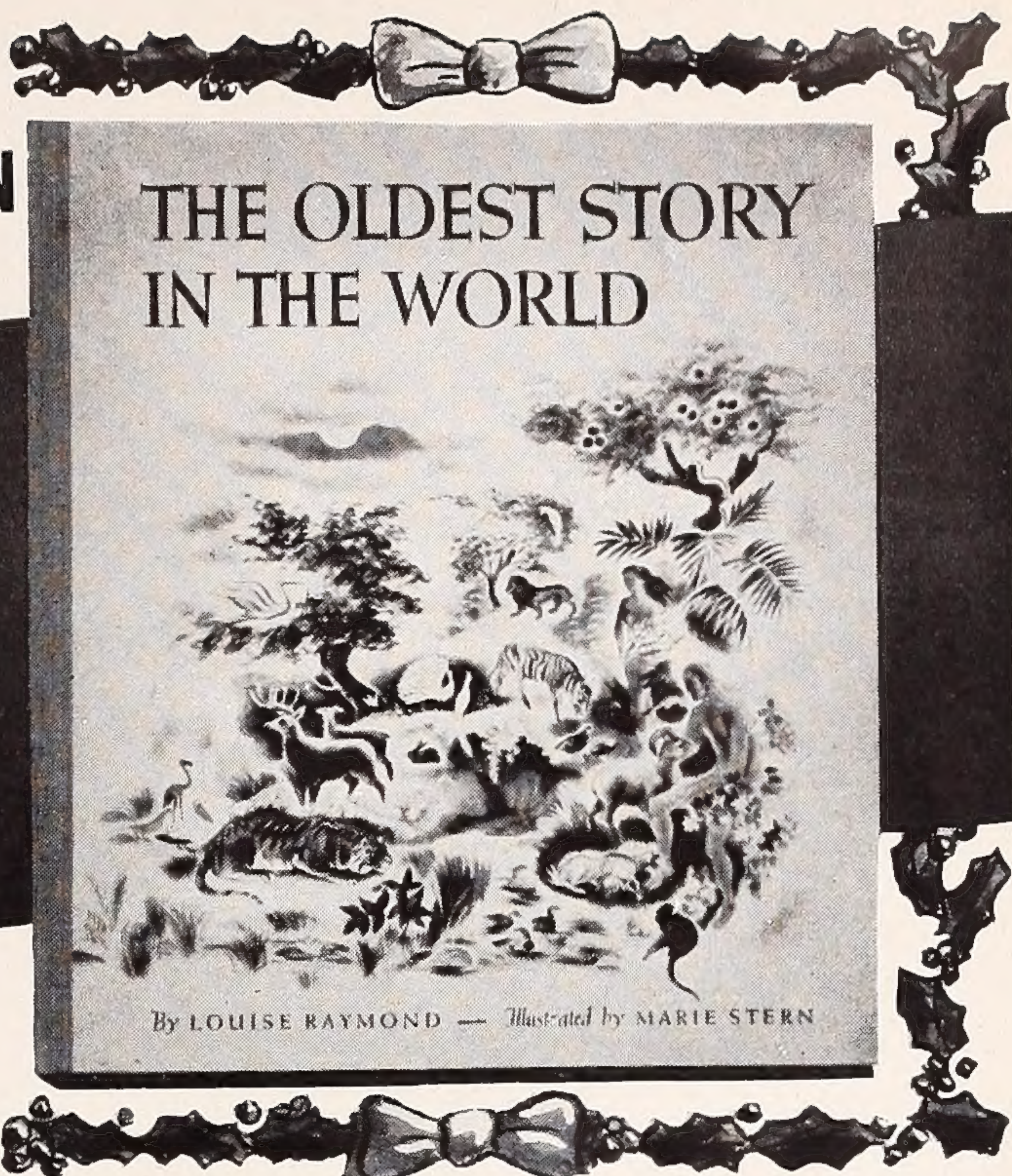
One day in a Chicago railroad station, a young soldier was telling his troubles to the ticket agent. Frances Dee, who happened to be standing in back of him, asked what was wrong. He told her he'd missed his earlier train and was trying to book passage on this train, but didn't have enough money. She said, "Don't worry, soldier. I'll take care of everything." And she not only paid his fare, but asked him to have dinner with her on the train!

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